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THE CHURCH AND THE LAW: A PROTEST

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A WELL-KNOWN Washington newspaper correspondent recently addressed a remonstrance to the ministers of America. He urged them to stay at home themselves, and to keep at home all clerical lobbyists, professional uplifters, and ministerial engineers of "politico-moral blocs." He added that, in his opinion, the clergy in general, and especially the ministers of Protestant churches and their constituency, were making themselves a general nuisance and bringing religion into contempt by organizing themselves into a Society for Petitioning Congress. "The prestige of organized Christianity as a persuasive force," he declared, "has through such activity received a blow from which it will not soon recover."

This protest, somewhat humorous and exaggerated, is symptomatic of a return to sanity and sense which may be observed among intelligent Christians, even though the Anti-Saloon League, the Christian pacifists, the social reformers and the ladies of leisure who function through women's clubs and church societies still besiege the legislative halls of the state and the nation with repeated appeals and pronunciamentos.

It may be worth while, therefore, to ask just what the duty of the Christian Church really is, in questions of social reform. Recent discussions of the vexed Prohibition question, in particular, certain differences of opinion in connection with the survey made by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and other surveys by the Moderation League, show the need of such clear thinking as to the true function of the Church in advancing human welfare. There are hopeful signs that many enthusiastic supporters of recent legislation are beginning to cherish healthy doubts as to the wisdom of changing the Church's charter and making it a moral policeman instead of a moral teacher. The failure of Prohibition in many sections of the country is at least halting the moral reformers of America in the agitation of further efforts through statutory enactment to impose their own standards upon all men and invoke the aid of the civil

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authority in support of their own ethical code. An increasing number of people has begun to see that moral reform, if it is to be permanent and effective, must come from within; it cannot be imposed from without.

Let it be said, at once, that those who believe the churches should not go into politics are not necessarily intransigent upholders of an individualistic gospel. Of course, the Church must concern itself not only with the salvation of individuals, but with all conditions that surround and affect individuals. If its voice is silent about matters of public welfare here and now, it will not be listened to in proclaiming a gospel of future good—the peace and joy of a world to come. It is true, without question, that mere philanthropic effort, without the inspiration, motive force, and sustaining power of a deep religious faith, will not meet the needs of human life. While the Church's message, therefore, must always be an evangelical message, the Church must also be the conscience of the community. Its mission is not solely to proclaim a gospel of pardon and peace and to be the administrant of sacraments of grace. It has social obligations and a prophetic mission for its own time. "Preaching the old gospel" must mean presenting the old truth in a new setting, the old message of the kingdom for the new age, the vital teaching of the Master vitally applied to present problems. The supreme need of the age is for men who have the wisdom, the courage, and the conscience to guide the Christian forces of the country in making thorough application of the principles of the Gospel to the conditions of every-day life and the needs of our modern social and industrial system. Back of every economic and industrial question there lies usually a moral principle. The Church is the guardian of morals. Surely, therefore, it is incumbent upon the Church's members to concern themselves about the solution of public questions. Only so can the Christian fulfill more completely the obligation of the second great Gospel commandment, to love our neighbor as ourselves. Only so will he show—not that he is his brother's keeper, but that he is something better, his brother's brother.

It is the glory of our day that this obligation for the proclamation of corporate righteousness and public morality, as well as the call to private and individual consecration, has been accepted whole-heartedly. We see clearly the need of a Church with a living message for the present day. Men will never again be interested in a religion which is tremendously exercised over small things and passive about the needs of humanity. We have moved far and fast since the day when it could be said that, for the most part, Church members were holding themselves aloof from the things which vitally move men; offering religion labeled and bottled, prescribed for old people, invalids, and children. The men of to-day may not be able to express themselves very clearly, but they have an instinctive feeling that the Church's voice should be heard as a directive influence in public matters. They want the Church to do more than generalize in morals; they want it in some way to be specific, as were the prophets of old.

Feeling all this, many men both inside the Church and without, whose consciences have been quickened to the need of a social gospel, are impatient for the Church to speak emphatically on the problems to which they are giving their best thought and prayer. Are they deeply moved by problems of social injustice—they want the Church to stand out boldly in support of their economic remedy. Are they concerned with the social sin—they want the Church to get behind their particular legislative enactments. Are they trying to crush the liquor power—they demand that the corporate influence of the Church shall be used in favor of the particular solution of the evil which they propose. They are impatient to have all these things made a part of the Church's "articles of religion."

All my own natural sympathies are with them. I dislike to seem too unsympathetic, much less to throw a cold blanket over their projects, or in any way to chill their enthusiasm. We most of us feel that the Church must do something for the great purposes they have in view. That, of course, is undeniable. Therefore the question is not, shall we do anything; not, shall the Church do anything? But—what shall it do, and how shall it do it? We must be careful lest we deny the social enthusiast our support. We must be careful, on the other hand, of a too hasty acceptance of all that he asks the Church to do in the way of support.

II

What is the Gospel reply to this impatient call to the Church to do something? Surely, no one ever had a keener sympathy for social needs than the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. No one ever showed greater fearlessness in the presence of long-intrenched wrong-doing in matters social and political. He cleansed the temple of the petty grafters who had, for their own profit, rented out the sacred enclosure—and He paid the penalty with His life. He rebuked the social injustice of the Pharisees who devoured widows' houses—and their enmity was the first step that led to the final penalty. He made His home with the poor. He knew their problems and felt their pains and anxieties. He came from Galilee—and Galilee was the home of radicals. He was the friend of publicans and sinners, and He knew all the ugly story of the social evil. His Gospel was the Gospel of the Kingdom, of a perfect reign of righteousness on the earth, of a complete acceptance everywhere of social responsibility and social obligation. He surely was alive to social needs.

And yet, instead of legislating on them, He showed a singular reticence against that very course. He was not, in the strict sense of the word, a social reformer. Instead of urging legislation or preaching social revolution, He contented Himself with arousing a new conscience that would itself gradually solve the problems. Indeed, the strength and power of His work lay in this very fact, that He declined to advocate specific reforms. He did something better: He set forth large principles which made reform inevitable. It is a distinction, perhaps, which is difficult to make clear in connection with the Church's duty to-day; yet it is a real distinction.

No man of this generation has been more keen for organized Christianity to support a social gospel and proclaim a public morality than the late Bishop Williams of Michigan. He was courageous to the last degree in his own utterances. Yet once when he was speaking in Ford Hall and an enthusiastic radical in the audience demanded that his Church should "get behind the Socialist program," he very rightly replied that it was not the business of the Church to advocate any political or economic measure. If it would fulfill its mission it must be the home of men of many minds. The Church must be at least as comprehensive as Ford Hall, he said, where there were gathered together in a forum men of widely differing views, presumably all interested in making better conditions in society, industry, and politics. The Church's business is to inspire men with such a common motive, to create in them the spirit of brotherhood and service. Though men will always differ as to methods, if enough men get the right spirit almost any method will work.

I do not know of any illustration that will bring out more clearly what I mean than one from the life of Henry George. When he was conducting his campaign for the mayoralty in New York, he was introduced at a labor union meeting in Cooper Institute as "the friend of the workingman." Stepping to the front of the stage, he began, "That word of introduction misrepresents me; I am not the friend of the workingman." There was a hush of astonishment before he added, "I am not the friend of the capitalist.

I am for men, simply men as men, regardless of accidental distinction of race, creed, color, class, or employment." In other words, Mr. George was recognized as the champion of the poor; he felt that his economic program would solve the problem of poverty; yet he wished to avoid any entanglements which would make him merely a class representative.

Hysterical appeals are often heard now, summoning the Church to do just what Mr. George refused to do. To accept the challenge and unqualifiedly to obey the summons would range the Church on the side of class antagonism and class hatred.

III

So it is with numerous other platforms and programs the Church is asked to support. Organized Christianity would lose its real place of power if it accepted the challenge. No, the paramount social duty of the Church is not the planning and engineering of economic schemes, not the formulating of programs; but the enlargement of sympathy and the realization of fellowship among men; the kindling of brotherly confidence and understanding, and the spreading of it as by contagion. The real business of the Church is to make men's hearts right and then trust their enlightened consciences somehow to solve their civic duty. In other words, the Church cannot (in its corporate capacity) pass upon many such problems, because when it comes to programs and parties, when we deal with economic, industrial, and educational systems, even when we frame health regulations and liquor laws, good Christians have a perfect right to disagree as to details.

I may believe in prohibition; you may be conscientiously opposed to it, or doubtful of its expediency. I may be a single taxer, you a socialist. You and I may believe that government ownership of public utilities or general necessities of life is the only remedy for certain forms of oppression; another man may wholly disagree with us. The Church may, through social service commissions or expert moral surveys, investigate all these questions, try to give us information, seek to keep us alive to their importance, help to form our opinion, inspire us to work. If we disapprove, we may turn out our experts or commissions and get others. But we cannot turn out the Church! And the Church oughtn't to turn us out! And, therefore, so long as we may conscientiously differ, the Church has no right to pledge any of us by legislation or resolution. It must be at least as comprehensive as Ford Hall.

These are principles which would have saved us many a sorrow had they been remembered in the days when we were launched on our prohibition crusade. Of course, the provocation to abolish the saloon was great. Brewers and distillers have only themselves to blame for the destruction of their industry. The saloon, allied as it was with politics and vice, cried to high heaven for reform, and the financial interests behind it only flouted the public demand for such reform and regulation. For the most part, Christian people saw the real work of the Church. Patient teaching was gradually changing the morals of the nation in the matter of excessive drinking. I well remember the day when every buyer who came to the city was provided with all he wished to drink, and then taken "down the line," if he so desired. All that changed. Drunkenness was no longer a good joke; it was disgusting and revolting. Not only was it not a good joke; it was not good business. Almost every traveling man knew that he could not succeed unless he kept sober and lived straight.

Then, out of the pernicious political corruption of the blinded liquor interests, arose the activity of the Anti-Saloon League, and churches became party organizations, led by skilled ecclesiastical politicians, and condoning practices quite as objectionable as any indulged in by politicians of the common or garden variety.

The result was the Eighteenth Amendment—welcomed in some sections of the country, received in astonishment in others, foisted upon not a few states and, even where favorable sentiment was strongest, accepted because it was supposed to be the only possible method of curbing the power of the saloon. It is needless to argue about its good results or its bad effects. Much may be said on both sides. Much that has been said is the voice of partisan opinion. The one point I would make is this: that the whole subject should be reconsidered in the light of experience, with the grace of Christian sincerity and in conscientious desire to decide charitably without bigotry or bias.

IV

Because the problem we wish to solve is a problem of civil authority, good Christians may hold widely differing views as to the wisdom of recent legislation—and be good Christians still. Let me classify some who are sincere, conscientious, consecrated Christians, though others would rule them out.

First, there are those who believe that the state has no right to interfere with their personal preference in the matter of alcoholic drink, because Jesus Christ did not declare the use of such beverage a sin—on the contrary, actually used fermented wine in the institution of the Holy Communion. Few would go so far, but (though I hardly care myself to fight for the right to take a drink!) there are actually some who feel so strongly that the Volstead Act is a lie and a tyrannical piece of legislation that they justify disobedience of it. Some there are who honestly believe this legislation unchristian in spirit — an exhibition of modern Manichæan thought which finds evil in material things rather than in the heart of man. Shall we banish all such from the Christian fellowship, or make their stay so uncomfortable that they feel obliged to depart of their own accord? Dare we do this if they sincerely believe that their position is loyal to their Lord's teaching?

Second, there are those who feel that even if the government (by way of health regulation) may interfere with personal liberty to the extreme of absolute prohibition, it is a fatal mistake to impose such a law on the whole nation, because the will of one section in this way attempts to dictate to another part of the country a rule which by no possibility or probability can be enforced. Certainly, such an opinion as to a question of legislative wisdom ought not to be made the butt of bigoted vituperation.

Third, there are those who feel that extreme legislation is to be deplored because, in spite of the good the law has accomplished, it has made drinking conditions worse than before, even if limiting the number of drinkers, has increased the use of strong distilled liquors (often dangerous and poisonous) especially among the young, has contributed to the increase of lawlessness, is class legislation favoring the rural parts as against the industrial classes, and has enormously fostered official corruption. Some who are of this opinion are convinced total abstainers themselves, certainly are now strict observers of the law. Shall they be denounced as immoral "wets" for whom there is no place in the society of faithful Church members?

Fourth, there are those who feel that the whole method of reform by statutory enactment is wrong, and that continued talk about enforcement is idle, because no one would dare demand the enormous appropriations and the huge army of enforcement officers necessary to compel obedience in some parts of the country, or engage to keep the army (or navy) of enforcement reasonably uncorrupt even if there were money available for their employment. Such considerations lead them to feel that laws of this particular kind are always doubtful means of moral improvement. If public opinion is strong enough, it can mold men's habits without laws as well as with them; if there is not a strong enough public senti-

ment, habits cannot be regulated, however many laws the statute books may contain. This argument may sound absurd to intense moral uplifters, but who shall say that those who use it are not conscientious, even though misguided? Wherein can their error be made a reason for their excommunication, or for driving them into self-excommunication?

V

Thus we come to the original contention, that the supreme sin of modern Phariseeism is the sin of dependence upon the civil arm for the regulation of morals. The Pharisees were the good people of their day—only they were so sure of their goodness, and so convinced of the worth of their regulatory system, that they enforced it on others, and in doing so became hardened in self-righteousness. Jesus Christ's teaching came to men who were lost in the maze of such religious machinery as fresh and vital truth.

The Church must go back to the method of its Lord—reform and renew men by the winsomeness and attractiveness of His teaching, instead of compelling them to behave by reliance on the civil arm. Some things we have been doing which we never should have attempted, and because we have tried them we are losing our moral influence. Men sneer at our amateur efforts and laugh at our hysterical parsons, or become annoyed or even angry at our theoretical pronouncements and leave us alone!

The prohibition question has aroused so generally a bitterness of controversy that it is difficult to make men see, in connection with the subject, the soundness of this view of the function of Christian citizenship. One or two other examples, briefly glanced at, may make the thought clear.

I know of many a modest American who would rejoice to see an army of Churchmen march upon the national capital and declare in no uncertain language that war is unchristian. Yet most of us would object to their framing that indisputable statement into a law of extreme pacifism. We know, in our hearts, that war will cease only when the spirit of Christ has more really dominated nations as well as individuals, so that national rivalries and misunderstandings shall give place to mutual goodwill. Meanwhile we are not prepared to cancel appropriations for the army and navy, any more than we would favor the effort to check the crime wave by discharging the local police force and throwing away the keys to the unlocked front doors of all the Fifth Avenue jewelry shops.

Practically, all of us want America to do all that is possible to serve the world; in the days after Versailles surely we all wanted to do our best for a distracted world. But there were some millions of Americans, the majority of them Christians, who resented a particular method of service to humanity and with glad acclaim voted for the party which opposed our entering the League of Nations. I had difficulty in expressing my convictions as to their mental processes or their political bigotries in truly pious phrases; but I never thought of indignant denunciation such as would practically read them out of the Church.

I myself would like to see a clear enunciation of the fact that any industrial autocracy violates the spirit of Christian brotherhood, but I am quite sure that I do not want any clergyman to tell me just exactly what laws he thinks will solve the complicated economic and industrial problems of the day. When I hear some earnest and enthusiastic clergymen preaching, and listen to their pronouncements on capital and labor, I wonder that employers use as mild language as that in which they usually do express their conviction that the minister may be a devout pastor but when he departs from the sphere of pastoral service may show himself also as a consummate ass.

All of which shows that most of us, unless the question be one where our own

prejudices make us cocksure, do feel that there is a clear distinction between moral teaching and the particular political, social, industrial, economic, or legislative method by which the moral teaching may be applied to particular problems of our complex modern life. The Churches of late have failed to make this distinction, to the hurt of their real influence. They must be called back to their real duty—which is the supplying of the spiritual dynamic that shall make men strong enough and brave enough to follow the path of truth and right, no matter where it may lead or what it may cost, to think unselfishly and labor courageously amid all the problems of citizenship, so that they may be solved in accordance with Christian principles and in the spirit of Christ Himself. One thing, and one thing only, and one thing always, the Church ought to do; and I make this protest to call it back to that task. It is this: To induce us all to think of our citizenship, to make us all deeply prayerful in facing its duties and responsibilities, to make us profoundly conscientious in the exercise of its privileges, to give us all a right motive, to fill us with determination not to shirk our obligations, to charge us with spiritual energy to labor unceasingly not for our individual salvation only, but for our country's welfare and our neighbor's good.

Above all else, the clear call comes to American Protestants of to-day to exercise their Christian citizenship in a spirit of gracious liberality and sympathetic understanding of those who cannot see with them, eye to eye. I may not read aright the thoughts of those who are outside the Christian fold, but my impression is that they are becoming hardened in an opposition to organized Christianity by the feeling that it does not really represent the spirit of the Master. They were once outside because they were doubtful or questioning. They are now determined to stay outside because they find the methods of Protestant Christianity distasteful and repellent.

WALL

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

MY FRIEND and I have built a wall
Between us thick and wide:
The stones of it are laid in scorn
And plastered high with pride.

We talk across the stubborn stones
So arrogantly tall—
Only we cannot touch our hands
Since we have built the wall.

WHAT FRANCE THINKS OF HER WAR-TIME ALLIES

BY ANDRÉ TARDIEU

Former French High Commissioner to the United States

IT IS a difficult question, first, because like all questions, it has at least two answers; but principally because in matters of such delicacy there is always danger that explanations will only aggravate the evil. Yet there is no better school for nations than the school of truth, and they can never start their studies in it too early. So let us begin!

There are, as I have said, two answers to our question: one is that of the great public which knows nothing of causes and details; the other is that of better-informed minorities, which exist, of course, in France as in all other countries. The opinion of the French public as a whole concerning its allies of the war can be expressed in one word—disappointment. Excepting only the Belgians, for whom popular feeling has not changed, the disappointment is general and it is profound. Any orator can be sure of applause by expressing this disappointment before a public meeting. So much for the fact.

What is the foundation of this feeling? It is not easy to state precisely the bases of any public sentiment. We can say that its origin dates from the long and monotonous accounts of the interallied discussions relative to the execution of the peace treaties which filled the papers from 1920 to 1925. The conferences of San Remo, Hythe, Boulogne, Brussels, Spa, Paris (two or three), London (three or four), Genoa—and I have doubtless forgotten several; the international incidents interspersed between them: occupation of Frankfurt, Russian march on Warsaw, occupation of the Ruhr; the successive peace plans of the bankers, of Mr. Bonar Law, and of the experts supplied to the public mind the background of a picture in the foreground of which is the clear impression that on every occasion our former allies and associates, far from supporting France as against Germany, have supported Germany as against France. The French people in their own minds have summarized this confused period of their national life in about these terms: "They fought the war *with* us; they made the peace *against* us."

That is the broad, general complaint of the masses. There is also a more specific complaint of a financial character which is expressed whenever the war-debt discussion arises simultaneously with a crisis in the French budget, treasury, or exchange. The man in the street has never said (it is not in keeping with French mentality), "We won't pay our debts." France is proverbially the country where a sou is always a sou, and where debtors take a scrupulous pride in paying up. But the man in the street has reflected, "Our allies of the war have helped Germany get out of paying us. They have opposed our proposals. They have contested our measures of enforcement. And at the very time they were preventing us from collecting our due, they have insistently demanded payment of what we owe them." If the reader will put himself in the place of the average Frenchman, who has not the slightest understanding of the tech-

nical reports of specialists, of annuities, of calculations concerning "present value," of transfers and of exchanges, it will be easy for him to summarize that Frenchman's feeling in a phrase. The average Frenchman feels that since the signing of the peace France's former allies have not *played fair*.

Such is the sharp black-and-white of the picture. But there are shadings and half-tones which bring out even more forcibly the relief of the whole.

Even now, after so many disappointments, whenever a commemorative celebration of the war occurs there is a genuine disposition to forget recent differences and to live again in the fraternal spirit of war days. The habitual discontent turns to pained surprise, and every evocation of past comradeship brings applause. Then comes a longing for understanding, a feeling that survives through all the quarrels and disagreements. Each time that our government (and we have had eight governments in the six years since Clemenceau) announces that a controversy with the allies has been appeased and that the divergent viewpoints—as the communiqués say—have been reconciled, everybody is happy—even if the news is not true.

The question is often asked: Against which nation, Great Britain or the United States, does the Frenchman feel most resentment in his moments of bitterness? Undoubtedly, I think, against the United States. There are two reasons for this. The first is that for ten centuries the Frenchman has been accustomed to regard the English as his hereditary enemies. In America, on the other hand, he has believed for one hundred and fifty years that he had friends upon whom, though he knew them but slightly, he could count in time of trouble. The second is that John Bull the shopkeeper—as our provincials say with a grimace—has a reputation as a hard bargainer. The American, on the other hand, is thought of as a generous friend living in a country where money grows on trees. In other words, the French, by lifelong habit, are never surprised if difficulties arise with England, while they hold the instinctive conviction, nourished by our orators and yours, that any trouble with America will always be smoothed out without effort, as if by enchantment.

I think the foregoing is a faithful account of the state of mind of our uninformed masses. Naturally, it is full of naïveté and still more of ignorance. But as the United States and France are two democracies which, despite numerous constitutional differences, are equally governed by universal suffrage, the opinion of the average citizen must be taken seriously into account. For at any moment the average man's opinion may be felt at the polls and become the spring of governmental action. Such things have happened in the past, and will happen again.

II

Thinking Frenchmen, who see things less simply, reproach their allies first of all for an economic error, which, though they know it can be explained by the widely different conditions existing in the allied countries, has nevertheless had the most serious consequences.

As soon as the armistice was signed the Anglo-Saxon countries, holding most of the economic trumps in their hands, desired an immediate return to free competition. They had neither suffered invasion nor lost proportionately anything like the number of men that France had lost. They had—particularly the United States—increased their industrial equipment during the war, and this augmented machinery was available for peace purposes. Moreover, thanks to the activity of their shipyards, they had as large or larger merchant fleets than before the war. Thus their problem was to find purchasers for their surplus goods. And what, they reflected, could be easier, since Europe with its ruined battle-

fields needed every sort of raw material and manufactured articles for reconstruction?

And so, from the very beginning of the peace conference in January 1919, we find London and Washington demanding that economic demobilization should precede military demobilization, although in sound logic the reverse order would have been the correct one. The interallied organization which controlled credits, exchanges, raw materials, foodstuffs, and shipping became the *bête noire* of the English and Americans. In the name of free commerce they demanded and obtained the return to open competition.

In theory nothing could be fairer. But in fact a period of transition was called for. For economic phenomena evolve more slowly than military phenomena, and if the interallied control of production, exchange, and payments was necessary on November 11, 1918, the need for it was not eliminated by the signatures of Marshal Foch and Mathias Erzberger to the armistice document. Hence the distress that has followed.

The edifice so laboriously constructed, beginning in 1914 and reaching a stage of unhoped-for perfection by 1918, was thus laid low with one stroke early in 1919. No more control of exchanges, nor credits, nor foodstuffs, nor shipping. Mr. Hoover's services functioned for six months longer, but only as an exception to the general rule of cut-throat competition. English and American exporters sought to flood European markets. Lloyd George instituted the policy of dear coal. America sought outlets for her surplus everywhere. And still the continental exchanges fell. The more the Anglo-Saxon world wanted to sell, the less the Continental world could buy.

Out of this policy, built on an insufficient knowledge of European conditions, was born that Anglo-Saxon doctrine of "reconstruction," which at times has driven France almost to the point of exasperation. In the search for markets, the English and Americans proposed to us the "reconstruction" of Germany. Next, at Genoa, the English undertook to "reconstruct" Russia. The French replied that in France, on the ruins of six hundred thousand houses, the word "reconstruction" had a more definite and more pressing significance. They were not heeded, and day after day they were obliged to submit to successive revisions of the Treaty of Versailles which could only deepen their resentment.

The worst of it is that the results hoped for have not been achieved. The expected markets have not been opened up. The United States and Great Britain passed through some severe crises. America, thanks to her limitless home markets, quickly recovered, but England is still dragging behind her more than a million unemployed, and to-day is compelled to give a state subsidy to her mines—an almost inconceivable paradox in the light of her past history and principles.

Numerous Frenchmen have sharply criticized this abrupt "back to normal" policy. The most enlightened among them have not questioned that France helped to render it possible. But most of them, as is always the case, have dwelt only on the effects, without considering the secondary causes. Among these latter, we must cite particularly the protectionist conception of French reconstruction which, by rejecting American and British labor and capital, placed an additional obstacle in the path of solidarity; also, the fact that many of our manufacturers insisted as strongly as their Anglo-Saxon rivals, and for the same reasons, upon the abolition of war-time economic restrictions; again, France's mistaken policies, first as to reparations in kind, and secondly as to covering reparation payments by repeated internal loans. By these various means the economic gulf between France and the Anglo-Saxon countries was enormously widened. There remained no common ideal, no common interest, even. In such circumstances the battle

is to the strong, and the weaker has no quarter to expect.

Then came the question of the inter-allied war-debts. In France this question was discussed for five years without action of any sort, which, of course, was the worst possible procedure. Idle talk is always dangerous talk, and so it proved in this case. The discussions roamed at random over the whole field, and wholly unrelated aspects of the matter became inextricably intertwined. For example, the direct purchases from American industries during the period of American neutrality (1914 to April, 1917) which returned handsome profits to the furnishers, were confused with State purchases made after the entry of America into the war, which were financed by means of the Liberty loans—that is, with the money of the American people. It was repeatedly declared that the artillery and aviation material supplied by France to the American army had not been taken into account, although as a matter of fact the American treasury paid cash for it. Against the American debt were placed such considerations as the length of battle-front held by the French, the extent of French losses in men, the tardy entrance of America into line—things which we knew perfectly well at the time we borrowed the money and which, therefore, we could not possibly be justified in invoking subsequently. America retorted with some irritation to these doubtful arguments, and the result was a sharpening of French bitterness.

Alas! it is only too true that France's policy in the matter of the debts has been worse than mediocre. Never once has the French government advanced the only good argument there is in favor of debt reduction, namely that at the time the loans were contracted the United States had promised (by the Fourteen Points, the Wilson armistice documents, etc.) that France should be reimbursed by Germany for all her reparations expenses, whereas France was left, from 1920 onward, to bear the main burden of these expenses herself. Nor did France once take advantage of the many occasions that arose to link the question of war-debts to the successive reductions in her reparations credits which the Allies pressed her to accept.

But France's own mistakes do not cancel her grievances against her creditors. Who, indeed, has not observed that the faults of others are never so glaring as when one's own conscience is uneasy? That accounts for our state of mind. I note in passing that so far as the debts are concerned our financial circles are even more caustic than the French public in criticizing the harshness of our creditors. That, no doubt, is because they better understand the direful consequences of adding several hundred millions annually to our expenses in a time of monetary and budgetary crisis. Everyone can see that it is inevitable. Nobody denies that it is necessary. But our wrath rises against those who constrain us to it at such a time.

So, to resume this aspect of the question: economic grievances and financial grievances are sharpened rather than lessened by the consciousness that Frenchmen are partly responsible for the situation of which they complain. Confession is particularly comforting when one knows that one's neighbor is even more guilty.

III

We have seen that France's economic grievances against the Allies are directed particularly against America, first, because more was expected from America than from England, secondly, because Great Britain long since announced that she would demand from her debtors only as much as she had to pay her American creditor. But in the domain of politics England reaps the major part of the blame, and it is easy to understand why.

When the United States, in March, 1920, refused to ratify the Versailles treaty, Frenchmen understood that no political aid was to be expected from America. But with Britain, on the other hand, no matter how heated our

arguments became, we were still theoretically allies. So while America's absence from Allied councils was regretted, Britain was accused of bad faith. Moreover, two men, David Lloyd-George and the late George Nathaniel Curzon, Marquis of Kedleston, were endowed with temperaments of a nature to arouse French resentment. The day Clemenceau was defeated by Paul Deschanel for the presidency of the French republic, Lloyd-George said to me, with that enigmatic laugh which may always be interpreted two ways:

"I am the only one left."

And, indeed, in the years that followed he acted as if he were sole master of Europe. In international conferences he dictated his wishes. The Genoa conference was a delirium. If his opinion was opposed, he summoned the newspaper correspondents and excommunicated the guilty one. This Welsh satrap who in 1919 declared that he "would not exchange his King, a very good boy, either for Wilson or for Poincaré," pricked the French to hatred which even yet is not appeased. As for Curzon, his self-sufficiency was irritating beyond measure. The English were used to his manner and merely smiled and repeated the old Oxford limerick:

> "I am George Nathaniel Curzon,
> A most superior person. . . ."

But the French were goaded to fury by his diplomatic notes, seemingly written with a club, and Poincaré's acid retorts did not help to mend matters. Never were Franco-British political relations more strained than during those five years. And yet, all that time, before Germany and before the world, they called themselves "the Allied governments."

One other thing that France found hard to bear was the constant accusation of imperialism and militarism flung by England and the United States. American tourists, no doubt, are sometimes impressed by the number of barracks they see at the gates of our cities. They cannot know that most of them are empty. Our navy has more admirals than cruisers. And, if my readers would not yawn at the figures, I could readily demonstrate that France is the one country that since the war—and even in comparison with 1914—has really disarmed. Moreover, if France had not already been a peaceful country, the cruel sufferings of the war would have made her so. There could be no more sovereign injustice than to represent her, as the English and American press has so often done, as the direct heir of Prussian militarism. Such baseless accusations were resented by the French, who are not noted for patience under injustice. Strong in the consciousness of their own guiltlessness, they turned the charge of unavowable designs against their accusers. And that did not help to mend matters, either.

Finally, the French have thought that their allies spoke of continental Europe with too much assurance and insufficient knowledge of the facts. Americans will often admit, when they gaze into the mirror of their national conscience, that they are sometimes too cocksure. Their medical and surgical prescriptions, so freely given to Europe in general and to France in particular during the past seven years, have grated on sensitive nerves. The ukases of John Maynard Keynes in 1920, and the ready echo they found in America, have left disagreeable traces. The more irritable Frenchmen have sometimes been tempted to retort to unsought advisers, "Mind your own business!" Furthermore, English predictions concerning Russia, Greece, etc., have been so often wrong that there have been plenty of grounds for questioning the competence of these physicians. It is often agreeable to note, when one is conscious of one's own mistakes, that others are sometimes mistaken too.

But must we not agree that the divergence in French and Anglo-Saxon political concepts is indeed an axiom of world politics? Between a country like France,

invaded a hundred times, and an insular nation like England or America—which has never had frontiers in the European sense of the word—there is no common measure and no common political language. This fact ought to be borne in mind in times of tension. It would help to reduce any resulting uneasiness to its proper proportions.

IV

The editor of HARPER'S, in requesting this article, said, "Above all, be frank. The American public prefers truth to compliments." I have been frank, and I hope I have been clear. Indeed, I had too many dealings with the United States during the thirty months when I directed, from the French side, the war co-operation of our two countries, not to know that to merit respect one must say exactly what one thinks, without reticence.

France has just been through an evil period in her relations with the Allies of the war. I have the less reason for concealing it that I consider it of slight importance. Even during the war, when imminent peril surrounded every false step, I saw the Allies repeatedly divided by quarrels over persons, over conflicting interests, and particularly over differences of temperament. On the morrow of the armistice, amid the rapture of victory, I saw a tiny, insignificant question—the organization of the Coblentz bridge-head—bring about a virtual rupture of relations between the general staffs of Foch and Pershing, and it cost me a week of delicate diplomacy to set matters straight. All our past history swarms with reasons why understanding between us should be hard. And, to sum up my whole thought, I may say that the surprising thing about France and America is that, despite the contrasts in our origins and our development, we get on together as well as we do. We have co-operated more often than we have clashed, and whenever we have co-operated we have succeeded strikingly in what we set out to do.

I firmly believe that mutual comprehension is favored better by explaining to nations why and in what they differ than by repeating monotonously that they are brothers and born to agree, by mutual intuition. With France and the United States, particularly, I am deeply convinced that if their natural friendship were organized and cultivated by the sincere analysis of the things that threaten it, it would make rapid progress.

SOUTH OF THE POTOMAC

BY H. G. DWIGHT

THE President had finished his speech, the marines were stowing their instruments away in odd-shaped cases, the audience was streaming out of the amphitheater. Beyond the white arches the slopes of Arlington lay green and memorable in the spring sun. But man is a contrary animal, and the glum-looking man is more contrary than most.

"I suppose a state amphitheater must have a state entrance," he said. "And it is no doubt well for eminent orators, who are usually bald, to be guarded against drafts. Still, I find it difficult to admire that marble cave of the winds—among other reasons, because it cuts off the best of the view. Of course, Washington may not be Athens, or even Taormina. But it would be easier to swallow the Plymouth Rocks of a Decoration Day address if Maryland and the Potomac were there to soften them. Let's go out to the terrace. That's the only place in this cemetery where you can really draw a breath of fresh air."

We stopped in the portico to look down at the happy valley, with its famous river and its town half lost in trees. Yet I, for one, soon found myself looking at the nearer and narrower space on our side of the balustrade, midway of which a great wreath of roses and laurel lay on a raised slab of marble—and one white flower. Three persons were there, one of whom stood apart from the other two, her face half turned toward the valley. Perhaps it was that she made more of a contrast in that white place, but one could not help being struck by the perfect simplicity of her black dress and by an air she had. She made the other woman, who hovered uncertainly at the foot of the grave with a bunch of sweet peas in her hand, look dumpy and shabby. With this other woman was a man of her own world, carrying a camera. When he noticed us he sauntered in our direction.

"Is this here the tomb of the Unknown Soldier?" he asked.

"Yes," I told him, "it is."

"Oh," he said. "I ain't acquainted around here. We come from Lynchburg. My—" He broke off, and started on another tack. "I wonder they don't put no writin' on it, and sort of make it show more."

"Well," I hazarded, "it's different from other graves, which mean something to so few people. This one means so much to so many different people, in all parts of the country, that perhaps no writing could say any more. And the finest monument in the world could not be a greater honor than the one they gave him in setting him here by himself, on top of this hill, between these pillars and that view."

"That's one way to look at it," the man agreed a little doubtfully.

Then he sauntered back and made his report to the woman. Whereupon she did one of those things which are possible not only to the theatrical. She suddenly fell on her knees at the foot of the tomb, folded her arms on the marble, and hid her face between them, still clutching her sweet peas. For a moment I was too surprised to move. The man looked helpless and uncomfortable. As for the tall woman in black, she turned farther away.

At that the glum-looking man jerked my arm and we turned around too, walking back into the amphitheater.

Re-entered from that side, the roofless oval looked entrancingly cool and quiet in the brilliant sunshine, the white arches framing vivid panels of green and blue and fretting the pillared ambulatory with scallops of light and shadow. I perched on a balustrade and fished for cigarettes. No one was there but a wandering soldier or two, a pair of lovers sitting in a patch of shade, and a red-headed man with his hat in his hand. He appeared to be seeing sights. Presently he bore down upon us.

"It's just about all right, isn't it?" he remarked. He looked well-fed and well-tailored, and would doubtless rate high among the possessors of business personality. I, therefore, decided to leave him to the glum-looking man.

"They came so near it this time," conceded the latter, "that it's a pity they didn't carry it through."

"How do you mean?" inquired the red-headed man, extracting a cigar from a handsome case.

The glum-looking man waved his cigarette in the direction of what he had described as the cave of the winds.

"I mean all those Civil War names carved on either side of that apse thing. From a purely historical point of view, doesn't it strike you that the list is a trifle one-sided?"

The red-headed man regarded the lists, and us.

"To be frank," he replied, evidently hunting for his words, "what strikes me is that lists like that, which are necessarily limited, record the results of history. Wouldn't it have been a little—unusual—?" He decided not to end his sentence.

"Possibly—from the G. A. R. point of view," admitted the glum-looking man. "But Washington is not the capital of the G. A. R. It is the capital of the United States. And considering that the Unknown Soldier, whose grave is architecturally a part, and an extremely important part, of this building, is just as likely to have been a Southerner as a Northerner, that list does not seem to me to hit quite the right note. After all, there is an art of forgetting as well as an art of remembering."

The red-headed man ventured on a tactful change of subject.

"By the way," he said briskly, "I understand that Lee's old home is in these grounds. Can you tell me how to get to it?"

"I can and I will, with pleasure," answered the glum-looking man. "Do you see that little wood of oaks over beyond that driveway? You will find a path leading through it toward a circular trellis of wistaria and ivy around an open space of turf. It will be full of tourists to-day, at whom a guide will be bawling through a megaphone, 'This, ladees and gentlemen, is the Sylvian Amphitheáter, erected by George Washington Parke Custis, the son of Martha Washington. On this platform, until the Civil War, slaves used to be bought and sold at auction.' However, you probably know enough about the Washington family not to take his bilgewater too seriously—particularly as his 'Sylvian Amphitheáter' never existed until the Quarter-master General seized the place in the sixties. It was the least disgraceful thing about the whole performance. Well, to the right of that is an imitation sarcophagus where two thousand or more unknown soldiers from Bull Run and the Rappahannock were buried in 1866. You may be quite sure that not one of them was a Confederate. That is at one end of the old flower garden; and at the other, overlooking the river, there are a few detached graves. They also had the graceful fancy of decorating the little Temple of Love, like the one at Versailles, which stands in the middle, with an even more wounding assortment of names than the ones you see here." Again a wave toward the cave of the winds. "There you turn to the left, where you will find two more

conspicuous graves, planted at the edge of the lawn, on either side of a terrific flagstaff which ruins the view but makes it possible for those who are so disposed to gratify their vengeance under cover of patriotism. As a traveling philosopher you have no doubt observed that it is feasible to get away with murder if you wave a flag while committing the crime. And behind that is the house.

"It may disappoint you, because the pillars of the portico are rather too heavy for their height, and because the rooms inside are bare as a bone. It made no difference that the house was built by Washington's adopted son, of whom he thought enough to make an executor of his will, that it belonged to Martha Washington's great-granddaughter, that it was full of things from Mount Vernon. No sooner was Lee's back turned than they descended on it like locusts and stripped it of furniture, hangings, pictures, bricabrac, every thing that could be carried off. Just the kind of thing we used to howl at the Germans for, a few years ago—except that the Germans didn't loot their own flesh and blood. Then the Government stepped in and seized the place for taxes accrued during the war. Personally, I think it would have been better taste to finish the job up in style, like Attila, by razing the house, destroying the garden, chopping down the oaks, and plowing the ground with salt. But that might have looked like vindictiveness. All they wanted was to make sure that never again would Lee walk under the trees where he had made love as a boy or enter the rooms where he had lived for thirty years and where his children were born."

The red-headed man was too astonished to start on his way. I, therefore, thought it prudent to intervene.

"Come," I said to the glum-looking man, "it wasn't anything to be proud of, but they belonged to their generation, and we belong to ours. Why don't you go on and tell him that they at least had the grace to pay for the place afterwards, in Cleveland's time; that by Roosevelt's time they had got as far as to put Jefferson Davis's name back on Cabin John Bridge, which he as Secretary of War began; and that in our time they're starting a memorial bridge between here and the Mall, and are going to restore the house?"

"Your roseate outline of history," remarked the glum-looking man sardonically, "needs a good many footnotes, but we mustn't detain the pilgrim. All I have to say is that they won't do the thing right unless they move every single grave, even L'Enfant's, from under the windows and out of the flower garden and away from at least one of the drives. A historic mansion is one thing and a national cemetery is another, and they don't go together."

The pilgrim put on his hat, but could not forbear asking a question.

"Pardon me if I seem inquisitive," he said, "but I must confess I don't quite make you out. I take it that you are a Southerner. Yet if you are, you must have lived in the North long enough to lose your accent."

"I don't see that it makes any difference one way or the other," answered the glum-looking man. "I'm an American, and so was Lee. Why do I have to be a Southerner or a Northerner?"

"Because you can't help it," promptly rejoined the red-headed man. "You must have been born on one side of the Potomac or the other—unless you're a naturalized citizen."

"Well," said the glum-looking man, "as it happens, I wasn't born on either side of the Potomac. Nor am I a naturalized citizen, for the excellent reason that my great-grandfathers attended to that for me a good while before Arlington was built. But if it interests you to know, they were all New Englanders, on both sides—unless I count out a member of the family who moved to South Carolina. What is more, my father and all the rest of my people

fought on the Northern side in the Civil War, just as my Southern relatives fought with equal conviction on the other side. Is that any reason why my South Carolina cousins of this generation and I should keep it up?"

The red-headed man considered this abnormal specimen with mingled curiosity and severity.

"No," he conceded, "but neither is it any reason why you should go back on your own people."

"Nor is it any reason why I should look at things just as they did, or dope myself with the idea that, just because they were my people, they never did anything but what was grand and glorious. They were human, and they got into a frightful mess, and they got out in the only way they knew how, and God rest their souls. If I had been in their shoes I doubtless would have done exactly what they did—and I hope I wouldn't have been any more careful of my own skin. But I'm not in their shoes, and I have to walk my own way as I see it."

"That may all be," said the red-headed man, "but it doesn't change the principle of the thing. The plain truth of the matter is that Lee was a traitor, and you know it."

"Do I?" inquired the glum-looking man. "I know at any rate that you don't mince your words. You remind me that I have heard Southerners say quite as hasty things about Lincoln. For myself, I must confess that I do not see these matters in black and white. On the contrary, it strikes me as conceivable that, if George the Third and Lord North had been a trifle cleverer, and if it had not suited the convenience of the French to send Rochambeau and de Grasse over here, with a fleet that corked the mouth of the Chesapeake at a highly opportune moment, George Washington might have gone down to history as a traitor—and might even have been shot for it."

"That has nothing to do with the case," snapped the red-headed man. "Moreover, it is an assumption for which, not so long ago, you might have been shot yourself. George Washington founded an indestructible union of States, which Lee and his friends tried to destroy."

"H'm!" drew out the glum-looking man. "You compel me to observe again that you are somewhat freer with dynamite than seems to me quite safe. Indestructible, now: that is a rather powerful adjective, which needs to be handled with care. Only once or twice in a lifetime can one treat oneself to a word like that. Even our friends the physicists, you will notice, are beginning to hedge a little when they come to the indestructibility of matter. If any thing or system in this universe be indestructible, I have yet to hear of it. At any rate I would consider it the very last word to apply to the shaky marriage of convenience between the original colonies, or to the more binding civil ceremony into which they were unwillingly harried a few years later. You may remember, too, that it took a Southerner like Jefferson to conceive so romantic an idea as a union which should reach across the continent. So good a Northern patriot as Daniel Webster thought it absurd to dream of taking in the northwest. I don't recollect his precise words, but he strung some sounding periods on the theme of that 'vast worthless area.' And long before the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter my worthy New England ancestors, fancying that the South was getting the better of them in a business way, began to mutter seditions about breaking away in order to run their part of the country to suit themselves. When it comes to that, a traveling philosopher might even ask himself, provided the firing squad allowed him to reach the end of his sentence, whether the world would have come to an end if the Civil War had turned out the other way. Personally, I am not convinced that representative institutions, as we have evolved them, are the last word in human achievement. The country is so

big, so unwieldy, so heterogeneous, and so often in the hands of fifth-rate people, that one's only hope lies in reflecting how seldom is any question closed for good."

"That one is, at any rate—and not in Lee's way," retorted the red-headed man. "His name would have been up there with the rest of them if he had stayed on the right side of the Potomac."

"Thank you," the glum-looking man said with a bow, "for putting the question where it belongs. The right bank of the Potomac, as you doubtless appreciate, happens to be the southern one! Otherwise, however, there is no right side of the Potomac. One side is just as much my country, and yours, as the other. For the rest, right and wrong are matters on which I do not feel very competent to pronounce. I only know that Lee followed his own conscience like a man, and that no man ever endured his fate more nobly. I also know that while there are several things in our history of which I am proud, the Civil War is not one of them. We were all equally responsible for it and we all collectively suffer the consequences of it. It put back civilization in this country a hundred years, and it made a breach in our blood from which we may never recover. The million young men who were killed then would by now have made a great difference in our character. But the thing is finished, as you say, and I don't propose to fight it all over again. What is more, I fancy my South Carolina cousins are quite as ready as I to recognize that, on the whole, we probably thrive better on the theory of an indestructible union than on that of a dissoluble one. Distances, for one thing, have shortened enormously. At any rate a day will come when the whole affair will mean no more to any of us than Flodden Field or the Wars of the Roses. That is why I object to dragging the Potomac into it. It's about time we dropped all that nonsense and began rewriting our histories with an eye to what happened rather than to the beauties of Plymouth Rock."

The red-headed man, in whom I had hopefully detected signs of departure, brightened perceptibly.

"Did your ancestors come over in the *Mayflower?*" he asked.

"Lord, no!" replied the glum-looking man.

"Well, mine did," declared the red-headed man. "Perhaps that's why I feel more strongly than you about these things."

"Perhaps," agreed the glum-looking man. "But did you ever hear of the *Discovery*, the *Goodspeed*, and the *Susan Constant?*"

"Let's see," began the red-headed man.

"I thought not," the glum-looking man cut in. "Nice solid names, aren't they? *Mayflower*, now—that's romantic. But *Susan Constant*, and *Goodspeed*, and *Discovery*—those names mean business. And thirteen years before the *Mayflower* beat into Plymouth Bay, they anchored down the river here, at the mouth of the James, and started the first permanent English-speaking settlement on this continent. Please don't forget that."

"Thirteen years isn't so much," objected the red-headed man.

"No; but it's a lot in the first half of your life. And it's too much to forget in making political speeches. And please remember, too, that some time before that, namely in 1590, one Edmund Spenser dedicated his *Faerie Queene* 'to the most high, mightie and magnificent Empresse, renowned for pietie, vertue, and all gratious government, Elizabeth, Queene of England, Fraunce and Ireland and of Virginia.' Of Virginia, mind you! It was all Virginia in the beginning. And it was no less a personage than that lively gentleman adventurer who had so much to do with the founding of the Jamestown colony, Captain John Smith, who invented New England."

"Proving precisely what?" inquired the red-headed man with some irony.

"Proving merely that American civilization, such as it is, started in Chesa-

peake, not in Massachusetts Bay—and not on the north side of Chesapeake Bay, at that. Also, that it is well to look before you leap."

"I can see what's coming next, anyway," rejoined the red-headed man. "You're going to forget the Winthrops and the Endicotts and the Mathers and the Adamses and Roger Williams and Benjamin Franklin and Alexander Hamilton and the rest, and you're going to make the mistake of thinking that I forget the Lees and the Randolphs and Patrick Henry and George Mason and John Marshall and Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe. You needn't worry. I don't. And neither do the school books. But where do you get by going back to ancient history? The world doesn't stand still. The South had its day, and it was a great one while it lasted. However, yesterday is one thing and to-day is another."

The glum-looking man permitted himself a wicked grin.

"Then why didn't you say so ten minutes ago? You might have been listening to the guide in the 'Sylvian Amphitheáter' by this time, instead of listening to me!"

As I sat on my balustrade, smoking and wondering how long it took a red-headed man to die, I heard voices not far away. I took a look over my shoulder. Around a clump of pointed cedars at the side of the amphitheater three figures appeared: the man with the camera, his wife—who no longer carried her sweet peas—and the tall woman in black. I gave the glum-looking man a discreet kick on the foot and tilted my head toward the archway. He looked out a second, glanced at me, and turned back to the red-headed man.

"Since that's the way you feel about it," he went on, "I won't take the trouble to find out whether you imagine Lexington and the Boston Tea Party to have been unique incidents of their kind, or whether you know as much about the Cowpens as you do about Bunker Hill, or whether you suffer under the delusion that western pioneering was invented by the North. As I have already told you, I'm not out to exploit one side of the Potomac at the expense of the other. Without either of them we probably should be a British Dominion to-day. But speaking of to-day, and yesterday, and to-morrow, it strikes me again that you are a bit hasty in jumping at conclusions."

"Oh, I haven't forgotten Florida, either," the red-headed man assured him —"nor who it is that is making Florida hum."

"I don't mean Florida, or Thomasville, or Aiken, or Pinehurst, so much as I mean Norfolk and Winston-Salem and Atlanta and Birmingham. Yet that isn't all I mean, even when you add the stupendous heaps of gold that will pile up at the foot of the southern waterfalls, to say nothing of that long loop of the Tennessee River—on which they are going to hang such a web of belts and cables and so many diamond necklaces that New York herself will sit up and take notice. You'll see that fast enough. The New England spinning mills have already begun to see it. I grow a little uneasy myself when I think of it."

"Well, they'll have to hustle if they're going to beat New York. And hustling isn't their long suit," remarked the red-headed man.

"No, thank God, it isn't," agreed the glum-looking man heartily—"though if you happened to be in France a few years ago you may have noticed that they can be rather handy with their fists. You may also have noticed, in that same connection, that victory and defeat are rather tricky words. In fact, there are times when it isn't so easy to tell which from which. That is one reason why my Puritan instincts don't quite get the better of me when I think about the Tennessee River. Of course, it's very nice to be rich. I'd like to be rich myself. Money is a kind of magic lens, which puts so many pleasant things within your reach and makes you cast so long a shadow that you don't care if it also

magnifies the wart on your nose or shows up your taste in pictures. But when I get uneasy about those Southerners, and the things they may do to their mountains and rivers and cities, and what might happen to them when they have more money than any of us, I remember that their metal has been tempered as ours has never been tempered."

"It looks like we're in for a sermon on the text of 'Sweet are the uses of adversity'!" said the red-headed man to me, with a grin of his own.

"At any rate," I told him, "you'll admit that we never heard very many in the part of the country where we were brought up."

"No danger!" exclaimed the glum-looking man. "Our generation was taught in Sunday School that prosperity is the chief end of man. To hear a politician pronounce the word you would think it the most sacred in the language. That is one thing the Civil War did for us—besides filling our cities with strangers, and lining our streets with miles of the most horrible houses that have ever been built on this planet, and infecting us with a mania to be anywhere but at home, and otherwise perverting such rudiments of good taste and common sense as we once possessed. As a historical phenomenon it was quite an interesting one, and I am sanguine enough to hope we shall survive it—though if we do I'm afraid your *Mayflower* ancestor may not recognize his—"

"Her," interpolated the conscientious red-headed man—

"Own child. At all events, the South has survived a very different and a much less merry experience. They were too sick at heart to go skylarking about the world like the rest of us. They were also too poor. They could not import European peasants by the shipload as servants and workmen. They had to fend for themselves—not only the humble folk to whom that was nothing new but gentlefolk who had always had troops of people to wait on them. They couldn't follow the fashions in scarlet brick and brown stone which to us seemed so splendid. They had to go on living in their wide old Georgian houses, behind their pillared porticoes, on their galleries railed with wrought iron. The white woodwork needed paint, perhaps. The mahogany grew dark and brittle. When a claw foot got broken, a fashionable new piece of walnut and horsehair was out of the question. No richly gilt radiator pipes or magnificences of Mexican onyx took the place of mantels that were too bare. The portraits doubtless looked a little sad and stiff and out of date. Yet, lo, our brave progress has brought us strangely around a circle, and what do we find?

"We find that if the city over there across the river has a charm which sets it apart from others, we owe it to the Southerners who started it and not to the Northerners and Westerners who for a generation after the Civil War did their worst to wreck it. We find that our prosperity made dreadful ravages, and that the splendors of the reconstruction period are fit only to be torn down. We find that the South has preserved for us more than a reminder of our happier time in architecture—in this Chesapeake Bay country, in South Carolina, in hundreds of quiet plantations and unobtrusive old towns all the way from Annapolis to New Orleans. We find there, almost intact, like a buried treasure, our most unbroken tradition.

"Nor is that all we find. Because the dwellers in those houses were so poor, because they had least to offer the newcomer, they also preserved more perfectly than any of us the tradition of our speech. Not that I mean to set up a cry against newcomers, who would not be here save for one of them, or to pretend that a language must not grow, cannot be enriched by the new idioms, even by the slips and mispronunciations of newcomers. Nevertheless, as a descendant of those who gave this continent a tongue, I do not find it in me

to be displeased that in our welter of nationalities there should remain one great island which is more purely American, in the orginal sense, than any other. There are certain valleys of it which are more Elizabethan than England itself. There is no part of it in which English is not spoken, even on the street, in a way to delight the ear. That is a thing which they understand in Paris, perhaps, but not in New York or Chicago. Who knows? The South may end by teaching Potash and Perlmutter English."

"You seem to be fairly fluent in the language yourself!" commented the red-headed man, throwing away the butt of his cigar.

"Oh, you and I can chatter in it after our fashion—just as some of us, even in New York and Chicago and Los Angeles, have manners. But nowhere are they so visible to the naked eye as in the South. There they are all born knowing more about the art of life than you or I will ever learn. Fluency and money have nothing to do with it. It's something as far away as possible from noise and show and push and hustle and advertising and all the other fine arts in which we excel. Perhaps climate has something to do with it. Perhaps it was that they had their tradition and were let alone on their island and kept it alive. Perhaps, having so little in their pocket, their eyes and ears grew keener than ours for the right stamp and the right ring of the coin—for elusive shades of sound and color, for fine distinctions, for simplicities, for realities, for standards, for all that complex of sympathies and comprehensions and fellowships in a common lot that go into the minting of a race. I shouldn't wonder if some of them even understood the difference between 'house' and 'home,' which we have worn smooth. At any rate, I suspect that there may be more genuine civilization to the square yard, south of the Potomac—"

"Ho! How about Dayton?" broke in the red-headed man.

At that I found it expedient to forsake my balustrade, which began to feel too hard and chilly. The glum-looking man paid no attention to me.

"Dayton is as good an example as any. I've already told you about Dayton. If a whole generation of boys and girls had to grow up ragged and hungry, scarcely knowing that there was such a thing as a book, outside the Bible—which, by the way, is not a bad school of English—is it a thing for us, of all people, to be sarcastic about? And do you remember how Dayton took that invasion? I'm very little of a fundamentalist myself; but I have a notion that such things as patience and simplicity and courtesy and character may be quite as useful for a race as the latest views on the origin of species. Dayton! When the North gets through amending the constitution and doctoring history you can talk to me about Dayton! For that matter, how far are you from Dayton yourself?

"Of course, I admit I don't know much about people who came over in the *Mayflower*, but for my own part I can tell you that I am only one generation removed from Dayton. It was out of that reservoir that we all were dipped. Moreover, I'm here to tell you that a lot of other things are going to be dipped out of it, too; and some of them may astonish you more than the diamond necklaces of the Tennessee River. Just wait a bit! If I started on that, though, we should be here for the next twenty years. And in the meantime your friend in the 'Sylvian Amphitheâter' is getting hoarse. However, I'll do this. I'll meet you here twenty years from to-day, and then we'll have another chat. Good-by!"

With which he walked away toward the terrace above the river, leaving me to deal with the red-headed man as best I might.

CLAY-SHUTTERED DOORS

A STORY

BY HELEN R. HULL

FOR months I have tried not to think about Thalia Corson. Anything may invoke her, with her langorous fragility, thin wrists and throat, her elusive face with its long eyelids. I can't quite remember her mouth. When I try to visualize her sharply I get soft pale hair, the lovely curve from her temple to chin, and eyes blue and intense. Her boy, Fletcher, has eyes like hers.

To-day I came back to New York, and my taxi to an uptown hotel was held for a few minutes in Broadway traffic where the afternoon sunlight fused into a dazzle a great expanse of plateglass and elaborate show motor cars. The "Regal Eight"—Winchester Corson's establishment. I huddled as the taxi jerked ahead, in spite of knowledge that Winchester would scarcely peer out of that elegant setting into taxi cabs. I didn't wish to see him, nor would he care to see me. But the glimpse had started the whole affair churning again, and I went through it deliberately, hoping that it might have smoothed out into some rational explanation. Sometimes things do, if you leave them alone, like logs submerged in water that float up later, encrusted thickly. This affair won't add to itself. It stays unique and smooth, sliding through the rest of life without annexing a scrap of seaweed.

I suppose, for an outsider, it all begins with the moment on Brooklyn Bridge; behind that are the years of my friendship with Thalia. Our families had summer cottages on the Cape. She was just enough older, however, so that not until I had finished college did I catch up to any intimacy with her. She had married Winchester Corson, who at that time fitted snugly into the phrase "a rising young man." During those first years, while his yeast sent up preliminary bubbles, Thalia continued to spend her summers near Boston, with Winchester coming for occasional weekends. Fletcher was, unintentionally, born there; he began his difficult existence by arriving as a seven-months baby. Two years later Thalia had a second baby to bring down with her. Those were the summers which gave my friendship for Thalia its sturdy roots. They made me wonder, too, why she had chosen Winchester Corson. He was personable enough; tall, with prominent dark eyes and full mouth under a neat mustache, restless hands, and an uncertain disposition. He could be a charming companion, sailing the catboat with dash, managing lobster parties on the shore; or he would, unaccountably, settle into a foggy grouch, when everyone—children and females particularly—was supposed to approach only on tiptoe, bearing burnt offerings. The last time he spent a fortnight there, before he moved the family to the new Long Island estate, I had my own difficulties with him. There had always been an undertone of sex in his attitude toward me, but I had thought "that's just his male conceit." That summer he was a nuisance, coming upon me

with his insistent, messy kisses, usually with Thalia in the next room. They were the insulting kind of kisses that aren't at all personal, and I could have ended them fast enough if there hadn't been the complication of Thalia and my love for her. If I made Winchester angry he'd put an end to Thalia's relation to me. I didn't, anyway, want her to know what a fool he was. Of course she did know, but I thought then that I could protect her.

There are, I have decided, two ways with love. You can hold one love, knowing that, if it is a living thing, it must develop and change. That takes maturity, and care, and a consciousness of the other person. That was Thalia's way. Or you enjoy the beginning of love and, once you're past that, you have to hunt for a new love, because the excitement seems to be gone. Men like Winchester, who use all their brains on their jobs, never grow up; they go on thinking that preliminary stir and snap is love itself. Cut flowers, that was Winchester's idea, while to Thalia love was a tree.

But I said Brooklyn Bridge was the point at which the affair had its start. It seems impossible to begin there, or anywhere, as I try to account for what happened. Ten years after the summer when Winchester made himself such a nuisance—that last summer the Corsons spent at the Cape—I went down at the end of the season for a week with Thalia and the children at the Long Island place. Winchester drove out for the weekend. The children were mournful because they didn't wish to leave the shore for school; a sharp September wind brought rain and fog down the Sound, and Winchester nourished all that Sunday a disagreeable grouch. I had seen nothing of them for most of the ten intervening years, as I had been first in France and then in China, after feature-article stuff. The week had been pleasant: good servants, comfortable house, a half-moon of white beach below the drop of lawn; Thalia a stimulating listener, with Fletcher, a thin, eager boy of twelve, like her in his intensity of interest. Dorothy, a plump, pink child of ten, had no use for stories of French villages or Chinese temples. Nug, the wire-haired terrier, and her dolls were more immediate and convincing. Thalia was thin and noncommittal, except for her interest in what I had seen and done. I couldn't, for all my affection, establish any real contact. She spoke casually of the town house, of dinners she gave for Winchester, of his absorption in business affairs. But she was sheathed in polished aloofness and told me nothing of herself. She did say, one evening, that she was glad I was to be in New York that winter. Winchester, like his daughter Dorothy, had no interest in foreign parts once he had ascertained that I hadn't even seen the Chinese quarters of the motor company in which he was concerned. He had an amusing attitude toward me: careful indifference, no doubt calculated to put me in my place as no longer alluring. Thalia tried to coax him into listening to some of my best stories. "Tell him about the bandits, Mary"—but his sulkiness brought, after dinner, a casual explanation from her, untinged with apology. "He's working on an enormous project, a merging of several companies, and he's so soaked in it he can't come up for a breath."

In the late afternoon the maid set out high tea for us, before our departure for New York. Thalia suggested that perhaps one highball was enough if Winchester intended to drive over the wet roads. Win immediately mixed a second, asking if she had ever seen him in the least affected. "Be better for you than tea before a long damp drive, too." He clinked the ice in his glass. "Jazz you up a bit." Nug was begging for food and Thalia, bending to give him a corner of her sandwich, apparently did not hear Winchester. He looked about the room, a smug, owning look. The fire and candlelight shone in the heavy waxed rafters, made silver beads of the

rain on the French windows. I watched him—heavier, more dominant, his prominent dark eyes and his lips sullen, as if the whiskey banked up his temper rather than appeased it.

Then Jim, the gardener, brought the car to the door; the children scrambled in. Dorothy wanted to take Nug, but her father said not if she wanted to sit with him and drive.

"How about chains, sir?" Jim held the umbrella for Thalia.

"Too damned noisy. Don't need them." Winchester slammed the door and slid under the wheel. Thalia and I, with Fletcher between us, sat comfortably in the rear.

"I like it better when Walter drives, don't you, Mother?" said Fletcher as we slid down the drive out to the road.

"Sh—Father likes to drive. And Walter likes Sunday off, too." Thalia's voice was cautious.

"It's too dark to see anything."

"I can see lots," announced Dorothy, whereupon Fletcher promptly turned the handle that pushed up the glass between the chauffeur's seat and the rear.

The heavy car ran smoothly over the wet narrow road, with an occasional rumble and flare of headlights as some car swung past. Not till we reached the turnpike was there much traffic. There Winchester had to slacken his speed for other shiny beetles slipping along through the rain. Sometimes he cut past a car, weaving back into line in the glaring teeth of a car rushing down on him, and Fletcher would turn inquiringly toward his mother. The gleaming, wet darkness and the smooth motion made me drowsy, and I paid little heed until we slowed in a congestion of cars at the approach to the bridge. Far below on the black river, spaced red and white stars suggested slow-moving tugs, and beyond, faint lights splintered in the rain hinted at the city.

"Let's look for the cliff dwellers, Mother."

Thalia leaned forward, her fine, sharp profile dimly outlined against the shifting background of arches, and Fletcher slipped to his feet, his arm about her neck. "There!"

We were reaching the New York end of the bridge, and I had a swift glimpse of their cliff dwellers—lights in massed buildings, like ancient camp fires along a receding mountain side. Just then Winchester nosed out of the slow line, Dorothy screamed, the light from another car tunnelled through our windows, the car trembled under the sudden grip of brakes, and like a crazy top spun sickeningly about, with a final thud against the stone abutment. A shatter of glass, a confusion of motor horns about us, a moment while the tautness of shock held me rigid.

Around me that periphery of turmoil —the usual recriminations, "what the hell you think you're doing?"—the shriek of a siren on an approaching motor cycle. Within the circle I tried to move across the narrow space of the car. Fletcher was crying; vaguely I knew that the door had swung open, that Thalia was crouching on her knees, the rain and the lights pouring on her head and shoulders; her hat was gone, her wide fur collar looked like a drenched and lifeless animal. "Hush, Fletcher." I managed to force movement into my stiff body. "Are your hurt? Thalia—" Then outside Winchester, with the bristling fury of panic, was trying to lift her drooping head. "Thalia! My God, you aren't hurt!" Someone focussed a searchlight on the car as Winchester got his arms about her and lifted her out through the shattered door.

Over the springing line of the stone arch I saw the cliff dwellers' fires and I thought as I scrambled out to follow Winchester, "She was leaning forward, looking at those, and that terrific spin of the car must have knocked her head on the door as it lurched open."

"Lay her down, man!" An important little fellow had rushed up, a doctor evidently. "Lay her down, you fool!" Someone threw down a robe, and Win-

chester, as if Thalia were a drowned feather, knelt with her, laid her there on the pavement. I was down beside her and the fussy little man also. She did look drowned, drowned in that beating sea of tumult, that terrific honking of motors, unwilling to stop an instant even for—was it death? Under the white glare of headlights her lovely face had the empty shallowness, the husk-likeness of death. The little doctor had his pointed beard close to her breast; he lifted one of her long eyelids. "She's just fainted, eh, doctor?" Winchester's angry voice tore at him.

The little man rose slowly. "She your wife? I'm sorry. Death must have been instantaneous. A blow on the temple."

With a kind of roar Winchester was down there beside Thalia, lifting her, her head lolling against his shoulder, his face bent over her. "Thalia! Thalia! Do you hear? Wake up!" I think he even shook her in his baffled fright and rage. "Thalia, do you hear me? I want you to open your eyes. You weren't hurt. That was nothing." And then, "Dearest, you must!" and more words, frantic, wild words, mouthed close to her empty face. I touched his shoulder, sick with pity, but he staggered up to his feet, lifting her with him. Fletcher pressed shivering against me, and I turned for an instant to the child. Then I heard Thalia's voice, blurred and queer, "You called me, Win?" and Winchester's sudden, triumphant laugh. She was standing against his shoulder, still with that husklike face, but she spoke again, "You did call me?"

"Here, let's get out of this." Winchester was again the efficient, competent man of affairs. The traffic cops were shouting, the lines of cars began to move. Winchester couldn't start his motor. Something had smashed. His card and a few words left responsibility with an officer, and even as an ambulance shrilled up, he was helping Thalia into a taxi. "You take the children, will you?" to me, and "Get her another taxi, will you?" to the officer. He had closed the taxi door after himself, and was gone, leaving us to the waning curiosity of passing cars. As we rode off in a second taxi, I had a glimpse of the little doctor, his face incredulous, his beard wagging, as he spoke to the officer.

Dorothy was, characteristically, tearfully indignant that her father had left her to me. Fletcher was silent as we bumped along under the elevated tracks, but presently he tugged at my sleeve, and I heard his faint whisper. "What is it?" I asked.

"Is my mother really dead?" he repeated.

"Of course not, Fletcher. You saw her get into the cab with your father."

"Why didn't Daddy take us too?" wailed Dorothy, and I had to turn to her, although my nerves echoed her question.

The house door swung open even as the taxi bumped the curb, and the butler hurried out with umbrella which we were too draggled to need.

"Mr. Corson instructed me to pay the man, madam." He led us into the hall, where a waiting maid popped the children at once into the tiny elevator.

"Will you wait for the elevator, madam? The library is one flight." The butler led me up the stairs, and I dropped into a low chair near the fire, vaguely aware of the long, narrow room, with discreet gold of the walls giving back light from soft lamps. "I'll tell Mr. Corson you have come."

"Is Mrs. Corson—does she seem all right?" I asked.

"Quite, madam. It was a fortunate accident, with no one hurt."

Well, perhaps it had addled my brain! I waited in a kind of numbness for Winchester to come.

Presently he strode in, his feet silent on the thick rugs.

"Sorry,' he began, abruptly. "I wanted to look the children over. Not a scratch on them. You're all right, of course?"

"Oh, yes. But Thalia—"

"She won't even have a doctor. I put her straight to bed—she's so damned nervous, you know. Hot-water bottles . . . she was cold. I think she's asleep now. Said she'd see you in the morning. You'll stay here, of course." He swallowed in a gulp the whiskey he had poured. "Have some, Mary? Or would you like something hot?"

"No, thanks. If you're sure she's all right I'll go to bed."

"Sure?" His laugh was defiant. "Did that damn fool on the bridge throw a scare into you? He gave me a bad minute, I'll say. If that car hadn't cut in on me— I told Walter last week the brakes needed looking at. They shouldn't grab like that. Might have been serious."

"Since it wasn't—" I rose, wearily, watching him pour amber liquid slowly into his glass—"if you'll have someone show me my room—"

"After Chinese bandits, a little skid ought not to matter to you." His prominent eyes gleamed hostilely at me; he wanted some assurance offered that the skidding wasn't his fault, that only his skill had saved all our lives.

"I can't see Thalia?" I said.

"She's asleep. Nobody can see her." His eyes moved coldly from my face, down to my muddy shoes. "Better give your clothes to the maid for a pressing. You're smeared quite a bit."

I woke early, with clear September sun at the windows of the room, with blue sky behind the sharp city contours beyond the windows. There was none too much time to make the morning train for Albany, where I had an engagement that day, an interview for an article. The maid who answered my ring insisted on serving breakfast to me in borrowed elegance of satin negligee. Mrs. Corson was resting, and would see me before I left. Something—the formality and luxury, the complicated household so unlike the old days at the Cape—accented the queer dread which had filtered all night through my dreams.

I saw Thalia for only a moment. The heavy silk curtains were drawn against the light and in the dimness her face seemed to gather shadows.

"Are you quite all right, Thalia?" I hesitated beside her bed, as if my voice might tear apart the veils of drowsiness in which she rested.

"Why, yes—" as if she wondered. Then she added, so low that I wasn't sure what I heard, "It is hard to get back in."

"What, Thalia?" I bent toward her.

"I'll be myself once I've slept enough." Her voice was clearer. "Come back soon, won't you, Mary?" Then her eyelids closed and her face merged into the shadows of the room. I tiptoed away, thinking she slept.

It was late November before I returned to New York. Free-lancing has a way of drawing herrings across your trail and, when I might have drifted back in early November, a younger sister wanted me to come home to Arlington for her marriage. I had written to Thalia, first a note of courtesy for my week with her, and then a letter begging for news. Like many people of charm, she wrote indifferent letters, stiff and childlike, lacking in her personal quality. Her brief reply was more unsatisfactory than usual. The children were away in school, lots of cold rainy weather, everything was going well. At the end, in writing unlike hers, as if she scribbled the line in haste, "I am lonely. When are you coming?" I answered that I'd show up as soon as the wedding was over.

The night I reached Arlington was rainy, too, and I insisted upon a taxi equipped with chains. My brother thought that amusing, and at dinner gave the family an exaggerated account of my caution. I tried to offer him some futile sisterly advice and, to point up my remarks, told about that drive in from Long Island with the Cor-

sons. I had never spoken of it before; I found that an inexplicable inhibition kept me from making much of a story.

"Well, nothing happened, did it?" Richard was triumphant.

"A great deal might have," I insisted. "Thalia was stunned, and I was disagreeably startled."

"Thalia was stunned, was she?" An elderly cousin of ours from New Jersey picked out that item. I saw her fitting it into some pigeon hole, but she said nothing until late that evening when she stopped at the door of my room.

"Have you seen Thalia Corson lately?" she asked.

"I haven't been in New York since September."

She closed the door and lowered her voice, a kind of avid curiosity riding astride the decorous pity she expressed.

"I called there, one day last week. I didn't know what was the matter with her. I hadn't heard of that accident."

I waited, an old antagonism for my proper cousin blurring the fear that shot up through my thoughts.

"Thalia was always *individual*, of course." She used the word like a reproach. "But she had *savoir faire*. But now she's—well—*queer*. Do you suppose her head was affected?"

"How is she queer?"

"She looks miserable, too. Thin and white."

"But how—"

"I am telling you, Mary. She was quite rude. First she didn't come down for ever so long, although I sent up word that I'd come up to her room if she was resting. Then her whole manner—well, I was really offended. She scarcely heard a word I said to her, just sat with her back to a window so I couldn't get a good look at her. When I said, 'You don't look like yourself,' she actually sneered. 'Myself?' she said. 'How do you know?' Imagine! I tried to chatter along as if I noticed nothing. I flatter myself I can manage awkward moments rather well. But Thalia sat there and I am sure she muttered under her breath. Finally I rose to go and I said, meaning well, 'You'd better take a good rest. You look half dead.' Mary, I wish you'd seen the look she gave me! Really I was frightened. Just then their dog came in, you know, Dorothy's little terrier. Thalia used to be silly about him. Well, she actually tried to hide in the folds of the curtain, and I don't wonder! The dog was terrified at her. He crawled on his belly out of the room. Now she must have been cruel to him if he acts like that. I think Winchester should have a specialist. I didn't know how to account for any of it; but of course a blow on the head can affect a person."

Fortunately my mother interrupted us just then, and I didn't, by my probable rudeness, give my cousin reason to suppose that the accident had affected me, too. I sifted through her remarks and decided they might mean only that Thalia found her more of a bore than usual. As for Nug, perhaps he retreated from the cousin! During the next few days the house had so much wedding turmoil that she found a chance only for a few more dribbles: one that Thalia had given up all her clubs—she had belonged to several—the other that she had sent the children to boarding schools instead of keeping them at home. "Just when her husband is doing so well, too!"

I was glad when the wedding party had departed, and I could plan to go back to New York. Personally I think a low-caste Chinese wedding is saner and more interesting than a modern American affair. My cousin "should think I could stay home with the family," and "couldn't we go to New York together, if I insisted upon gadding off?" We couldn't. I saw to that. She hoped that I'd look up Thalia. Maybe I could advise Winchester about a specialist.

I did telephone as soon as I got in. That sentence "I am lonely," in her brief note kept recurring. Her voice sounded thin and remote, a poor connection, I thought. She was sorry.

She was giving a dinner for Winchester that evening. The next day?

I had piles of proof to wade through that next day, and it was late afternoon when I finally went to the Corson house. The butler looked doubtful but I insisted, and he left me in the hall while he went off with my card. He returned, a little smug in his message: Mrs. Corson was resting and had left word she must not be disturbed. Well, you can't protest to a perfect butler, and I started down the steps, indignant, when a car stopped in front of the house, a liveried chauffeur opened the door, and Winchester emerged. He glanced at me in the twilight and extended an abrupt hand.

"Would Thalia see you?" he asked.

"No." For a moment I hoped he might convoy me past the butler. "Isn't she well? She asked me to come to-day."

"I hoped she'd see you." Winchester's hand smoothed at his little mustache. "She's just tired from her dinner last night. She overexerted herself, was quite the old Thalia." He looked at me slowly in the dusk, and I had a brief feeling that he was really looking at me, no, *for* me, for the first time in all our meetings, as if he considered me without relation to himself for once. "Come in again, will you?" He thrust away whatever else he thought of saying. "Thalia really would like to see you. Can I give you a lift?"

"No, thanks. I need a walk." As I started off I knew the moment had just missed some real significance. If I had ventured a question . . . but, after all, what could I ask him? He had said that Thalia was "just tired." That night I sent a note to her, saying I had called and asking when I might see her.

She telephoned me the next day. Would I come in for Thanksgiving? The children would be home, and she wanted an old-fashioned day, everything but the sleigh ride New York couldn't furnish. Dinner would be at six, for the children; perhaps I could come in early. I felt a small grievance at being put off for almost a week, but I promised to come.

That was the week I heard gossip about Winchester, in the curious devious way of gossip. Atlantic City, and a gaudy lady. Someone having an inconspicuous fortnight of convalescence there had seen them. I wasn't surprised, except perhaps that Winchester chose Atlantic City. Thalia was too fine; he couldn't grow up to her. I wondered how much she knew. She must, years ago, with her sensitiveness, have discovered that Winchester was stationary so far as love went and, being stationary himself, was inclined to move the object toward which he directed his passion.

On Thursday, as I walked across Central Park, gaunt and deserted in the chilly afternoon light, I decided that Thalia probably knew more about Winchester's affairs than gossip had given me. Perhaps that was why she had sent the children away. He had always been conventionally discreet, but discretion would be a tawdry coin among Thalia's shining values.

I was shown up to the nursery, with a message from Thalia that she would join me there soon. Fletcher seemed glad to see me, in a shy, excited way, and stood close to my chair while Dorothy wound up her phonograph for a dance record and pirouetted about us with her doll.

"Mother keeps her door tight locked all the time," whispered Fletcher doubtfully. "We can't go in. This morning I knocked and knocked but no one answered."

"Do you like your school?" I asked cheerfully.

"I like my home better." His eyes, so like Thalia's with their long, arched lids, had young bewilderment under their lashes.

"See me!" called Dorothy. "Watch me do this!"

While she twirled I felt Fletcher's thin body stiffen against my arm, as if a kind of panic froze him. Thalia stood in the doorway. Was the boy afraid of her? Dorothy wasn't. She cried, "See me, Mother! Look at me!" and in her lusty confusion, I had a moment to look at Thalia before she greeted me. She was thin, but she had always been that. She did not heed Dorothy's shrieks, but watched Fletcher, a kind of slanting dread on her white, proud face. I had thought, that week on Long Island, that she shut herself away from me, refusing to restore the intimacy of ten years earlier. But now a stiff loneliness hedged her as if she were rimmed in ice and snow. She smiled. "Dear Mary," she said. At the sound of her voice I lost my slightly cherished injury that she had refused earlier to see me. "Let's go down to the library," she went on. "It's almost time for the turkey." I felt Fletcher break his intent watchfulness with a long sigh, and as the children went ahead of us, I caught at Thalia's arm. "Thalia—" She drew away, and her arm, under the soft flowing sleeve of dull blue stuff, was so slight it seemed brittle. I thought suddenly that she must have chosen that gown because it concealed so much beneath its lovely embroidered folds. "You aren't well, Thalia. What *is* it?"

"Well enough! Don't fuss about me." And even as I stared reproachfully she seemed to gather vitality, so that the dry pallor of her face became smooth ivory and her eyes were no longer hollow and distressed. "Come."

The dinner was amazingly like one of our old holidays. Winchester wore his best mood, the children were delighted and happy. Thalia, under the gold flames of the tall black candles, was a gracious and lovely hostess. I almost forgot my troublesome anxiety, wondering whether my imagination hadn't been playing me tricks.

We had coffee by the library fire and some of Winchester's old Chartreuse. Then he insisted upon exhibiting his new radio. Thalia demurred, but the children begged for a concert. "This is their party, Tally!" Winchester opened the doors of the old teakwood cabinet which housed the apparatus. Thalia sank back into the shadows of a wing chair, and I watched her over my cigarette. Off guard, she had relaxed into strange apathy. Was it the firelight or my unaccustomed Chartreuse? Her features seemed blurred as if a clumsy hand trying to trace a drawing made uncertain outlines. Strange groans and whirrs from the radio.

"Win, I can't stand it!" Her voice dragged from some great distance. "Not to-night." She swayed to her feet, her hands restless under the loose sleeves.

"Static," growled Winchester. "Wait a minute."

"No!" Again it was as if vitality flowed into her. "Come, children. You have had your party. Time to go upstairs. I'll go with you."

They were well trained, I thought. Kisses for their father, a curtsy from Dorothy for me, and a grave little hand extended by Fletcher. Then Winchester came toward the fire as the three of them disappeared.

"You're good for Thalia," he said, in an undertone. "She's—well, what do you make of her?"

"Why?" I fenced, unwilling to indulge him in my vague anxieties.

"You saw how she acted about the radio. She has whims like that. Funny, she was herself at dinner. Last week she gave a dinner for me, important affair, pulled it off brilliantly. Then she shuts herself up and won't open her door for days. I can't make it out. She's thin—"

"Have you had a doctor?" I asked, banally.

"That's another thing. She absolutely refuses. Made a fool of me when I brought one here. Wouldn't unlock her door. Says she just wants to rest. But—" he glanced toward the door—

"do you know that fool on the bridge . . . that little runt? The other night, I swear I saw him rushing down the steps as I came home. Thalia just laughed when I asked about it."

Something clicked in my thoughts, a quick suspicion, drawing a parallel between her conduct and that of people I had seen in the East. Was it some drug? That lethargy, and the quick spring into vitality? Days behind a closed door—

"I wish you'd persuade her to go off for a few weeks. I'm frightfully pressed just now, in an important business matter, but if she'd go off—maybe you'd go with her?"

"Where, Winchester?" We both started, with the guilt of conspirators. Thalia came slowly into the room. "Where shall I go? Would you suggest—Atlantic City?"

"Perhaps. Although some place farther south this time of year—" Winchester's imperturbability seemed to me far worse than some slight sign of embarrassment; it marked him as so rooted in successful deceit whether Thalia's inquiry were innocent or not. "If Mary would go with you. I can't get away just now."

"I shall not go anywhere until your deal goes through. Then—" Thalia seated herself again in the wing chair. The hand she lifted to her cheek, fingers just touching her temple beneath the soft drift of hair, seemed transparent against the firelight. "Have you told Mary about your deal? Winchester plans to be the most important man on Automobile Row." Was there mockery in her tone? "I can't tell you the details, but he's buying out all the rest."

"Don't be absurd. Not all of them. It's a big merging of companies, that's all."

"We entertain the lords at dinner, and in some mysterious way that smooths the merging. It makes a wife almost necessary."

"Invite Mary to the next shebang, and let her see how well you do it." Winchester was irritated. "For all your scoffing, there's as much politics to being president of such a concern as of the United States."

"Yes, I'll invite Mary. Then she'll see that you don't really want to dispense with me—yet."

"Good God, I meant for a week or two."

As Winchester, lighting a cigarette, snapped the head from several matches in succession, I moved my chair a little backward, distressed. There was a thin wire of significance drawn so taut between the two that I felt at any moment it might splinter in my face.

"It's so lucky—" malice flickered on her thin face—"that you weren't hurt in that skid on the bridge, Mary. Winchester would just have tossed you in the river to conceal your body."

"If you're going over that again!" Winchester strode out of the room. As Thalia turned her head slightly to watch him, her face and throat had the taut rigidity of pain so great that it congeals the nerves.

I was silent. With Thalia I had never dared intrude except when she admitted me. In another moment she too had risen. "You'd better go home, Mary," she said, slowly. "I might tell you things you wouldn't care to live with."

I tried to touch her hand, but she retreated. If I had been wiser or more courageous, I might have helped her. I shall always have that regret, and that can't be much better to live with than whatever she might have told me. All I could say was stupidly, "Thalia, if there's anything I can do! You know I love you."

"Love? That's a strange word," she said, and her laugh in the quiet room was like the shrilling of a grasshopper on a hot afternoon. "One thing I will tell you." (She stood now on the stairway above me.) "Love has no power. It never shouts out across great space. Only fear and self-desire are strong."

Then she had gone, and the butler

appeared silently, to lead me to the little dressing room.

"The car is waiting for you, madam," he assured me, opening the door. I didn't want it, but Winchester was waiting, too, hunched angrily in a corner.

"That's the way she acts," he began. "Now you've seen her I'll talk about it. Thalia never bore grudges, you know that."

"It seems deeper than a grudge," I said cautiously.

"That reference to the . . . the accident. That's a careless remark I made. I don't even remember just what I said. Something entirely inconsequential. Just that it was damned lucky no one was hurt when I was putting this merger across. You know if it'd got in the papers it would have queered me. Wrecking my own car . . . there's always a suspicion you've been drinking. She picked it up and won't drop it. It's like a fixed idea. If you can suggest something. I want her to see a nerve specialist. What does she do behind that locked door?"

"What about Atlantic City?" I asked, abruptly. I saw his dark eyes bulge, trying to ferret out my meaning, there in the dusky interior of the car.

"A week there with you might do her good." That was all he would say, and I hadn't courage enough to accuse him, even in Thalia's name.

"At least you'll try to see her again," he said, as the car stopped in front of my apartment house.

I couldn't sleep that night. I felt that just over the edge of my squirming thoughts there lay clear and whole the meaning of it all, but I couldn't reach past thought. And then, stupidly enough, I couldn't get up the next day. Just a feverish cold, but the doctor insisted on a week in bed and subdued me with warnings about influenza.

I had begun to feel steady enough on my feet to consider venturing outside my apartment when the invitation came, for a formal dinner at the Corson's. Scrawled under the engraving was a line, "Please come. T." I sent a note, explaining that I had been ill, and that I should come—the dinner was a fortnight away—unless I stayed too wobbly.

I meant that night to arrive properly with the other guests, but my watch, which had never before done anything except lose a few minutes a day, had gained an unsuspected hour. Perhaps the hands stuck—perhaps— Well, I was told I was early, Thalia was dressing, and only the children, home for the Christmas holidays, were available. So I went again to the nursery. Dorothy was as plump and unconcerned as ever, but Fletcher had a strained, listening effect and he looked too thin and white for a little boy. They were having their supper on a small table, and Fletcher kept going to the door, looking out into the hall. "Mother promised to come up," he said.

The maid cleared away their dishes, and Dorothy, who was in a beguiling mood, chose to sit on my lap and entertain me with stories. One was about Nug the terrier; he had been sent out to the country because Mother didn't like him any more.

"I think," interrupted Fletcher, "she likes him, but he has a queer notion about her."

"She doesn't like him," repeated Dorothy. Then she dismissed that subject, and Fletcher too, for curiosity about the old silver chain I wore. I didn't notice that the boy had slipped away, but he must have gone down stairs; for presently his fingers closed over my wrist, like a frightened bird's claw, and I turned to see him, trembling, his eyes dark with terror. He couldn't speak but he clawed at me, and I shook Dorothy from my knees and let him pull me out to the hall.

"What is it, Fletcher?" He only pointed down the stairway, toward his mother's door, and I fled down those stairs. *What* had the child seen?

"The door wasn't locked—" he gasped behind me—"I opened it very still and went in—"

I pushed it ajar. Thalia sat before her dressing table, with the threefold mirrors reiterating like a macabre symphony her rigid, contorted face. Her gown, burnished blue and green like peacock's feathers, sheathed her gaudily, and silver, blue, and green chiffon clouded her shoulders. Her hands clutched at the edge of the dressing table. For an instant I could not move, thrust through with a terror like the boy's. Then I stumbled across the room. Before I reached her, the mirrors echoed her long shudder, her eyelids dragged open, and I saw her stare at my reflection wavering toward her. Then her hands relaxed, moved quickly toward the crystal jars along the heavy glass of the table and, without a word, she leaned softly forward, to draw a scarlet line along her white lips.

"How cold it is in here," I said, stupidly, glancing toward the windows, where the heavy silk damask, drawn across, lay in motionless folds. "Fletcher said—" I was awkward, an intruder.

"He startled me." Her voice came huskily. She rouged her hollow cheeks. It was as if she drew another face for herself. "I didn't have time to lock the door." Then turning, she sought him out, huddled at the doorway, like a moth on a pin of fear. "It wasn't nice of you, Son. It's all right now. You see?" She rose, drawing her lovely scarf over her shoulders. "You should never open closed doors." She blew him a kiss from her finger tips. "Now run along and forget you were so careless."

The icy stir of air against my skin had ceased. I stared at her, my mind racing back over what I knew of various drugs and the stigmata of their victims. But her eyes were clear and undilated, a little piteous. "This," she said, "is the last time. I can't endure it." And then, with that amazing flood of vitality, as if a sudden connection had been made and current flowed again, "Come, Mary. It is time we were down stairs."

I thought Fletcher peered over the railing as we went down. But a swift upward glance failed to detect him.

The dinner itself I don't remember definitely except that it glittered and sparkled, moving with slightly alcoholic wit through elaborate courses, while I sat like an abashed poor relation at a feast, unable to stop watching Thalia, wondering whether my week of fever had given me a tendency to hallucinations. At the end a toast was proposed, to Winchester Corson and his extraordinary success. "It's done, then?" Thalia's gaiety had sudden malice—as she looked across at Winchester, seating himself after a slightly pompous speech. "Sealed and cemented forever?"

"Thanks to his charming wife, too," cried a plump, bald man, waving his glass. "A toast to Mrs. Corson!"

Thalia rose, her rouge like flecked scarlet on white paper. One hand drew her floating scarf about her throat, and her painted lips moved without a sound. There was an instant of agitated discomfort, as the guests felt their mood broken so abruptly, into which her voice pierced, thin, high. "I . . . deserve . . . such a toast—"

I pushed back my chair and reached her side.

"I'll take her—" I saw Winchester's face, wine-flushed, angry rather than concerned. "Come, Thalia."

"Don't bother. I'll be all right—now." But she moved ahead of me so swiftly that I couldn't touch her. I thought she tried to close her door against me, but I was too quick for that. The silver candelabra still burned above the mirrors. "Mary!" Her voice was low again as she spoke a telephone number. "Tell him *at once*." She stood away from me, her face a white mask with spots of scarlet, her peacock dress ashimmer. I did as I was bid and when I had said, "Mrs. Corson wishes you at once," there was an emptiness where a

man's voice had come which suggested a sudden leap out of a room somewhere.

"I can never get in again!" Her fingers curled under the chiffon scarf. "Never! The black agony of fighting back— If he—" She bent her head, listening. "Go down to the door and let him in," she said.

I crept down the stairs. Voices from the drawing-room. Winchester was seeing the party through. Almost as I reached the door and opened it I found him there: the little doctor with the pointed beard. He brushed past me up the stairs. He knew the way, then! I was scarcely surprised to find Thalia's door fast shut when I reached it. Behind it came not a sound. Fletcher, like an unhappy sleepwalker, his eyes heavy, slipped down beside me, clinging to my hand. I heard farewells, churring of taxis and cars. Then Winchester came up the stairs.

"She's shut you out?" He raised his fist and pounded on the door. "I'm going to stop this nonsense!"

"I sent for a doctor," I said. "He's in there."

"Is it—" his face was puffy and gray —"that same fool?"

Then the door opened, and the man confronted us.

"It is over," he said.

"What have you done to her?" Winchester lunged toward the door, but the little man's lifted hand had dignity enough somehow to stop him.

"She won't come back again." He spoke slowly. "You may look if you care to."

"She's dead?"

"She died—months ago. There on the bridge. But you called to her, and she thought you wanted—*her*."

Winchester thrust him aside and strode into the room. I dared one glance and saw only pale hair shining on the pillow. Then Fletcher flung himself against me, sobbing, and I knelt to hold him close against the fear we both felt.

What Winchester saw I never knew. He hurled himself past us, down the stairs. And Thalia was buried with the coffin lid fast closed under the flowers.

EPITAPH UPON A YOUNG SOLDIER

BY S. FOSTER DAMON

HE GAVE us all he never had
Wife, children, comrades myriad;
And all we have we cannot give
To make those unborn pleasures live.

THE DECLINE OF CONVERSATION

BY ALBERT J. NOCK

THE more one thinks of it, the more one finds in Goethe's remark that the test of civilization is conversation. The common method of rating the civilization of peoples by what they have got and what they have done is really a poor one; for some peoples who have got much and done a great deal strike one at once as less civilized than others who have got little and done little. Prussia, for example, was relatively a poor State a century ago, while fifteen years ago it was rich and active; yet one would hardly say that the later Prussia was as civilized a country as the Prussia of Frederick's time. Somewhat the same might be said of Tudor England and modern England. The civilization of a country consists in the quality of life that is lived there, and this quality shows plainest in the things that people choose to talk about when they talk together, and in the way they choose to talk about them.

It can be taken for granted, I suppose, that man has certain fundamental instincts which must find some kind of collective expression in the society in which he lives. The first and fundamental one is the instinct of expansion, the instinct for continuous improvement in material well-being and economic security. Then there is the instinct of intellect and knowledge, the instinct of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners. Man has always been more or less consciously working towards a state of society which should give collective expression to these instincts. If society does not give expression to them, he is dissatisfied and finds life irksome, because every unused or unanswered instinct becomes a source of uneasiness and keeps on nagging and festering within him until he does something about it. Moreover, human society, to be permanently satisfactory, must not only express all these instincts, but must express them all in due balance, proportion, and harmony. If too much stress be laid on anyone, the harmony is interrupted, uneasiness and dissatisfaction arise and, if the interruption persists, disintegration sets in. The fall of nations, the decay and disappearance of whole civilizations, can be finally interpreted in terms of the satisfaction of these instincts. Looking at the life of existing nations, one can put one's finger on those instincts which are being collectively overdone at the expense of the others. In one nation the instinct of expansion and the instinct of intellect and knowledge are relatively overdeveloped; in another, the instinct of beauty; in another, the instinct of manners; and so on. The term *symphonic*, which is so often sentimentally applied to the ideal life of society, is really descriptive; for the tendency of mankind from the beginning has been towards a functional blending and harmony among these instincts, precisely like that among the choirs of an orchestra. It would seem, then, that the quality of life in any society means the degree of development attained by this tendency. The more of these instincts that are satisfied, and the more delicate the harmony of their interplay, the higher and richer is the quality of life in that society; and it is the lower and poorer according as it sat-

isfies fewer of these instincts and permits disharmony in their interplay.

American life has long been fair game for the observer. Journalistic enterprise now beats up the quarry for the foreigner and brings it in range for him from the moment the ship docks, or even before; and of late the native critic has been lending a brisk hand at the sport. So much, in fact, has been written about the way we live, how we occupy ourselves, how we fill up our leisure, the things we do and leave undone, the things we are likely to do and likely to leave undone, that I for one would never ask for another word on such matters from anybody. As a good American, I try to keep up with what is written about us, but it has become rather a dull business and I probably miss some of it now and then, so I cannot say that no observer has ever made a serious study of our conversation. In all I have read, however, very little has been made of the significance of the things we choose to talk about and our ways of talking about them. Yet I am sure that Goethe's method would give a better measure of our civilization than any other, and that it would pay any observer to look into it. For my own part, ever since I stumbled on Goethe's observation—now more than twenty years ago—I have followed that method in many lands. I have studied conversation more closely than any other social phenomenon, picking up from it all the impressions and inferences I could, and I have always found that I got as good results as did those whose critical apparatus was more elaborate. At least, when I read what these critics say about such peoples as I know, especially my own, they seem to tell me little with which I was not already acquainted.

II

Speaking as Bishop Pontoppidan did about the owls in Iceland, the most significant thing that I have noticed about conversation in America is that there is so little of it, and as time goes on there seems less and less of it in my hearing. I miss even so much of the free play of ideas as I used to encounter years ago. It would seem that my countrymen no longer have the ideas and imagination they formerly had, or that they care less for them, or that for some reason they are diffident about them and do not like to bring them out. At all events, the exercise of ideas and imagination has become unfashionable. When I first remarked this phenomenon I thought it might be an illusion of advancing age, since I have come to years when the past takes on an unnaturally attractive color. But as time went on the fact became unmistakable and I began to take notice accordingly.

As I did so a long-buried anecdote floated to the top of my mind and has remained there ever since. I am reminded of it daily. Years ago Brand Whitlock told me the story of an acquaintance of his—something in the retail clothing way—junior partner in a firm whose name I no longer remember, so for convenience we will make acknowledgments to Mr. Montague Glass and call it Maisener and Finkman. Mr. Finkman turned up at the store one Monday morning, full of delight at the wonderful time he had had at his partner's house the evening before—excellent company, interesting conversation, a supreme occasion in every respect. After dinner, he said—and such a dinner! —"we go in the parlor and all the evening until midnight we sit and talk it business."

Day after day strengthens the compulsion to accept Mr. Finkman as a type. This might be thought a delicate matter to press, but after all, Mr. Finkman is no creation of one's fancy, but on the contrary he is a solid and respectable reality, a social phenomenon of the first importance, and he accordingly deserves attention both by the positive side of his preferences and addictions and by the negative side of his distates. I am farthest in the world from

believing that anything should be "done about" Mr. Finkman, or that he should be studied with an ulterior view either to his disparagement or his uplift. I am unequivocally for his right to an unlimited exercise of his likes and dislikes, and his right to get as many people to share them as he can. All I suggest is that the influence of his tastes and distastes upon American civilization should be understood. The moment one looks at the chart of this civilization one sees the line set by Mr. Finkman, and this line is so distinct that one cannot but take it as one's principal lead. If one wishes to get a measure of American civilization, one not only must sooner or later take the measure of Mr. Finkman's predilections, but will save time and trouble by taking it at the outset.

As evidence of the reach of Mr. Finkman's influence on the positive side, I notice that those of my American acquaintance whose interests are not purely commercial show it as much as others. Musicians, writers, painters, and the like seem to be at their best and to enjoy themselves most when they "talk it business." In bringing up the other instincts into balance with the instinct of expansion, such persons as these have an advantage, and one would expect to see that advantage reflected in their conversation much more clearly and steadily than it is. Where two or three of them were gathered together, one would look for a considerable play of ideas and imagination, and one would think that the instinct of expansion—since one perforce must give so much attention to it at other times—might gladly be let off on furlough. But I observe that this is seldom the case. For the most part, like Mr. Finkman, these people begin to be surest of themselves, most at ease and interested, at the moment when the instinct of expansion takes charge of conversation and gives it a directly practical turn.

One wonders why this should be so. Why should Mr. Finkman himself, after six days' steady service of the instinct of expansion, be at his best and happiest when he yet "talks it business" on the seventh? It is because he has managed to drive the whole current of his being through the relatively narrow channel set by the instinct of expansion. When he "talks it business," therefore, he gets the exhilarating sense of drive and speed. A millstream might thus think itself of more consequence than a river; probably the Iser feels more importance and exhilaration in its narrow leaping course than the Mississippi in filling all the streams of its delta. By this excessive simplification of existence Mr. Finkman has established the American formula of success. He makes money, but money is his incidental reward; his real reward is in the continuous exhilaration that he gets out of the processes of making it. My friends whose interests are not exclusively commercial feel the authority of the formula and share in the reward of its obedience. My friend A for example, writes a good novel. His instincts of intellect, beauty, morals, religion, and manners, let us say, all have a hand in it and are satisfied. He makes enough out of it to pay him for writing it, and so his instinct of expansion is satisfied. But he is satisfied, not exhilarated. When on the other hand, his publisher sells a hundred thousand copies of another novel, he is at once in the American formula of success. The novel may not have much exercised his sense of intellect, beauty, morals, religion, and manners—it may be, in other words, an indifferent novel—but he is nevertheless quite in Mr. Finkman's formula of success and he is correspondingly exhilarated. He has crowded the whole stream of his being into the channel cut by the instinct of expansion, and his sensations correspond to his achievement.

Thus by his positive action in establishing the American formula of success, Mr. Finkman has cut what the Scots call a "monstrous cantle" out of conversation. Conversation depends upon a copiousness of general ideas and an

imagination able to marshal them. When one "talks it business," one's ideas may be powerful, but they are special; one's imagination may be vigorous, but its range is small. Hence proceeds the habit of particularizing—usually, too, by way of finding the main conversational staple in personalities. This habit carries over, naturally, into whatever excursions Mr. Finkman's mind is occasionally led to make outside the domain of the instinct of expansion; for his disuse of imagination and general ideas outside this sphere disinclines him to them and makes him unhandy with them. Thus it is that conversation in America, beside its extreme attenuation, presents another phenomenon. On its more serious side it is made up almost entirely of particularization and, on its lighter side, of personalities.

These characteristics mark the conversation of children and, therefore, may be held to indicate an extremely immature civilization. The other day a jovial acquaintance who goes out to dinner a good deal told me a story that brings out this point. It seems he had just been hearing bitter complaints from a seasoned hostess who for years has fed various assorted contingents of New York's society at her board. She said that conversation at her dinner-table had about reached the disappearing-point. She had as much trouble about getting her guests into conversation as one has with youngsters at a children's party, and all the conversation she could prod out of them nowadays, aside from personalities, came out in the monotonous minute-gun style of particular declaration and perfunctory assent.

"She's right about that," my friend went on. "Here's a *précis* of the kind of thing I hear evening after evening. We go in to dinner talking personalities, no matter what subject is up. The theater—we talk about the leading lady's gowns and mannerisms, and her little ways with her first husband. Books—we hash over all the author's rotten press-agentry from the make of his pajamas to the way he does his hair. Music—we tell one another what a dear love of a conductor Kaskowhisky is and how superior in all respects to von Bugghaus, whose back isn't half as limber. Damned quacks actually you know, both of them. Good Lord, man, can you wonder that this country killed Mahler and put Karl Muck in jail?

"Well, we sit down at the table. Personalities taper off with the end of the soup. Silence. Then some puffy old bullfrog of a banker retrieves his nose out of his soup cup, stiffens up, coughs behind his napkin, and looks up and down the line. 'Isn't it remarkable how responsibility brings out a man's resources of greatness? Now who would have thought two years ago that Calvin Coolidge would ever develop into a great leader of men?'

"*Guests, in unison, acciaccato*—'Uh-huh.'

"Next course. Personalities pick up a little and presently taper off again. Somebody else stiffens up and pulls himself together. 'Isn't it splendid to see the great example that America is setting in the right use of wealth? Just think, for instance, of all the good that Mr. Rockefeller has done with his money.'

"*Guests, fastoso*—'Uh-huh.'"

My lively friend may have exaggerated a little—I hope so—but his report is worth an observer's careful notice for purposes of comparison with what one hears oneself. His next remark is worth attention as bringing out still another specific characteristic of immaturity.

"But what goes against my grain," he continued, "is that if you pick up some of this infernal guff and try to pull it away from the particular and personal, and to make real conversation of it, they sit on you as if you were an enemy of society. Start the banker on a discussion of the *idea* of leadership—what it means, what the qualifications for leadership are, and how far any President can go to fill the bill—how far any of them has ever gone to fill it—and all

he'll do is to grunt and say, 'I guess you must be some sort of a Red, ain't you?' A bit of repartee like that gets him a curtain call from the rest every time. It's a fine imaginative lot that I train with, believe me! I have sat at dinner-tables in Europe with every shade of opinion, I should say, and in one way or another they all came out. That's what the dinner was got up for. How can you have any conversation if all you are expected to do is to agree?"

III

It is a mark of maturity to differentiate easily and naturally between personal or social opposition and intellectual opposition. Everyone has noticed how readily children transfer their dislike of an opinion to the person who holds it, and how quick they are to take umbrage at a person who speaks in an unfamiliar mode or even with an unfamiliar accent. When the infant-minded Pantagruel met with the Limosin who spoke to him in a Latinized macaronic jargon, he listened a while and then said, "What devilish language is this?—by the Lord, I think thou art some kind of heretic." Mr. Finkman's excessive simplification of life has made anything like the free play of ideas utterly incomprehensible to him. He never deals with ideas except such limited and practical ones as may help get him something, and he cannot imagine anyone ever choosing, even on occasion, to do differently. When he "talks it business," the value of ideas, ideals, opinions, sentiments is purely quantitative; putting any other value on them is a waste of time. Under all circumstances, then, he tends to assume that other people measure the value of their ideas and opinions as he does his, and that they employ them accordingly; and hence, like my friend's banker, when someone tries to lead up into a general intellectual sparring for mere points, he thinks he is a dangerous fellow with an ax to grind.

This puts the greatest imaginable restraint upon conversation, a restraint which betrays itself to the eye of the observer in some rather odd and remarkable ways. I have been much interested, for example, to see that the conversion of conversation into mere declaratory particularization has lately been taken up in a commercial way. One reads advertisements of enterprising people who engage to make you shine in conversation. They propose to do this by loading you up with a prodigious number of facts of all kinds, which you can fire off at will from the machine-gun of your memory. On this theory of conversation, a statistician with Macaulay's memory is the ideal practitioner of social amenities; and so indeed, with Mr. Finkman's sensibilities in view, he would be.

Another odd manifestation of this restraint is the almost violent eagerness with which we turn to substitutes for conversation in our social activities. Mr. Finkman must not be left alone in the dark with his apprehensions a moment longer than necessary. After such a dinner as my debonair friend described it is at once necessary to "do something"—the theater, opera, cabaret, dancing, motoring, or what not—and to keep on doing something as long as the evening lasts. It is astonishing to see the amount of energy devoted to keeping out of conversation; "doing something" has come to be a term of special application. Almost every informal invitation reads, "to dinner, and then we'll do something." It is even more astonishing to see that this fashion is followed by persons whose intelligence and taste are sufficient, one would think, to put them above it. Quite often one finds oneself going through this routine with persons quite capable of conversation, who would really rather converse, but who go through it apparently because it is the thing to go through. When this happens, one marvels at the reach and the authority of Mr. Finkman's predilections—yet there they are.

My friend was right in saying that conversation is managed differently in Europe. I was reminded of this not long ago, when the German airship made its great flight to this country. Everyone remembers the vast amount of public interest in this event, and how the pilot of the airship, Doctor Eckener, was fêted and fussed over from one end of the country to the other. Three or four days after the landing, a friend of mine, a German banker, asked me to luncheon at his house. There were four of us: Doctor Eckener, his assistant, our host, and myself. We talked for something over two hours, largely about music, a good deal about the geography and history of the region around Friedrichshafen, and for half an hour, perhaps, about European public affairs. From first to last not one word was said about the flight of the airship or about the business of aviation or about the banking business. The conversation was wholly objective and impersonal; each one spoke his mind, and none of us felt any pressure towards agreement. I remember that I myself put out some pretty heretical opinions about the structure of music-drama. No one agreed with me, but no one dreamed of transferring to myself the brunt of his objections to my opinion.

This kind of thing gives the impression of maturity and, as far as my experience goes, it is as common in Europe as it is uncommon here. There has been much comment lately upon the attraction that Europe exerts upon certain American types. I am led to wonder if it be not perchance the attraction of maturity. Children may be delightful, may be interesting, may be ever so full of promise, and one may be as fond of them as possible—and yet when one has them for warp and filling, one must get a bit bored with them now and then, in spite of oneself. I have had little to do with children, so I speak under correction; but I should imagine that one would become bored with their intense simplification of life, their tendency to drive the whole current of life noisily through one channel, their vehement reduction of all values to that of quantity, their inability to take any but a personal view of anything. But just these are the qualities of American civilization as indicated by the test of conversation. They inhere in Mr. Finkman and are disseminated by his influence to the practical exclusion of any other. I can imagine, then, that one might in time come to be tired of them and to wish oneself in surroundings where man is accepted as a creature of "a large discourse, looking before and after," where life is admittedly more complex and its current distributed in more channels—in other words, where maturity prevails.

One is impressed, I think, by the way this difference is repeatedly brought out in ordinary conversation in Europe and America—in the choice of things to talk about and in the way people talk about them. I am impressed by it even in conversation with children, though as I said, due allowance ought to be made for the fact that my experience with children is not large. Yet even so, I do not think it is special or exceptional. I have a friend, for instance, whom I go to see whenever I am in Brussels, and it is the joy of my life to play at sweethearts with his three daughters who range from seven to sixteen. My favorite is the middle one, a weedy and nonchalant charmer of twelve. She does not impress me as greatly gifted; I know several American girls who seem naturally abler. But in conversation with her I detect a power of disinterested reflection, an active sense of beauty and an active sense of manners, beyond any that I ever detected in American children; and these contribute to a total effect of maturity that is agreeable and striking.

IV

An observer passing through America with his mind deliberately closed to any impressions except those he received

from conversation could make as interesting a conjectural reconstruction of our civilization as the palæontologists with an armful of bones make of a dinosaur. He would postulate a civilization which expresses the instinct of expansion to a degree far beyond anything ever seen in the world; but which does not express the instinct of intellect and knowledge, except as regards instrumental knowledge, and is characterized by an extremely defective sense of beauty, a defective sense of religion and morals, a defective sense of social life and manners. Its institutions reflect faithfully this condition of excess and defect. A very brief conversation with Mr. Finkman would enable one to predicate almost precisely what kind of schooling he considered an adequate preparation for life, what kind of literature he thought good enough for one to read, plays for one to see, architecture to surround oneself with, music to listen to, painting and sculpture to contemplate. It would be plain that Mr. Finkman had succeeded in living an exhilarating life from day to day without the aid of any power but concentration —without reflection, without ideas, without ideals, and without any but the most special emotions—that he thought extremely well of himself for his success, and was disposed to be jealous of the peculiar type of institutional life which had enabled it or conduced to it. The observer, therefore, would postulate a civilization marked by an extraordinary and inquisitional intolerance of the individual and a corresponding insistence upon conformity to pattern. For in general, it is reflection, ideas, ideals, and emotions that set off the individual, and with these Mr. Finkman has had nothing to do; he has got on without them to what he considers success, and hence he sees no need of them, distrusts them, and thinks there must be a screw loose with the individual who shows signs of them.

There is a pretty general consensus among observers that this picture corresponds in most respects with the actual civilization of the United States, and many of them deplore the correspondence. I do not deplore it. It seems to me important that Mr. Finkman should have room according to his strength, that he should be unchecked and unhampered in directing the development of American civilization to suit himself. I believe it will be a most salutary experiment for the richest and most powerful nation in the world to give a long, fair, resolute try-out to the policy of living by the instinct of expansion alone. If the United States cannot make a success of it, no nation ever can, and none, probably, will ever attempt it again. So when critics denounce our civilization as barbarous, I reply that, if so, a few generations of barbarism are a cheap price for the result. Besides, Mr. Finkman may prove himself right; he may prove that man can live a full and satisfying inner life without intellect, without beauty, without religion and morals, and with but the most rudimentary social life and manners, provided only he has unlimited exercise of the instinct of expansion, and can drive ahead in the expression of it with the whole force of his being. If Mr. Finkman proves this, he will have the laugh on many like myself who at present have the whole course of human history behind our belief that no such thing can be done. But this is a small matter. The important thing is that we should then have a new world peopled by a new order of beings not at all like ourselves, but by no means devoid of interest on that account. So, whether the result be in success or in failure, the great American experiment —for just this *is* the great American experiment—seems to me wholly worth while.

MEN IN POLITICS

AS A WOMAN SEES THEM

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

Vice-Chairman, Democratic National Committee

"IT CAN'T be done. Women in politics?" he repeated. "Old stuff now. It's no more interesting than men in politics."

"And why aren't men in politics interesting?" I asked. "Why not?"

"Because there's nothing new about them . . ."

"Oh, but there is," I interrupted. "There's something very new. There's the way they appear to us women now that we are in politics and can see them from the inside. That's something very new."

"And how do they look?" he asked.

There came to mind what I once heard a woman politician say, "Men in Politics are just like ostriches. They stick their heads in the sand and think what they want to think. For instance, when we went into the war in 1917 my political leader said to me, 'Cut out the politics and get into war work. We'll win the war and stay in power for thirty years.' I told him he was wrong, that we'd need organization as we never had before, that we were making enemies every day. But he shut his eyes and became a dollar-a-year man and was defeated, just as I knew he would be." Since I've had an inside view myself of these Men in Politics I've often wondered if this ostrichlike quality was responsible for the tribute paid to the Gods of Propriety.

For instance, that meeting of a National Committee called to depose a National Chairman. It took two days and a night of negotiation to reach a compromise. But when the meeting was called the deposed thanked the Committee for its "co-operation and fairness," and his enemies responded by eulogizing his "services to the party." That oratory with which an aspirant puts away the kingly crown which everyone present knows he itches to grasp; those protestations that only loyalty to party could persuade the speaker to accept the honor for which he has pulled every string possible; the generosity which refuses a salary and turns in an expense account larger than any year's income—these and other bits of political "business" are they, too, due to this habit? Perhaps we women have no "sense of political morality and so don't know where the line is drawn," as one Senator explained the actions of another. At any rate we've found that our willingness to call a spade a spade even when using it seems a terrible shock to the men users of the same implement!

II

Once I was listening to a group of women discuss how they could best use the vote. "If we stay out of the parties," asked one of them, "won't the parties do their utmost to win our vote; won't they compete with each other by offering us good candidates and the right stand on issues?"

Scornfully the same woman politician answered, "Politics is not fishing.

Men don't choose candidates as bait. They play a game. And they don't stack the cards either. They make the most of the cards that fall. To win against a good hand with a poor one is their keenest joy.

"I know what I'm talking about," she said. "I started out with the same idea you have. When the men asked for my opinion I always outlined a carefully thought-out plan designed to take care of every possible emergency. Did they listen to me? They did not. They said, 'Let's wait and see what happens.'

"Of course, how they play their cards depends upon their knowledge of how people will react, of what will happen. And some guess better than others. That's why politics is more like poker than bridge."

The commonly accepted idea that men in politics subordinate every natural reaction to the one of winning, women have found to be far from the truth. To our surprise we discover that what really determines their political tactics is their love of a fight.

Perhaps I use too harsh a word. Perhaps a psychologist would call it their urge to excel, to stand ahead of the herd, or something like that. Certainly it is the result of the age-long fight that men have had to make to get their share, or more, of a livelihood. A biologist might say it is the result of the struggle to survive. A moralist would probably say it was the sin of greed. The fact is that it is there. And the result carried to the nth degree is a Madison Square Garden Convention. Yet the instincts are equally in play, motivating the action, determining the moves, even in a Republican-controlled Senate.

A learned leader of an educational organization once submitted to me a folder designed to teach women to "know their parties." She had assumed that a political party had a constitution, by-laws, a program, and a body of principles to which its members subscribed, and that thereafter it devoted itself to writing these principles into law.

The truth is that each political party in this country is a "tug of war," two different groups of men contending for its control. As sometimes one group wins control of the party and sometimes another, it is impossible for the party to present a continuous or consistent policy. We join a party in order to add our strength to one end of the rope or the other. The party's constitution is the will of that group which succeeds temporarily in pulling the other across the line, and its policy is just as much of this group's idea as it can force upon the other without making it drop the rope.

I do not mean to imply that women will not fight. They often do, but few of them love a fight merely for a fight's sake, and consequently they do not organize their activities on the contest-of-strength method.

Nor do I wish to seem to set women's methods against men's to the disadvantage of the latter. But I can only show how men's methods appear to women by showing something of the contrast between these methods.

In another article I have given it as my opinion that there is no dividing line between the brains and opinions of men and women; but opinions and methods are very different things. The social experiences of men and women have been so different that they have accustomed them to very different methods of work, methods which they bring into their political and social activities.

From the beginning men have accomplished ends by competition with one another. Women have accomplished their ends by program. By competition with other men, man gains his living. By program woman does her housework and rears her family. It was as natural, then, that woman should organize her social work on the program method as that man should organize his political work on the competitive method. Now that women have come into politics, this contrast

between their methods and men's is apparent not only to leaders of women's organizations but to the members in the villages, not only to them but to the home woman herself.

Women have had their own organizations for many years—clubs, leagues, lodges, guilds, councils, home and foreign missionary societies, and patriotic organizations such as the D.A.R. and U.D.C., where "Organization" means the uniting of a like-minded group to put over a program of work under definite rules of procedure. As nearly every woman with any interest whatever in politics has had training in one or more of these organizations, she brings this idea of organization with her into politics. Small wonder that she is amazed to find a new technic that is outside all her experience.

An example will show what I mean. The Democratic women in a certain commonwealth that must be nameless wanted to organize for their party, so they got together the official leaders and some others, and decided upon a state organization of clubs. Their purpose was to gather their party women together before the primary campaign, teach them the things the party stood for, interest them in Democratic principles, the tariff, States Rights, Industrial Regulation, and Social Welfare, and inform them on party affairs so they could cast votes based on information. It was specifically stated that no effort would be made to interest them in any one of the candidates asking for the party's nomination, although all such candidates could appear before the Clubs. Immediately this organization was announced, headquarters was flooded with demands that the women be stopped, that all organization cease until after the primaries. The men insisted that the organization was undoubtedly working in the interest of one or the other of the candidates and that this was not "fair." The women protested, "We are not supporting or opposing any candidate for the nomination. What we want to do is to unite on fundamental party principles, give every candidate seeking our party's nomination a chance to appear before us, and leave the women to vote for the man they like best."

Not to this day do those men believe the women were telling the truth. This same thing has happened in other states and in both parties. In fact, whenever and wherever there is a fight for the nomination, the candidates oppose all pre-primary organization of women.

And the reason is clear. Every political organization is to men a battle-ground and they cannot understand a club in which women will work for a program regardless of candidates.

A state convention offered another example of it. The various women delegates grouped together and asked one another, "Whom do we want for National Committeewoman?" They were almost unanimous for one woman. But at the last moment another candidate was sprung upon the convention. Her home city voted for her and there was a scattering of votes from other districts. Someone asked the man who nominated her why she was proposed in face of the popularity of the other woman. "I don't believe in giving anyone a cinch," he said. "She ought to have to fight for it." It is often said in derogation of a candidate, "He wants everything handed to him. He's not a fighter."

III

Consider, too, the difference between the conventions of women and men. Women's conventions are given up to pre-arranged programs designed to inform the delegates on subjects in which they are interested. Much time is allotted to discussion of methods, organization, publicity, and money raising; comparatively little to elections and resolutions.

How different a political convention where the begin-all and end-all is the selection of the party's nominee, or

delegates, or whatever it is the convention is called to select. Even the resolutions or "platform" are secondary to that. All discussion is incidental to these two things and not intended by anyone as information. The convention is frankly a battleground. And this even when the fighting is done outside the convention hall.

Even the framing of the platform is done after the fight-game method. There is a battle for the chairman, and a battle to get an item or two on the platform. Said a woman to me after the conventions of 1924, "I've learned one thing: to make our planks worth while to the men we must organize a fight over them."

Women's conventions, on the other hand, like their housework, are done with system. That is why women do not understand the wild scramble for tickets at a National Political Convention. They would have so many tickets allotted to each committee member, each delegate, each candidate, and the rule would be as fixed as that of the Medes and Persians. Did you ever try to get into a woman's meeting when entrance was by ticket? There were no "fixed" doorkeepers, no "influenced" policemen. I remember that when President Wilson spoke to the National Woman's Suffrage Convention at Atlantic City in 1916 every door was guarded, every ticket was counted, and each woman was instructed just how to come in and where to show her ticket and where her badge. More than one prominent woman who had lost her ticket or had given it to a friend, thinking she could get in by her badge or her face, was bitterly disappointed.

But the difficulty men make over tickets—the same at every convention, Democratic and Republican, and I've attended both—is due to the fact that they prefer the fight-game method. It is more interesting to delegates to see if they can't get more than the next fellow; to rooters and managers to see if they can't get more for their workers than their opponents for their henchmen. It would ruin everything to have it all reduced to a system. Why, the Chairman of the Ticket Committee would become a mere servant instead of an autocrat, and what fun it is to fight for that Chairmanship and win it for your candidate! The same thing is true of convention patronage. The women would have that too systematically indexed, so many appointees to a committee member and *no more*.

Said a woman leader to me about one of the recent conventions, "The system is grab for all you can get, asking for ten times what you have a right to in order to shave it down to five times what you should have. I started out with an idea that we were trustees for the rest of the Committee. I soon found out that it was intentionally designed that each committee member should be the center of a fight and there must be a contest of strength or wits over everything."

Can anyone imagine a woman's convention standing for such a procedure? The Committee would have been dismissed the first day of the Convention.

IV

Women are particularly horrified at the lack of co-ordination in political organization. For instance, there is a National Committee in each major political party. There is also a National Congressional Committee and in one, at least, a Senatorial Committee. The line of demarcation between the functions of these three committees is so dim that I've never been able to trace it. In addition, each state has a State Committee utterly independent of and disconnected from these other Committees. In many states the members of the State Committees and the members of the National Committee are elected by entirely different groups, so that they may, and frequently do, represent opposing factions. The duty of the National Committee is to carry

the National ticket, which it can only do by carrying the States, yet the State Committee is the sole party authority in the State. Imagine the result! It is a game of catch-as-catch-can between the two committees, unless indeed the National Committee is able to subsidize the State Committee by supplying it with funds, which is what usually happens in the political party that commands the funds. In some States the National Committeeman is the State Committee's "angel." Then he has no difficulty in "harmonizing" the functions of the two committees. In others he makes war upon them. In still others he does their bidding. I shall not go into what this does to the political fortunes of presidential nominees. One can readily see what happens to the National ticket if a State Committee is more interested in the election of a Governor than of a President. On the whole, however, the men have worked out a sort of politicians' agreement. There is an understanding about their zones of influence. With not a few exceptions they "get along."

Women do not understand this kind of organization. They think there should be one central authority and that each piece of the machinery should fit into a special place. But then they do not realize that such a system would not satisfy the fighting instincts of the men, for it would limit the opportunities for a contest of strength. They could only fight for the leadership, they could not keep on fighting to make their committeeship count.

Once I drew a chart of the political organization for my women. They nearly fainted. They did not see how any organization could function where there was a hiatus between the State and the National groups. Of course, the whole system grew like Topsy, but it grew because the men like it that way! It makes politics more interesting to them. It offers unlimited opportunity for power to him who knows how to grasp it; for no matter what the place he holds, a strong man can wield power. A mere committeeman may be more powerful than the State Chairman, he may in fact boss the State Chairman and, in many states, does. A woman is not trained to grasp power. Her method is to get herself elected to a position that confers authority on her. Thus we have women rushing after political so-called "honors" that men sneer at, not realizing that the "Commissioner," with only a small political place, may be the leader of the party while the Chairman may be but his man-servant. And we have the men smiling at the women, thinking the women prefer place to power and saying that they love the limelight and the front page more than do men. They don't. They thought the place would give them the power. That is why women are so insistent upon precedence and upon receiving all the recognition due the office. A woman may be modesty itself in her personal character, but make her a Chairman, and she will insist upon being treated as a Chairman. And she should if she knows women. "The only criticism I have of Mrs. X," said one woman politician, "is that she is too retiring. She should insist upon her rights more. She should assert her authority."

Women's idea of organization is federation. They have a group of women in each locality. Representatives of these groups form a state group. Representatives of the state form the national group. There is one leader for all, and the whole organization interlocks.

I'm not prepared to say that a political party could be organized in this fashion. What a political party is after are plums, county recorderships, probate judgeships, governorships, presidencies; and the man who wants the county recordership finds it just as important to him as is the presidency to the man who wants it. Would he ever then become a cog in a wheel to help the other man get the presidency? I doubt

it. The most perfectly working political machine in the world is undoubtedly Tammany Hall. I doubt if history could prove that the men who wanted street cleaning jobs are cogs in the wheel to elect a President. It is true that political parties do stand for political principles. I'm not prepared to say here what part the plum tree plays in determining this form of party organization. I am merely reporting how the men in politics look to us women. They look like gladiators. We find them fighting animals. And we find their organization based on competition, on the contest method.

We see this in their gang spirit. We see it in their leaders. We had forgotten the boy on the school ground who licked the other boys until they crowned him "Boss." The girls never acclaimed the girl that licked them. They hated her. The superior one who got the best grades, wore the best clothes, had the most beaux, made them feel small. But if there was a girl who would listen while they talked, keep a secret, answer the teacher for them, explain their delinquencies, share with them her spending money—her they adored. And now they find that the boys in politics still adore the bully, make him boss, and follow him uncritically. We women don't. We hate him even more for vanquishing us. If we were right he was wrong, and victory does not change the fact. But what the men are following is a symbol of the fighting spirit. It is more important to them than the thing they fought for.

This is why, I imagine, that men in politics seem to us women inconsistent. They are consistent with their motive rather than their object. We see them, for instance, refuse to place a Senator in the Foreign Relations Committee because of his opposition to his party's foreign policy, and then two years later, when conditions are not at all changed, give him the position. One year the men tell us that posterity stands or falls by our adoption of the League of Nations, and the next year the same men say that nothing more must be said for it, and blithely follow those who rejected it.

Many women think men do this because victory's the thing to them, victory instead of principle. It is not so bad or simple as that. It is because to take away the rewards of fighting would spoil sportsmanship. The vanquished must be willing to cry enough, or why fight? In addition, they forget the cause of their difference in their admiration for the victor.

There are women who like fights and fighters. They followed Roosevelt. Ruth Hanna McCormick is a distinguished example of the type. Alice Roosevelt, another. But it remains to be seen if a woman of that type long holds leadership of women. Those who have must be able to fight, like Carrie Chapman Catt, but the purpose must be bigger to them than the fight itself.

I have been talking wholly of organization politics. But we women find the political organization of government just as confusing and—dare I say—incompetent. We see a system in which a party employs all its machinery to elect (for instance) Senator Borah, who opposes most of the items in its official platform; in which the Chairman of Organization, which is what the National Committee Chairman really is, may be in disagreement with his party's leader in the Senate, and the President it has nominated in disagreement with both. "What does party government mean," I have heard women say, "if it does not mean that parties are to govern? What good is party government without responsibility? Party government is either good or bad. If good it ought to be made to work; if bad, discarded."

V

No article about men in politics is complete that does not say something about their attitude towards women. But no one article could contain all that

any woman who has worked with them, as I have done, has discovered about that. Their tolerance is beautiful. It is like that of the warrior, fighting to the death, who finds his battleground covered with pacifists. He may not thrust, he may not shoot, for fear of injuring one of these non-combatants, though he has a desperate suspicion that his opponent may not be so tender.

But there we are. Shall he stop and teach us to fight? But we shall want to change the rules. Shall he try to convert us to fighting? But may he not lose the contest while we are making up our minds? His decision is unanimous: to pretend we are not there.

I should like to pay my tribute to these men in politics. I've worked with them for six years. I've met every kind of man in politics from the ward heeler to the National leaders. I've sat on committees, the only woman. I've been with them on tours. I've seen them when their passions ran high. I've seen them in defeat and in success. And I've never yet seen one who was not the gentleman to me. I can say more than that. There has never been a time when if I asked any one of these men to do a personal favor for me, to give me patronage or tickets, or help me put something across, he would not have done it.

But when I asked for a place on the firing line, that was another matter. And yet I've never been angry at them. Not once. For I understand so well. It is as instinctive with them to fend off the pacifist female from their fighting game as it is for a fundamentalist to fend off a scientist. Something tells them, Beware!

If anyone expects me to verify H. G. Wells' description of the politician as a "hairy brutish creature with a very large brain behind," he is doomed to disappointment. I've found them quite the contrary. Compared with other men, I rank the politician high. A little sentimental and emotional perhaps, but less ruthless than many bankers, less treacherous than many promoters, more generous than some tradesmen, even to his foe, more truthful than advertisers, with more integrity than those journalists who color their opinions to please their market, with a code of honor in which loyalty and courage and generosity rank high. If you do not believe it, recall how many times you've seen politicians go down under charges of treachery or cowardice or meanness. If such qualities were the usual thing, would they be grounds for scorn and elimination? What would be the effect of bringing them to bear against a successful business man or oil promoter?

Loyalty and courage and generosity, these are theirs—the qualities that make a warrior.

My earliest impression of men in politics was received at the tender age of seven when my father came home from a political meeting with a black eye, having been thrown out of the chair. I can see my mother now bandaging up his swollen eye before he hurried off to a Congressional Committee meeting. My last impression is of Madison Square Garden. If I went on for many pages I could say no more than this: Man is a fighting animal and he has organized politics in his own image. Whether politics will make women into a fighting animal or whether women will make politics into a club—that remains to be seen.

TOLERANCE

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ANYBODY who has gotten near enough to the churches during the last few years to know with what wild and whirling words many of the followers of Jesus have been assailing one another must wonder about the present estate of tolerance among us. "Toleration in Religion—the Best Fruit of the Last Four Centuries" was one of the inscriptions chosen by President Eliot, a generation ago, for the court of honor at a world's fair. If by toleration one means that folk are no longer whipped through the streets of Boston for being Baptists nor deprived of their ears because they are Quakers, we obviously have made some progress. But if by toleration one means the fine grace of tolerance, with its love of free field and fair play for divergent ideas, with its delight in independent diversities of opinion and its openminded endeavor to understand and appreciate them, with its willingness to include in fellowship and work folk of goodwill who exhibit many varieties of mind, then toleration is at a low ebb in America.

Some of this recrudescence of intolerance, against which even the President of the United States has publicly protested, may reasonably be ascribed to war's psychological effect. Tolerance of independent opinion is no virtue in war. From the day that hostilities are declared, truth, for its own sake, is at a discount, and the standardization and massing of public opinion so that everybody will think one thing is as important as guns and ships. To that end, by fair means or foul, propaganda unifies the nation's mind, and every one who dares to differ is treated as a pariah. That was done in all the nations during the Great War, and it is not easy to sober up from so prolonged and so complete a debauch of intolerance.

There is more to be said about the matter, however, than this familiar, omnibus ascription of all our ills to the late conflict. Intolerance has a long history and it bids fair to have a prosperous future. Too many interests in human life are served by it to make it easy to outgrow. By intolerance of other people and their opinions men protect in comfort their sense of their own unique superiority; they save themselves from openmindedness and from the consequent, painful necessity of changing their ways of thought and life; they defend their racial, religious, or class prejudices which to them are sweeter than the honeycomb; they confirm their right to force their views as dogmatically as they are able on other folk; they achieve gangway for their pent pugnacity and, like the fabled Irishman, can freely ask about every fight concerning their views "whether it is private or whether anybody can get in." Intolerance is a very agreeable vice to its possessor. Moreover, it produces some powerful consequences. It was Martin Luther who said, "He who does not believe my doctrine is sure to be damned."

Obviously, therefore, the proper way

to begin a discussion of tolerance is by being tolerant of intolerance and trying to discover what good there may be in it. That it has driving power, supplies to its possessor persistence, obstinacy, doggedness, and fortitude is clear. Intolerant folk who have believed so singly in their own opinions that they have hated all others and have thought the holders of them damned have done some of the most momentous business ever prosecuted on this planet and, in comparison with them, the mild expositors of tolerance, willing to lend an ear to every opinion under heaven, have often seemed feebly to lack moral sinews and thighs. There is virtue as well as vice in narrowness. Men looked broadly at the heaven for many centuries without seeing what was going on there; it was only when they peered through the restricted slit of a telescopic lens that they saw what was afoot in the sky. So a certain exclusive, highly specialized, intolerant narrowness has characterized some of the greatest pioneers in thought and achievement. They were not, in any ordinary sense, openminded. They were terrific believers in some one thing which they saw clearly, and they often labored under the impression that any one who did not share their thought deserved perdition.

Tolerance would better beware, therefore, lest in calling itself a virtue and lording it over its opposite vice, it slip to a lower level even than intolerance and become feeble indifferentism. There is more hope in the Athanasian Creed with its damnatory clauses against all who disagree than in the futile sophism of neutrals to whom all ideas look alike. A distinguished visitor at the Mosque el Azhar in Cairo, headquarters of the most influential university of orthodox Islam, is said to have inquired concerning the cosmology taught there, whether they held that the earth went about the sun or that the sun went about the earth. "Your Excellency," said the obliging and amiable Moslem, "on that point we are entirely liberal—we teach both."

Granted, however, that a man does have convictions, is inwardly and earnestly committed to ideas on whose truth he banks and causes for whose success he is sacrificially concerned, what shall be said about the amazing intolerance which to-day is exhibited in almost every area of American life?—the Ku Klux Klan hatred of Roman Catholics, Jews, and Negroes, the frequent and startling invasions of our constitutional guarantees of free speech, the itch for a standardized mental type, the earnest endeavor by law to impose upon everybody the moral customs of a group, the attempt to exclude evolution from the mental horizon of a whole state by forbidding its teaching in the public schools, the fundamentalist passion to enforce orthodox unanimity in the churches—in a word, this general and widespread distaste for intellectual individuality and independence, and this eager desire to make up other people's minds for them. That this is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our time must be clear. It presents a serious problem to all educational agencies working for a virile national life, and in particular, a crucial problem to religion.

THE temptation of religion to be intolerant is very strong, as all its history shows. In primitive days the welfare of the whole tribe was thought to depend on the favor of the gods, so that any religious irregularity on the part of an individual, which might displease the gods, imperiled the entire group. Tolerance, under such circumstances, meant social ruin. The unruly individual must be stamped out. Take him out and stone him was the entirely logical penalty in the brave days of the Old Testament, when anybody displayed careless disregard of tribal custom or dangerous originality in religion.

From that day to this religion has always had a hankering for uniformity and a deadly dislike for variety and difference. Considering the ideas of religion that have prevailed, this is natural. If religious truth is an inerrant, supernat-

ural revelation, if some book has been written in heaven like the golden plates of Mormon, or verbally inspired on earth, or if a church has been gifted with infallibility, then, of course, variety of opinion is synonymous with betrayal of the faith, and heresy and falsehood are the same thing. Under such circumstances the extirpation of heretics, by persuasion if possible, by force if necessary, can be made to seem a sacred duty. Any toleration of divergent opinions in religion, which being divergent must be false, and, being false, must destroy the souls of men, would be impiety. Indeed, under such a theory, the only true mercy to the community as a whole is to be merciless to heretics—more ruinous monsters by far than those who merely slay the body. In consequence, Roman Catholics and Protestants alike have exhausted the possibilities of mental duress and physical torture in compelling religious unanimity and, long after these American shores were colonized, men of our kind thought the whole idea of toleration in religion an invention of the devil.

We need not suppose, then, that having recently progressed to the point where old expressions of intolerance, the dungeon and the flaming stake, no longer are allowed, we thereby have left behind the thing itself or soon are likely to. Plenty of people still hold a theory of infallible authority in religion, think that they and their kind alone know what the infallible authority is and what it means, are sure that all others are beyond the pale of salvation and that their influence is endangering human souls. Plenty of people, therefore, are in a state of mind to think that tolerance of religious divergence is sin and that almost anything, allowed by the police, which will blacken the reputation and destroy the influence of another type of religion is a holy weapon to defend the faith. Even when so thorough-going a theory does not have its logical effect, an earnest man's religion is so precious to him, doubt of its unique and absolute truth is so unbearable, allowance of equal privileges to competitors and rivals is so difficult, that we may expect to have intolerant religion among us for a long time to come.

NEVERTHELESS, the number of those to whom religious intolerance seems a barbarous survival is on the increase. The ascendency of this new way of thinking will mark an unprecedented era in mankind's religious life and the basic ideas which underlie the position of this school of tolerance are at least worth the stating.

For one thing, intolerance to-day is not a sign of strong but of weak faith. It is the man who is sure of his wife who is free from jealousy and it is the man who is certain of his truth who can afford to be courteous to rival opinions. Said Milton in his *Areopagitica*, "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?" From that day to this trust in truth to win its own way, if given a fair statement and a free field, has become more and more a mark of the great believers. He who thinks that his gospel needs to be bolstered up by artificial enforcements, by heresy trials and excommunications, by personal discourtesy and defamation, does not really believe in the validity and power of his gospel. His reliance on the extraneous instruments of intolerance is a betrayal of his own unstable faith.

That this trust in truth, given a fair field, to make its unforced way, is not impractical idealism, the whole method of modern science makes clear. The typical scientist looks on intolerance as intellectual sin. Openmindedness, mental hospitality to fresh ideas, careful consideration of opposing views, willingness to keep fellowship in the same university or even in the same laboratory with those who differ—such attitudes are the scientist's *bushido*, his code of honor

and his pride. Science relies on no exclusive and final creeds, no heresy trials nor excommunications to settle differences of opinion. Bad blood enough, to be sure, exists between scientists because they are human, but it is taken for the ill-temper that it is and not for a holy method of defending truth. Here at least in one realm, and that the most influential in the modern world, the methods of intolerance have been in theory and to a surprising degree in practice eliminated.

But who, in consequence, would accuse scientists of having no convictions, of being feeble indifferentists and mental neutrals? As all the world knows, they are tremendous believers, whose assurance about the great outlines of truth evidentially arrived at is vigorous and creative, and who express themselves with decision and candor. Intolerance as a method of bolstering up science has been so largely dispensed with, not because of invading dubiousness and indifference, but because of increasing confidence and faith.

When will the churches learn that intolerance, whether personal or ecclesiastical, is an evidence of weakness?

IN THE second place, intolerance today, in spite of the dogmatic vigor it sometimes imparts to its possessors, is ineffective. It does nothing but damage to the cause it seeks to defend. Like Saul, the intolerant man or church falls on his own sword. Attack a heretic and you give him an audience. Condemn a book and everybody reads it. Stamp on the spark of an innovation and you spread the flame. Let an ecclesiastical body assail an idea and, if there is any truth in the idea, no professional propagandist could advertise it half so well. Let a state pass a law forbidding the teaching of evolution, and the universities report multiplied numbers of students studying biology, and more books on evolution are published and sold than ever before in the nation's history. All the apparent victories of intolerance to-day are Pyrrhic. No stranger spectacle for irony to look on is easily imaginable than our persistence in using the attitudes and methods of intolerance long after they have become suicidal to the user.

This inefficiency of intolerance, moreover, runs much deeper than its practical incompetence to kill an idea. The churches are supposed to be presenting Christ. If they are not they would better be, for he is their one supreme asset. But how can the churches present him controversially, commend him by pugnacity, make him who was "full of grace and truth" acceptable by dogmatic intolerance?

Wars have been waged for the glory of Christ, crusades have been bloodily forced through to victorious conclusions for his sake, persecutions have been mercilessly carried on to further his cause. Did any such methods ever do anything except obscure the real Christ in Stygian night and plunge the world fathoms deeper into Christlessness? And is it not plain that now, when we keep the same spirit and merely modify the weapons of our intolerance, we still are doing nothing for Christ and everything against him? We cannot commend the highest spiritual beauty and truth by the use of intolerant moods and bad tempers. We cannot exalt love by encouraging hate.

Tolerance is not a weak thing: it is the unconquerable ascendency of personal goodwill over all differences of opinion. If that is not Christian, I do not know where to find Christianity. And what is more, it works. It is the principle of persuasion without which, in the long run, nothing else will work at all.

IN THE third place, intolerance involves a false and ruinous idea of the church. It presupposes that a church should be a group of people holding the same opinions in religion. That idea is so deep seated in most Christians that it will take many a year

to dislodge it. Get a pet idea in religion, desire ardently to make every one else agree, feel intolerant unwillingness to work with those who refuse to agree, organize a group of people likeminded with yourself to propagate your idea, exclude all others and set out to make up other people's minds for them as fast as possible—that has been the almost universal prescription for a church in Christendom.

The consequence is that to-day one hundred and eighty and more different kinds of Christians are organized in the United States to present their specialties, and the American people, as a whole, however much for tradition's and respectability's sake they may "join the church," are so little impressed by all these small dogmatisms and infallibilities that, as the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church fearfully noticed in their last pastoral, a large proportion of the children of this Christian nation "are growing up without religious influence or religious teaching of any sort."

The mistake involved in this suicidal procedure lies deep—the whole idea of the church is wrong. Uniformity of mind, which intolerance is always seeking, we cannot get; we should not want to get it. In union there is strength, but not in unanimity—there is death in that. All life, movement, vigor, progress spring from independence and variety. The church of the future can never be one of these unanimous sects, but rather a comprehensive communion, including in its fellowship, around the organizing center of a common devotion and a common purpose, the greatest possible variety of temperament and diversity of mind. When we have done our best in this direction we doubtless shall find still divergences of opinion so wide as to disrupt community of purpose and so make impossible co-operation in the same church. There still will be different organizations to express religion as there are different schools of philanthropy and medicine. But there will not be one hundred and eighty Christian varieties of them in America. Until tolerant inclusiveness takes the place of intolerant exclusiveness in the ideals of the denominations, there is little hope for the denominations at all. The church of the future will be the one that succeeds in being the most comprehensive.

INTOLERANCE, therefore, is one of the great failures of history. It turns out at last to be an evidence of weak conviction, a suicidal method of propaganda, a destroyer of the churches by endless schism.

Let no one evade this truth on the ground that obviously there are some people altogether intolerable. Of course there are—murderers, and the state must give them short shrift; shysters, and law associations should have them disbarred; quacks, and the medical profession should show them up; hypocrites, making moral mockery of their Christian ministry, and the church should drive them out. In dealing with men of social illwill no one in his senses would plead for benevolent neutrality. The uses of righteous indignation are manifold. In this paper, however, we have been thinking of men of goodwill, sharing a common purpose and devotion, deeply concerned to further the interests of religion in the world, but widely differing in their opinions and, in that realm, the long and short of the matter is that intolerance has no contribution to offer. Even between Christians, Jews, Buddhists, and Mohammadans it has no contribution to offer. It can shed no light on the questions at issue. It brings nothing to a good end, but degenerates by inevitable stages into bitterness and blackguardism. As for its effects within Christianity, they are fatal. When will the churches, as a whole, find this out? When will Christ receive an adequate presentation to the world through a fraternal fellowship of various folk who in learning to be Christians have also learned to be gentlemen?

THE PHILISTINE

A STORY

BY E. M. DELAFIELD

HE WAS rather a stolid little boy, but they did their very best with him.

He had, of course, exactly the same treats as the other children, the same pleasures, the same privileges. His toys and presents were better than theirs, if anything, because his aunt, in her heart of hearts, knew him to be less attractive than her own Cynthia and Jeremy and Diana.

For one thing, Colin wasn't as good-looking as they were, and for another, he was less intelligent. Cynthia, at nine years old, had a vivid, original mind, and the few people—but they were people who really knew—to whom Lady Verulam showed her little poems had seen great promise in them.

Jeremy, a year younger, had thick, tight curls of brown hair all over his head, beautiful, long-lashed brown eyes, and an adorable smile. His manners were perfect. He said things—innocent, naïve, irresistible things—about God, and the fairies, and how much he loved his mother.

Lady Verulam's youngest girl, Diana, was precociously intelligent too, with a delightfully extensive and grown-up vocabulary at five years old. She had straight, square-cut bobbed brown hair like Cynthia, but she was lovelier than either of the others, and her eyes were a pure, deep blue, fringed with long, curled black lashes.

All Lady Verulam's artist friends wanted to paint Diana, but only Sir Frederick Lorton, the best known portrait-painter in England, was allowed to do so. The portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Colin was the only child of Lady Verulam's widowed brother-in-law, and he had been sent home to her from India when his mother died. He had been five years old then, and now he was eight.

He was a dear little boy, and Lady Verulam felt remorsefully that he might have been a *darling* little boy if it hadn't been that Cynthia and Jeremy and Diana unconsciously set such a very high standard of charm and intelligence. Intelligence counted for so very much, in that political-artistic section of society in which the Verulams lived. Most children of wealthy parents could be made tolerably pretty, after all, and if they weren't born with brains and personality they stood little chance of individual distinction.

Not that Colin hadn't got personality.

Lady Verulam, who was President of the Cult of the Children Society, and had written a little book about child-psychology, had studied Colin on his own merits, as it were. And she quite recognized that he had character, and even imagination, of a sort, although when the children were all taken to see "Peter Pan" and told to clap their hands if they believed in fairies, he was the only one of Lady Verulam's large party who didn't clap.

"But I *don't* believe in them, really," said Colin, rather pale.

"But Tinker-Bell!" protested Jeremy

"She'd have died if we hadn't clapped!"

"And we do believe in fairies," said Cynthia firmly.

"Then it was all right for you to clap," said Colin. "There were enough of you without me."

But afterwards he was very silent for a long while and looked worried.

Lady Verulam saw that and she changed her seat in one of the intervals and came beside him.

"Do you like it, darling?"

"Oh, yes," he said, unusually emphatic. But his face hadn't grown scarlet with excitement, like little Diana's, and he wasn't delightfully, stammeringly enthusiastic, like Jeremy. Presently he asked Lady Verulam in rather a troubled way:

"I wasn't unkind or naughty, was I, not to clap for Tinker Bell?"

"Not at all," she was obliged to answer. "The children were only asked to clap if they believed in fairies."

"I don't really believe in them," Colin said apologetically. "Do you, Aunt Doreen?"

"Shall I tell you a secret?" she answered, bending her charming, smiling face down to his. "I like to *pretend* that I believe in fairies, little Colin."

Any one of the others would have responded to her whimsical fancy—they'd have understood. But Colin only looked up at her with solemn gray eyes staring rather stupidly out of a puzzled face.

"Do you?" was all he said.

"Oh, belovedest, isn't it marvelous!" said Cynthia, her eyes shining and dancing with sheer rapture.

Well, Colin hadn't got the same capacity for enjoyment, that was all. And even if he'd had it, he wouldn't have been able to express it in words.

He was an *ordinary* child.

"He'll never suffer as much as I'm afraid my darlings will, because he'll never feel as much," said Lady Verulam to the French nursery governess, who had so many certificates of her training as a teacher, and as a student of psychology, and as a hospital nurse, that she was as expensive as a finishing-governess.

"Probably not, Lady Verulam. But I think they do one another good. Cynthia's and Jeremy's enthusiastic ways will help Colin to be less stolid in time. And in one way, of course, it's a relief that he's not as excitable as they are."

The head-nurse said the same.

Diana before a party or a pantomime was positively ill with excitement sometimes. They never dared to tell her of anything until just before it was going to happen.

But Colin never looked forward to things like that. He lived in the present.

"Such a relief," said Lady Verulam rather wistfully. She couldn't help wondering sometimes what her brother-in-law, Vivian, would think of his only child, when he came home. . . . But Colin's mother, whom she had known well as a girl, had been rather stolid, too.

Every day the children went to play in Kensington Gardens. The little procession came out at the front door of the house in Lowndes Square, and Lady Verulam, who adored her children, watched them from the window of the dining room where she was having breakfast after her ride in the Park.

First the under-nurse and the footman, carefully lifting the smart white perambulator down the steps, then Nurse, in stiff white piqué, carrying the rose-colored silk bundle that was the four-months-old baby, and depositing him carefully among his lacey shawls and pillows, under the silk-fringed summer awning of the pram. Then Diana, adorable in a tiny, skimpy frock of palest lemon color, with lemon-colored streamers falling from her shade hat and sandals on her beautiful little slim brown feet. She was carrying a ridiculous little doll's parasol and walking by herself, just as she always did. There was a certain dainty pride about Diana that never allowed her to accept the nurse's hand. She walked by the side of the pram, erect and exquisite.

After the nursery party, Mademoiselle

and the elder children came down the steps. In the gardens, they would all coalesce, but the nursery party always started first.

Lady Verulam, peeping out between the window-boxes of scarlet geraniums and white daisies and the edge of the red-striped sun blind, watched them.

Mademoiselle was neat, efficient, French-looking—from the top of her shiny black straw hat, tipped forward over her black hair, to the black patent-leather belt placed very low down on her shortsleeved black-and-white check frock, and the pointed tips of her buttoned black boots. She was drawing on black kid gloves, that came half-way up her arms.

One on each side of her, were the two little boys. They were dressed alike, in white silk shirts and silk ties, and dark knickerbockers. Neither wore a cap, and Jeremy's thick curls looked burnished in the strong July sunlight. People always turned to look at him and at those wonderful curls.

Colin's hair was quite straight, and it suited him best to have it cut very short. It was of no particular color. Both little boys held themselves very upright, but while Colin was stocky and rather short, Jeremy was tall and slim and beautifully made, like a little statue.

Then Cynthia came out of the house, quick and slender and radiating vitality in every graceful gesture. Her frock and hat were the replica of little Diana's, but instead of the minute, absurd parasol, some heavenly instinct had caused her to take from the big glass bowl in the hall a handful of great mauve sweet peas that looked like butterflies against the pale, soft folds of her frock.

Cynthia's strong, instinctive sense of beauty was a joy to her mother.

She seemed to dance, rather than walk, along the hot pavement, her long, slim brown legs bare to the sun. From the little vivid, glancing gesture of her hands and head, Lady Verulam knew that she was talking. She could even guess what Cynthia was talking about—the party.

They were giving a party the next day on Colin's birthday, just before going down into the country. It was, actually, three years since the Verulams had given a children's party. One thing and another had prevented it.

This was called Colin's party but, as usual, the other children were far more excited about it than he was.

Lady Verulam herself was a tiny bit excited about it because for the first time Royalty—very young Royalty—was to be her guest.

She wanted the party to be a great success.

Similing, she turned away from the window.

Cynthia's mother had been quite right. The children were talking about the party.

"I'm looking forward to it more than I've ever looked forward to anything in all my life," said Jeremy solemnly. "I think if anything happened to prevent it now I'd die."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," said Cynthia scornfully. "Besides, nothing *could* happen to prevent it."

They knew little of disappointments, any of them. They were not allowed to experience disappointments if their mother could possibly prevent it because they were such terribly highly strung children.

"Mademoiselle, may Diana be told about the party yet?"

"She may be told, but she isn't to know which day it is till the last minute," said Mademoiselle, who knew very well that it would be impossible to keep sharp little Diana from the infectious excitement and sense of preparation that had already begun to pervade the house.

So they were able to talk about the party freely when they joined Diana and the nurses.

Cynthia did not want to talk about anything else, and the others always followed her lead. Except sometimes Colin, who was what Nurse called "independent."

He was independent to-day, and when he grew tired of hearing Cynthia and Jeremy discuss what games they would play at the party, and Diana chatter about her new frock with the roses on it, he got up and went away and bounced his ball on the Broad Walk.

He was pleased about the party, and Aunt Doreen had allowed him to choose what the entertainment should be, and he had chosen a conjuror, and she had said that *perhaps* he would have a cable from Daddy, like last year, for his birthday—but Colin didn't feel that he could think, and talk, and plan about nothing but the party, like the others.

Mademoiselle often said that he had no imagination, and Colin felt sure that she was right. He wasn't certain that he even wanted to have an imagination, much. He knew that he was stupid, compared with Jeremy and Cynthia, but at least he didn't have crying fits—like a girl—as Jeremy occasionally had, and he didn't stammer from pure eagerness as Cynthia did when she got excited.

He did hope, very much, that there might be a cable from Daddy on his birthday, because that would be something of his very own. No one would be able to say that the others cared more than he did, because it wouldn't have anything at all to do with the others.

Feeling rather mean but not able to help it, Colin secretly wished that the others mightn't know anything at all about his cable if it did come. Then they couldn't exclaim and be excited and say things and make Colin feel—and look—stupider than ever.

On the way home he was very silent, trying to think of a plan by which he could prevent the other children from seeing his cable. Perhaps they'd be so busy getting ready for the party that they wouldn't remember about it.

When the next day came it really seemed as though it might be so.

The children flew up and down stairs, even down into the kitchen where the good-natured chef showed them the cakes, and the jellies and the pink and white creams, and dishes of colored sweets, and an amusing log made out of chocolate with chopped-up green stuff all over it and cream inside it.

They ran into the dining room, too, and saw the long, decorated table and the rows of little gilt chairs.

"There are other chairs in the drawing-room—millions more of them, for the conjuror," said Diana.

"Let's go up there."

"Let's," said Cynthia and Jeremy.

They dashed off.

Colin was just going to follow when he looked out of the window. He had been looking out of the window at intervals all day long.

But this time a telegraph boy really was crossing the square and glancing up at the numbers. It must, surely, be Daddy's cable, and he could take it himself and open it and there'd be nobody there to say that he didn't seem to care half as much as Master Jeremy, not if it *were* his own father. . . .

Colin, for once moving quickly, ran out to the hall and opened the front door before the boy could ring the bell.

"Is it a foreign telegram—a cable?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, addressed Verulam."

"Then it's mine," said Colin with decision. "There isn't any answer."

He had often heard this said and felt sure it was right.

The telegraph boy, whistling, went away.

Colin retreated to the linen cupboard on the schoolroom landing which was large and light, and to which people seldom came, and sat down on the floor to decipher his birthday cable.

Regret inform you Major Vivian Verulam dangerously ill cholera will cable progress.

Colin's face slowly became pink and then the color ebbed away again and left him rather white. He sat on the floor of the linen cupboard for a long while, not moving.

If Aunt Doreen knew about the cable, the party would have to be stopped,

surely. And Diana would cry herself ill, and everybody would be in a dreadful state, and what would happen to all those beautiful cakes? Probably they would be vexed with him, too, for having opened the telegram.

Colin's mind, his slowly moving, tenacious mind, had not yet begun to work on the exact meaning of "dangerously ill." For days he had heard of nothing but the party, and the party had become the alpha and omega of existence.

It was impossible that it should be stopped. "If no one knows but me," thought Colin, "it'll be all right."

He had a horrible feeling that it would be naughty to say nothing about the cable, and yet he felt that they would all blame him if he told about it and stopped the party. Nothing mattered, really, except the party. They had thought he didn't understand what a great event it was because he couldn't get excited like the others, but at least he could see how very important they all thought it.

Presently he stuffed the cable into the pocket of his breeches, rose slowly and carefully to his feet, and went into the schoolroom again.

The brilliant, successful party was over, the gilt chairs were stacked together, seat upon seat, ready to be taken away again, and the children—each one with a beautiful present—had all long since gone home.

Cynthia and Jeremy and Colin and Diana had been put to bed. Jeremy had said, "Thank you, you darling, beautiful Mummie, for such a lovely, *glittering* party."

His choice of words was always fantastic and charming.

Even Colin had hugged his aunt with unusual enthusiasm and said he'd never enjoyed any party so much.

"No wonder," said Mademoiselle to Nurse, with whom she was on friendly terms.

"That conjuror was good, wasn't he?" said Nurse. "The best in London, they say. I never saw anything like him, myself. Why, *I* couldn't have told how he got those toys into the box with the flags."

"If you please, Nurse," said the under-nurse, entering with her hands full of little garments, "I found this in Master Colin's pocket."

She put the crumpled telegram, in its torn envelope, into Nurse's hands.

Nurse put on her spectacles and read it and said, "What in the name of gracious—" and handed the telegram to Mademoiselle.

There was a knock at the door and the housemaid came in.

"If you please, Nurse, her Ladyship wishes to see you in the boudoir at once."

"Take this," said Mademoiselle, with presence of mind and gave back the telegram.

In the boudoir Lady Verulam sat with another telegram open in front of her. Her pretty face was pale and tear-stained.

"Nurse, I'm afraid there's bad news from India. Master Colin—poor little boy—his father is very ill, I'm afraid. I don't quite understand, but we think—"

"I beg your pardon, my lady. Is it anything to do with this? Florence found it, opened like that, in the pocket of Master Colin's every-day pair of knickerbockers."

Lady Verulam read the cable, read it again, compared it with the one she held, and turned bewildered, almost frightened eyes upon the nurse.

"But this one must have come before the other one—the one I've got," she said. "Who opened it?"

"Master Colin must have done it, my lady. And never said a word—"

"He couldn't have understood."

"Is the news in the second telegram worse, my lady?"

"It says that Major Verulam is getting weaker and we must expect—" she chocked a little. "We didn't understand and Sir Frederick is telephoning now to Whitehall, to see if they can give us any further particulars. But I *can't* understand—"

She looked at the crumpled telegram again and again.

"This must have come hours ago—before the party. How *could* he have got hold of it?"

"The children were all over the place, my lady—up and down stairs, watching the men getting things ready. Master Colin might have got to the door and opened it just when the telegram was delivered."

"But it was addressed—oh, oh, poor little boy! It was only addressed to Verulam. He must have thought it was a cable for his birthday—I see—that's what happened—that's why he opened it."

"But, excuse me, my lady, why didn't he say anything to anybody? He's quite old enough to understand."

Nurse was respectfully indignant, but Lady Verulam was only tearful and unspeakably bewildered.

"I must go up to him—"

"I beg your pardon, my lady, he's asleep. They all are now, even Miss Diana, but Master Colin was asleep before any of them, though not being so excitable as the others."

"Then I can't wake him," said Lady Verulam irresolutely. "It would only upset him. And there may be news in the morning—one way or the other."

There was no more news in the morning, however, and Lady Verulam was obliged to send for Colin. She wasn't angry with him—even if his father hadn't been dying, it was against her principles to be angry with any child—but her gentleness met with very little response.

He didn't seem to understand that his father, whom he scarcely remembered, was very ill and might be going to die. His lack of imagination was absolute.

"But why didn't you bring the telegram to me, darling? I quite understand that you opened it by mistake, but you must have known it was important and that you ought to tell about it."

Colin began to cry.

She reasoned with him, and petted him, and even spoke severely to him, but he was sulky and frightened and would not say a word. At last, in despair, she sent him upstairs again.

Ten minutes later Cynthia came flying down to her mother's room, her lovely mop of hair disordered, her brilliant little face glowing. "Mummie, may I tell you what I think about Colin? Nurse doesn't understand—nor Mademoiselle, nor any of them—but I think I do."

"Tell me, precious," said Lady Verulam. She had great faith in the intuition of this sensitive, intelligent little daughter of hers.

Cynthia put her arms round her mother's neck and whispered earnestly.

"I think Colin opened the telegram about poor Uncle Vivian just before the party, and he did understand what it was, and he thought it would spoil the party and p'raps—p'raps put it off altogether, and that's why he wouldn't say anything. He didn't want all of us to be unhappy—he knew we were looking forward so to the party."

"My darling! What makes you think that?"

"It's what I'd have done," said Cynthia, her eyes shining. "I would, truly, Mummie, if my heart had been breaking—I'd have kept that dreadful telegram all to myself and let all the others enjoy the party and even have pretended that I was enjoying it too."

"My sweet—I believe you would. But if that was it, why didn't poor little Colin come to me as soon as the party was over?"

"Mummie, you know you were with the grown-ups who stayed after we'd gone to bed, and I'm sure he was waiting till you came to say good-night. And you never did."

"Nurse said you were all asleep—Colin must have gone quickly off to sleep, after all."

"But, Mummie," said Cynthia quickly, "he's very little, and one can't always keep awake, even if it's most important, and Colin especially, he's always such a sleepy head—"

"I know," said Lady Verulam.

She thought, although she did not say so, that Colin's insensitiveness had always been rather remarkable, and that where Cynthia might, as she had just said, have felt her heart to be "breaking," Colin was quite capable of falling asleep in mere reaction from an unwonted emotional strain.

She was touched at Cynthia's generous understanding and inclined to accept her interpretation.

"Poor little Colin!" she said softly. "It was brave and unselfish of him to want everyone else to enjoy the party first . . . although it was a mistake, and I still don't understand why he couldn't explain to me this morning."

"Mummie, you know Colin never can explain anything," said Cynthia reproachfully.

That was perfectly true. How clever she was! Lady Verulam kissed Cynthia in silence. In her heart of hearts she couldn't help feeling that, dreadful though it was to have been entertaining on such a scale while her brother-in-law was dying, it would have been very, very difficult to know what to do if the bad news had reached her when it should have reached her, just as the preparations for the party were being completed.

"You do understand about Colin, don't you, Mummie? Because Mademoiselle isn't being a bit nice to him, and she says he has no heart and that he didn't show the telegram because he didn't want the party to be stopped, and then afterwards he was afraid to tell."

"I'll speak to her," said Lady Verulam. Mademoiselle was always inclined to be hard on Colin. She couldn't bear what she called his *phlegme britannique*. Lady Verulam did not for a moment believe her interpretation to be the true one. She would sooner trust to Cynthia's quick sympathies.

According to Cynthia, little Colin had really been rather heroic. He must have had a dreadful weight on his little mind, all through the festivities. . . .

Tender-hearted Lady Verulam found the tears rising into her eyes at the thought of it. She felt as though she had always been unjust to Colin, who had so little imagination, and couldn't express himself with fire and poetry and clearness like her own children. And now perhaps she had alienated him by not understanding or appreciating his self-sacrifice, and he would be less willing than ever to talk to her.

Before she saw Colin again a third cable had arrived.

Major Vivian Verulam was not going to die. He had turned the corner.

The joy and relief of the good news pervaded the house, and even Mademoiselle kissed Colin—who rubbed his cheek vigorously after the salute—and said nothing more about his having no heart. But Lady Verulam, who, like her children, was highly strung, had worked herself up on Colin's behalf, and she told Mademoiselle and Nurse as well that they had all of them misunderstood Colin, and that there were unsuspected depths of bravery and unselfishness in his childish heart.

There came, gradually, to be a feeling throughout the big household in Lowndes Square that this was so. Colin might be less wonderful than were Cynthia and Jeremy and Diana, but he, too, had had his moment—his exalted and inspired moment.

Three months later Major Verulam came home on sick leave.

He made friends with his son—an enduring friendship. They resembled each other in many ways, and he never seemed to expect or to desire from Colin enthusiasms and demonstrations that would have been equally alien to them both.

He was, indeed, the only person who ever heard Colin's own version of his behavior on the day of the party.

"You see, Daddy, I opened the telegram because I thought it was from you, for me on my birthday, like the year before, and when I saw it said you were

ill I did think it would mean stopping the party, and that would have been dreadful."

"Were you so frightfully keen about the party?"

"It wasn't so much that, but there'd have been such a lot of fuss about it, and they—all the others—had been so excited—and everything was ready—men had come all on purpose to bring the little gold chairs, Daddy, and to arrange the flowers and things—It would have been so dreadful, to stop it all."

"I see what you mean. And certainly it wouldn't have done *me* any good, as far as that went. But why didn't you tell them afterwards, old man? Aunt Doreen wouldn't have been angry with you, would she?"

"Oh, no, she's never angry."

"Well, then—"

Colin colored faintly.

"You see, Daddy, I didn't know you as well then as I do now, did I? And the party was fun, and the conjuror such a very, very clever one."

He gazed up at his father with solemn, trustful eyes.

"I quite and completely forgot all about the telegram till I woke up next morning," said Colin.

COME OUT WITH ME

BY A. A. MILNE

THERE'S sun on the river and sun on the hill . . .
You can hear the sea if you stand quite still!
There's eight new puppies at Roundabout Farm—
And I saw an old sailor with only one arm!

But everyone says, "Run along!"
(Run along, run along!)
All of them say "Run along! I'm busy as can be."
Everyone says, "Run along,
There's a little darling!"
If I'm a little darling, why don't they run with me?

There's wind on the river and wind on the hill . . .
There's a dark dead water-wheel under the mill!
I saw a fly which had just been drowned—
And I know where a rabbit goes into the ground!

But everyone says, "Run along!"
(Run along, run along!)
All of them say "Yes, dear," and never notice me.
Everyone says, "Run along,
There's a little darling!"
If I'm a little darling, why won't they come and see?

WHAT IS BEHAVIORISM?

BY JOHN B. WATSON, Ph. D., LL. D.

Formerly Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology, Johns Hopkins University

A FEW years ago we heard only of Freud in psychology and of his method, psychoanalysis. With this method his loyal subjects assured us they could solve all psychological problems. To-day when every shop girl will tell you of her dreams and complexes, psychoanalysis is no longer a topic of interest in drawing-room conversations, not because anyone is particularly shocked by the discussion but rather because its novelty has gone.

So it is with all new movements in scientific fields. There was possibly too little science—real science—in Freud's psychology, and hence it held its news value for only a relatively brief span of years.

At this moment there is a new psychological claimant for public interest. During the past ten years it has been threshed out in university circles; now the newspapers are beginning to feed it to the masses, albeit still in broken doses.

This contestant is Behaviorism.

Behaviorism has been an independent study in the larger universities since about 1912. It represents what must be looked upon as a real renaissance in psychology. Up to that time the so-called subjective, or introspective, psychology held complete sway. Subjective psychology was defined as a study of the mind—really of your own mind, since no one else could look in on it and see what was going on there. And when you did look, what did you see? Since you were trained in the system and in the vernacular of James, Angell, Ladd, and Wundt, you said you saw *Consciousness*. And then you tried to analyze this consciousness. What is it? . . . Why, one must describe it by enumerating the units that compose it. Consciousness is made up of sensation units like redness, greenness; sensations of tone, smell, temperature, and the like, and of units of *feeling* tone called "pleasantness" and "unpleasantness." Now when enough of these sensation units are simultaneously present and accompanied by one or another of the two feeling tones, you have what is called a *Perception—e.g.*, the perception of an orange or an apple.

The matter of consciousness and what constitutes it was made still more complicated when they insisted that when perceptions were absent, that is, when no objects were in front of us, consciousness was made up of representatives of objects called *Images*.

All the data of this type of psychology were thus subjective. The only method of studying this data was by introspecting—looking within your own mind. Hence, we call such psychologists subjective psychologists, or introspective psychologists. Verification of findings—really the first objective of every true science—is thus forever denied the introspective student of psychology.

This was the time-honored analysis of mind. It was as thoroughly entrenched as the Bible—as philosophy itself. Surely no one could ever be bold enough or rash enough to question that there is such a thing as mind or that it is made up of conscious units.

And yet this is just what the Behaviorist did.

In one sweeping assumption after

another, the Behaviorist threw out the concepts both of mind and of consciousness, calling them carryovers from the church dogma of the Middle Ages. The Behaviorist told the introspectionists that consciousness was just a masquerade for the soul.

Behaviorism's challenge to introspective psychology was: "You say there is such a thing as consciousness, that consciousness goes on in you—then prove it. You say that you have sensations, perceptions, and images—then demonstrate them as other sciences demonstrate their facts."

Naturally, they could not meet this challenge. The only argument open to the introspectionist was that used by every time-honored exhorter since history began, the *argumentum ad hominem*, "no consciousness—no mind! Maybe the Behaviorist has no consciousness, no mind, but you and I have."

If the study of mind—the analysis of consciousness—is not what psychology is about, what then is its field and what is its goal?

The Behaviorist viewpoint is just common sense grown articulate. Behaviorism is a study of what people *do*. *What is this man doing now?—any answer to that question made by a trained observer is a psychological fact or happening.* After observing man's behavior long enough, the Behaviorist begins to say, "this man or that man will do so and so under such and such conditions." Take a simple case. John Smith will run every time he sees a snake. Every woman in this closed room will scream, stand on a chair or pull her skirts tightly around her if I turn loose ten fierce wild rats. We have begun to make *predictions* about psychological happenings—the first step in any science.

Every science starts this way. It observes in a more or less hit and miss way the happenings round about. It next gets to the point where it can make *predictions*, *e.g.*, the sun will rise tomorrow—there will be a total eclipse of the sun visible in New York in 2024—Halley's comet will be seen again in 1986, etc.

The next stage in any science is to get "control" of its happenings. Astronomy never can get control. It cannot produce eclipses or prevent them. (Even here possibly we should not be dogmatic!) Chemistry is getting control. Biology is getting control. Can psychology ever get control? Can I make some one who is not afraid of snakes, afraid of them and how? Can I take some one who is afraid of snakes and remove that fear? How?

In other words, the starting point of Behaviorism is like that of every other science. Looked at in this way, the old, subjective psychology never had any right to be called a science. To be a science, psychology must use the same material that all other sciences use. Its facts must be capable of verification by other capable investigators everywhere. Its methods must be the methods of science in general.

II

What are the phenomena or happenings that the Behaviorist studies in his psychology (human)? He limits his field to the study of man. He makes the field still more circumscribed. He will not attempt to study the physico-chemical make-up of man. He will study only one thing—what man does. Observation shows that he is always doing something—always behaving. He is behaving even when asleep, when in coma, when sitting motionless gazing into the fire.

Suppose I were a stranger scientist just down from some distant planet. I know nothing of human beings as they exist on this earth. Suppose, further, that I am in a balloon so situated above the center of New York that I can watch the city and the surrounding territory. At eight-thirty in the morning I see millions of people hurrying into the city in trains, in automobiles, in subways, on ferries. The movements are rapid, con-

fusing. There seems to be no more system in these movements than in the hurrying, scurrying movements of ants when their nest has been disturbed. With my eye aided by special instruments I follow groups of these individuals. I note that they enter great office buildings, department stores, restaurants. Some begin to wait on customers, some start to work on typewriting machines, others begin to cut and fit clothes, and still others start sewing on power machines. I finally arrive at the conclusion that the people *are going to work*. Just think what a volume I could carry back to Mars on the behavior of New Yorkers if from some central position I could observe their whole twenty-four-hour behavior for a few weeks or months!

Now you are not accustomed to think of accumulation of simple facts of this kind as data of psychology. You have grown up with it. It is part of your everyday life. Yet when you go to a foreign country it is just these kinds of observations you have to make before you can get along in your foreign environment. From this standpoint you can see that everybody is something of a psychologist.

The people in Mars, after reading my first general report, decide to send me down again for the study of specialized features of human behavior. What are their school and church systems like? What is their social behavior like in the sense of their manners and customs and ethics? What is their sex life like throughout the life cycle? Their home life? What do they read? Do they go to plays and to what kind of plays? What role does the cinema play in their lives?

From these studies I carry back to Mars a tremendous amount of narrow specialized information on the habits and customs of New Yorkers. This also is behavioristic psychology.

After going over my facts and inferences, my colleagues in Mars decide that they are in need of still more specialized data. They tell me to go back and pick out some one individual and bring back a complete report of his behavior. I can carry out these studies only by attaching myself to some individual, say John Smith. By observing him carefully day in and day out I find out his occupation. He is a bricklayer. He can lay two thousand bricks a day when he lets himself out, as, for example, when building his own home or when working by the job on his own contract. I find, though, that on most jobs he is not allowed to work a full day. He must work only a certain number of hours each day. He has to join an organization called a union and, as a member of a union and under the conditions of the union, he rarely lays more than eight hundred bricks per day. For this he receives a certain fixed sum. I find that this man is married, that he has a small home in the suburbs, a Ford car bought on the instalment plan, and a radio bought on the same plan. I find that he drinks a great deal, that he abuses his wife and children, spends a considerable part of his time in the poolroom, that he is given to temper fits, that he is morose and sullen to his companions, that he is not particular in meeting his monetary obligations. He uses only fifteen hundred English words—he practically never writes a letter and he reads only the *Daily Tabloid*. I may wish to make a still more circumscribed study of his behavior, so I invite him into my laboratory and study the rapidity with which he can form new habits. He has never learned to run a machine lathe. How quickly can he learn to do this? He doesn't know any French. How soon could I teach him to speak the French language moderately well? He has not a system of immaculate personal habits. How soon could I teach him these? And what methods should I have to use in order to teach him to put on this new behavior?

All business, as well as all social life, is based upon these kinds of observations—and they are psychological observations

although not necessarily very articulate ones.

Once again I assemble my data and take them back to my colleagues. After digesting them, they decide that adult human behavior is too complicated to understand without knowing something of the infancy and childhood period of man. We do not understand why one man is a bricklayer, another an artist, another a gambler. We cannot understand why some men are carefree and sober, make good husbands, and others not. We cannot understand why some men never leave home, never get married, and never are seen in women's society. We shall have to have man's early behavior investigated to see if it throws light on later behavior. Are such differences due to inborn differences in behavior—to differences in their instincts, or merely to early differences in training?

Again I come back to earth but this time I begin my observations on newborn infants. I note carefully their behavior at birth, what new forms of unlearned behavior appear at definite intervals after birth. I study, too, how early habit formation can begin in these very young infants and note the various factors which make new habits form. In other words, I begin to tease out by my observations what part of man's behavior is inherited and what part is learned. This also is psychology.

You will notice that in all of this description we start from general observations of persons for which no laboratory or special instruments for study are necessary and that we end up with the newborn infant in the laboratory, using every bit of instrumentation for the study of our phenomena which has been devised up to the present time. In other words, Behaviorism breaks down the distinction between subjective and objective phenomena. All of the phenomena connected with human beings are objective, even the things you now call "memory" and "thinking"! Again, you have been in the habit of calling these more general studies social psychology or sociology, and the more narrow studies where the laboratory is involved psychology proper or experimental psychology. The Behaviorist does not believe in these old distinctions. *The whole thing is psychology.* Along with the breaking down of these distinctions comes a threatening note to the whole of philosophy. With the behavioristic point of view now becoming dominant, it is hard to find a place for what has been called philosophy. Philosophy is passing—has all but passed, and unless new issues arise which will give a foundation for a new philosophy, the world has seen its last great philosopher.

So far we have had to take our psychological happenings just as we found them. Have we really gone far enough to be able to predict anything of consequence about individuals? Common sense, rather than scientific psychology, has gone a certain distance in prediction—you can't live with people without making predictions about them. You know in advance what they are going to say and do. That is why most people are so dull. If I fire a revolver behind any ten individuals who are sitting quietly in a room, I can predict without fear of contradiction that at least nine out of ten of these individuals will jump, scream, change rate of respiration and heartbeat. If I throw a hundred unclothed individuals who have never learned to swim into a pool of water, five hundred yards in diameter, all of them will drown unless somebody comes to aid them. If you will think over the problem for a moment, you will see that most of our institutions, banks, churches, great mercantile houses, the institution of marriage itself, are all based on the fundamental supposition that human behavior in general is predictable. Just whisper a word of a gold strike and you can safely predict a stampede. Just whisper a word of scandal about a woman placed high socially, and every tongue in her set will clack. If you wish

to make a man preen himself, let some woman notice him when none of his critical friends is around. To make a man swell out his chest, praise and flatter him a bit. To make a woman dress most carefully, tell her her rival is to be present at a given function.

This level of predictability has been reached by the slow accumulation of psychological data through all ages, rather than by the efforts of trained psychologists. The trained investigator must now come in and tell us more accurately about what *this* individual is sure to do in the presence of the life situations he must face: will he work—does he lie—will he steal—will he break under stress?

What about the *control* of psychological phenomena? Can you make an individual display any given bit of behavior by any kind of psychological technic, the way the chemist can make water appear by bringing hydrogen and oxygen together under certain conditions?

We can't go very far in this direction now. But Behaviorism has only just been born. Until about twenty years ago biology itself was upon a purely descriptive level. Darwin, in the fifties, was a great observer of facts. Upon the basis of his observations he built up his theory of *descent*. He never went very much farther. To-day there is an experimental biology. It seeks to control descent by manipulating the chemical and physical environment of plants and animals. It attempts to change and modify species, to control growth and, in general, to alter the course of inheritance.

Psychology is still largely at a descriptive level. Control of psychological phenomena is in a more backward state than is the case with other sciences, partly because it is a newer science, but more largely because psychology wasted its time so long in trying futilely to study mind instead of behavior.

We have made a beginning. Here is a group of moths quiet in a very dim light. Suppose I decide to arouse behavior to make them fly to the right-hand side of the room. How can I control that behavior? I light a candle and put it in the exact position in the room to which I want the moths to fly. In a short time the moths become active and fly toward the source of the light. It may have taken the behaviorist days, weeks, or months to have discovered this way of controlling the insects. Having found it out, it becomes a part of the technic of *every* investigator. The *response* (act, happening) is flying toward the source of the light; the *stimulus* is the lighted candle. In this simple observation you have a part of the mechanics of behavioristic psychology typified in its most elementary form—no response without a stimulus. Every adequate stimulus must produce some response immediately.

No matter how many thousands of reactions a human or animal is capable of performing, there is always some stimulus or object in the environment which will arouse that reaction in him. Our search in the laboratory at the present time lies in this direction, to get a better knowledge of the stimuli calling out reactions. With this data well in hand, it is a simple enough matter then to arrange the environment, put the necessary group of stimuli in front of him, to get man or animal to perform any act in his repertoire. Let us go into the human realm. I wish to make a seventy-day-old child blink. What stimulus shall I apply? I can touch its eyeball and produce the blink; I can blow on its eyeball and produce the blink; I can pass a rapid shadow over the eye and produce the blink. In other words, there are three stimuli which will call out this reaction. Suppose I wish to make a baby cry. We will assume that the baby has not as yet put on any habits, learned anything. I can pinch him, cut him, burn him, or apply any other noxious stimuli to make him cry. Suppose I wish to make a twenty-day-old baby smile. I find that the only way is to touch its lips gently, with a feather for

example, stroke its skin gently, especially in certain sensitive areas.

But the problem is not always so simple. Many objects will not at first serve as stimuli for calling out a particular form of reaction. Some, indeed, will not at first produce any observable overt reaction. The individual must first be *conditioned* to these stimuli. Environment does the conditioning. The process is quite simple. For example, the first sight of a stick will not cause a youngster to dodge when he sees it. He must be struck (fundamental stimulus) before he dodges. If now I strike his head sharply each time he sees me pick up the stick, he soon dodges the instant he catches *sight* (conditioned stimulus) of it in my hand. I have set up a *conditioned visual response.* No "association of ideas" is involved because we can set up similar conditioned responses in our glands over which we have no "control." We can set them up even in the newborn infant; we can establish them in animals—even in the lowly one-cell animals.

Throughout life, objects which have no *kick* (that is, which are not stimuli to certain responses) are constantly borrowing a kick (becoming conditioned stimuli) because they happen to be present when some fundamental stimulus is calling out a reaction from the organism. This is why any object in the world, given the proper history in our past, can arouse a fear reaction. This is why any object or person in the world can be made to call out a love response—even a hunchbacked and disfigured woman of forty evoking such a response in a handsome lad of twenty.

To control the individual then—have him behave as society specifies—by confronting him with appropriate stimuli, we must have considerable knowledge not only about native, fundamental stimuli, but also about those which have been *conditioned.* To gain this knowledge, we must go to the laboratory and study the human individual from infancy onward.

III

This description serves to locate some of our elementary but basal problems. Having solved these problems, we hope to reach such proficiency in our science that we can build any man, starting at birth, into any kind of social or a-social being upon order. On the other hand, we hope some day to attain such proficiency that we can take the worst adult social failure (provided he is biologically sound) pull him apart, psychologically speaking, and give him a new set of works.

Is this goal too ambitious—is it totally unrealizable? Certainly in adults the goal is still far, far off. Yet we have not lost hope. The difficulty of working with the adult on a behavioristic basis is probably the reason the behaviorist has pursued his studies upon infants and young children so assiduously. Conditions are simpler there.

Hundreds of infants have been under the observation of the Behaviorist, but unfortunately not for a sufficient length of time to reveal many of the needed facts. Rich material, however, has grown out of these studies, material which will ultimately give the key to the "control" of adult human behavior.

We can now determine with some accuracy what newborn infants can do. We know the stimuli which will call out their responses. We have something of a picture, too, of what the infant can do at three months of age, at six months, at nine months, at twelve months, and we have a pretty fair picture of how much of this behavior is *born* in and how much of it is *conditioned.*

One startling conclusion seems forced upon us from this study of the first year or two of infancy: The young of the human species perform very much fewer *untutored* (instinctive) acts than anybody had hitherto supposed. The other most interesting fact is that they begin to *learn* to do things—that is, become conditioned—the day they are born.

The Behaviorist is now inclined to

discard the whole concept of instinct and to believe that almost all of the complicated reactions we see the infant displaying are built in.

We now know how and why human emotional behavior grows up, why some people are fearful, shy, given to anger and rage, why some are jealous, why others shrink into themselves when the voice of authority speaks, why many failures in sex and home adjustment occur. We have experimentally studied the process of the building in of these emotional patterns in infancy; they are all pretty well laid down before the end of the second year of infancy. We understand the process and to some extent we can control it. So far as we can judge, most vocational slants are likewise built in at a very early age. The home (mother, father, brother, sister, relatives) is responsible for what the child becomes. Nurture—not nature—is responsible.

The home at present may be said to be a device run for creating the child in the joint image of the parents. Like father like son, like mother like daughter is more than a worn-out platitude. It is a fearful truth. The modern child hardly has a chance for "the pursuit of happiness" which our Constitution so kindly affords him. This conclusion may sound harsh and cruel, but Behaviorism tries to concern itself with finding out what is taking place. When it has pursued its studies farther it may be able to help the home, the school, the church, society to bring up a socialized but individual human product.

THE LILAC TREE

BY ALICE BROWN

A DREAMING stillness pure as light,
A waft intangible as air,
About the blossoming Lilac flows,
A lambent veil, a scented spell,
Such as in Eden groves befell
When first a lilac bloomed, new lent,
For earth a fleeting ravishment.
The Cherry in her April white,
The early Apple and the Pear,
The greenly kirtled Cinnamon Rose,
Are sweet as maids from neck to hem,
But no whist wonder alters them.
Only the listening Lilac Tree
Is dimly sphered in glamoury.

THE WHIRLPOOLS OF THE WEATHER

BY HENSHAW WARD

IT IS wholesome for proud man to look upward on a bright day at some pretty cirrus cloud, to consider that it is composed of ice spicules, that it floats in arctic cold, that it signalizes to us what hothouse creatures we are. If the roof of air were removed we should all be frozen to death in a moment. Just above the roof is deadly cold, and just below the crust of earth is deadly heat. Only within the thin shell that separates these two regions can the human race strut about and congratulate itself on its great powers.

But such moralizings must not delay us if we are to understand weather in one brief sketch. There is time for no more than a glance at the results of a few of the prolonged labors in the mechanics of the air. We can select only those two matters that are the most obvious agents in producing storms, the dust and the water-vapor.

Fine particles of earth are constantly being whipped up high into the air by winds and carried great distances—for example, from the Sahara westward over the Atlantic and then northeast to Scandinavia in two days. Volcanic ash from the East Indies has been spread visibly all round the globe and has been so fine and been carried so high that it was two or three years in settling to the level that is disturbed by storms. Every day millions of tiny meteors encounter our atmosphere and are dissipated in it, contributing their quota of mineral matter. The particles may not be large, like the motes in a beam of light; they may be quite invisible, even too small to be seen through a microscope. The particles in smoke—millions of them in each little wisp from a cigar—all count as dust. In every cubic inch of air—even pure air outdoors on a fair day—there may be a hundred thousand of these infinitesimal bits. If these were not in the air we should have no cloud or fog or rain. The meteorologist supposes that every microscopic droplet of water in a cloud has to form about some dusty nucleus.

The study of the ways of water in the air is all-important for learning about weather. It is water-vapor which forms our blanket against the cold of outer space and furnishes us food and carves the mountains. Though it forms only about one per cent of the atmosphere, its total amount is prodigious. This can be shown by a calculation of the average work done, over every acre of land in the United States, to lift water into the upper air. It is equivalent to the operation of a three-horse-power engine every minute of the day and night.

II

The primary cause of all the changes that we call weather is variation in the distribution of heat. Any fireplace will illustrate the principle. The fire warms the air and expands it, thus making it lighter. The surrounding air, which is colder and heavier, presses upon the warm air and squeezes it up the chimney. There is a draft of ascending warm air, and cold air flows in along the floor to take its place. If the fire were hot enough and if its effect could be confined

to the space directly over the chimney and extending upward a few miles, this column of air would be measurably lighter than the surrounding air. It would not support mercury so high in a tube; therefore a barometer would stand lower. The column of warm air would form an area of low pressure—a "low."

Of course, such a special and simplified case is very different from any condition of the atmosphere that the weather man actually measures. The great majority of winds in the United States are produced by complications of the simple principle. These cannot be explained by any story-telling art, but the three following numbered paragraphs will outline them without producing much mental fatigue.

1. The air at the equator is constantly being heated, rising and flowing toward the poles. If the earth were not rotating and if its surface were all covered with either land or water, the currents of air caused by tropical temperature would be uniform—namely, a flow of warm air upward at the equator, a spreading toward the poles at a height of several miles, and a return current of cooler air along the surface of the earth toward the equator. The adjustment would be as simple as the draft in a furnace. But the rotation of the earth causes an alteration of the drift of air; in a deviously indirect way it causes most of the warm air to descend near latitude 30°; the currents are distorted by the powerful influences of oceans and continents and mountain chains. No mathematician can reckon the interactions of three such functions, but the general nature of the results is known by observation.

2. The descending air of latitude 30° (the latitude of New Orleans) forms a constant, though highly irregular, region of high pressure; and from here to the equator there is an area of relatively stable weather conditions. Also from latitude 70° to the North Pole there is an area of stable conditions. But between these two areas, in the belt where the United States and Canada lie, is the world's great storm-factory. Here the ocean of air swirls in great whirlpools of "low pressure" which are always compelled by the earth's rotation to spin in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock and always to advance in an easterly course.

3. If you wish to know "why" the vortexes of air are irregular in size and velocity, go to your bathtub for an answer. Fill it with water, pull the plunger, watch the water whirl down through the opening. "Why" does the whirl sometimes form to the right and sometimes to the left of the opening? "Why" does its funnel-shaped contour gyrate so unpredictably? "Why" are no two funnels ever alike? You may study them for days and may learn the types of them; but you never know what is going to happen when you pull the stopper. All the meteorologist knows about a "low" is this: when a stratum of warmer air is formed under a stratum of cooler air the pressure is not equalized by a uniform seeping up and down; the adjustment is effected by a "breaking through" at some one place; up goes a column of air, and from all sides there is a rush of air to take its place; this breaking-through funnel takes an easterly course, and at every stage of its going the surrounding air pours inward and upward. The result is a great "cyclonic storm." If the process is reversed—that is, if a heavier stratum of air pours down into a lighter one—the result is a corresponding "anti-cyclone," an area of high pressure, which moves to the east, producing clear, cool weather.

These "highs" and "lows" are the pets of the veteran Weather Bureau man. In my home town he is Leonard M. Tarr, who has lived familiarly with them for forty years. He knows them not merely as abstractions of physics but as individuals, all formed on one pattern but each with its personal traits. He knows of the unfathomable intricacies that must be all smoothed out of any description for popular consumption: how a cyclone's up-rushing air is made to

rush faster by the liberation of heat as water-vapor condenses, how currents spiral and cascade and collide.

This vast helter-skelter of climbing and tumbling air has two sets of motions. In the first place, it moves bodily eastward. The course of a cyclone may curve far southward and back, or be straight from the southwest, or come almost due north along the Altantic coast; but no cyclone ever has any westerly direction. The predominant motion of all cyclones is toward the east. The rate of travel may be as fast as forty miles an hour, or may be as slow as ten miles an hour; a cyclone may be stopped in its tracks for a day. The whole vast area of disturbance, which may have a diameter of more than a thousand miles and may cover a third of the country, is just an impalpable, stealthy influence. My senses cannot detect it.

All that I feel is its second set of motions—the in-blowing and up-whirling currents of air. I have just been experiencing a cyclone in the middle of January. For three days a low has been slowly advancing from the southwest; on the face toward us it has been drawing in a current of warm, moist air from the south Atlantic; we have had high temperature and sloppy weather. But last night, as the cyclone center passed beyond us, the incoming air was being sucked from a more and more westerly direction. Within a few hours it was coming from the south, in a few hours more from the southwest, then from the west, and by ten o'clock this morning it is from the northwest. The sky has cleared, and the temperature is dropping rapidly. These veering winds, with their warmth and cold, blow from all quarters and produce sharp contrasts of weather. They are only the varying effects produced in each locality by the steady march of the whole cyclone.

All the efforts of the Weather Bureau are directed to the understanding of cyclones. By the use of lore gathered in half a century of experience the canny forecasters inform us what to expect for the coming day or two. They are not always right—ask any newspaper joker. There is always the possibility, especially when the areas on the map are ill-defined, that some predicted storm will slide harmlessly to the north of us or be delayed a couple of days. But the marked changes of weather, those that do most of the damage, are sure to be advertised. Inquire of anyone who has business at stake—the men who operate coastwise vessels or department stores, the shippers of produce, the directors of snow-cleaning gangs. The total of saving by heeding Weather Bureau warnings is beyond estimating. Ninety per cent of the forecasts are now substantially correct.

III

When some hot afternoon you watch a stately thunder-cap pile up on the northern horizon you are impressed by its calm dignity. But in reality it is the scene of most violent happenings. It has been caused by the rapid heating of the air next the earth, which at some place has broken through into the cold stratum above and is pouring upward. The condensing of its water-vapor forms the white masses of cloud which swell and tower and mushroom out with such spectacular beauty. Through its central portion the ascending stream may attain a speed of two thousand feet or more a minute. The mathematicians were assured of this long ago, but now the airmen know it experimentally. A major sport among some of the reckless ones is to break up a small cloud by flying into it repeatedly "at tremendous speed, banking, re-entering, and repeating the process a score of times." Even the hardened pilots admit that a small cloud is "exceedingly turbulent." There is a record of a balloonist who was once caught up into a thunderstorm and "spun around in a circle with frightful rapidity." The air was so cold that his clothes were soon covered with ice.

If the conditions of temperature and humidity are on a large enough scale,

the decorative pile of cloud develops into a black and boisterous monster which goes roaring across country as a thunderstorm. It feeds itself on a current of the warm and humid air that lies before it, thus forming the breeze which we feel blowing toward it as it approaches us. We say that the storm "comes up against the wind," but in truth the storm keeps itself going by creating the wind.

Into its great mouth it draws the warm food, sucks it upward and backward in a spiral course, and condenses the water-vapor. The return current of cool air is parallel with the incoming current and close behind it. This is why we feel the breeze die away shortly before the storm arrives and then blow strongly toward us a little later.

The big drops of rain that come pelting down have been through experiences which science would like to know more about. They have, for one thing, been present at the birth of lightning. When any large raindrop that is falling meets a swift up-current of air and is broken in two, electricity is generated. The larger portion is positively charged, the smaller one negatively. Hence the tendency in the strong up-draft of the storm is to propel the lighter and negative droplets upward, to allow the heavier and positive drops to descend as rain. A very great difference of potential may be set up between two regions of cloud. When this tension is relieved by a discharge the result is lightning.

The raindrops have also seen the conditions in which hail is formed. They know what it is to be carried swiftly up to the cold stratum of air, allowed to drop far down into warmth and moisture, be buffeted upward again to the cold, and so on many times before they escape to earth. Indeed, the ice-covered balloonist went through one of these cycles: "His balloon was thrown outward into the clear air. It began to descend rapidly, and he expected soon to be on the firm earth. But when near the base of the cloud he was again drawn into it and again passed through the terrible maelstrom to the top of the cloud." When a frozen raindrop makes such a descent it gathers a coating of water, which is frozen during the next ascent; a second descent gives it a second coat of ice; and so it may add many coats if the up-draft is sufficiently strong to use a globe of ice as a shuttlecock. When it becomes too heavy for the draft it falls to earth as a hailstone, which shows its concentric layers if it is dissected. There are reliable records of hailstones four inches in diameter.

The turbulence of a thunderstorm is slight compared with the fury of a tornado. The nature of this spinning funnel of destruction can be visualized if we think of it as a condensed cyclone. Suppose that the mild, wide-spread action of a low-pressure area is concentrated at a center a few hundred feet wide and its mild incoming whirl is intensified to a gyration of several hundred miles a minute. It will form the twisting spout that we know as a tornado, whose course is always easterly and whose advance over the plains is not faster than twenty or thirty miles an hour, but whose fierce suction can ram a stick of lumber through a half-inch plate of steel.

IV

Tornadoes and thunderstorms are so local and erratic that no meteorologist has any hope of learning how to forecast them. He foretells only the movements of the larger cyclonic areas after they have formed, have been reported, and have been mapped. Does he look forward to a time when he can predict these movements much farther in advance?

Evidence that changes in weather are directly dependent upon the daily variations of the sun's heat is now being sought by a band of men who work under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, headed by Messrs. C. G. Abbot and H. H. Clayton. They are

confident that they are accomplishing the excessively delicate task of measuring the daily fluctuations in the amount of heat radiated to us by the sun, that the weather conditions on the earth directly correspond to these fluctuations; they think they have already had some success in long-range forecasting on the basis of the changes in radiation. But the Weather Bureau, thus far, remains skeptical and still has to work by its rules of thumb for its knowledge of what the morrow is to bring forth.

The greatest hope for long-range forecasting lies in a study of sunspots, the whirlpools of the sun's atmosphere. When these are larger and more numerous the sun sends us less heat. Now it is known that the spots occur in an eleven-year cycle, and it is supposed that our heat and moisture somehow vary in a corresponding way. But the records of the Weather Bureau, which cover more than four previous cycles, do not show any regularity, any corresponding similar periods within the cycles; no way has been found of prophesying the course of the weather in the present eleven years by examining the charts of the previous forty-four years. There is not, as yet, any knowledge of any sort of periodicity in weather. If weather is affected by sun-spot cycles, the process must be indirect, delayed, complicated.

However widely all the investigators differ in their hopes of learning to forecast weather, they are united in poking fun at all our common notions of predicting heat or moisture. They say that the moon has no conceivable relation to weather. They assure us, with complete unanimity, that no human wisdom can foretell any average of weather for a winter or a summer. There are no signs by which man can divine what the skies will yield during the coming year. No animal has any instinct by virtue of which its hide anticipates an early fall or its migratory instinct senses an early spring—that is, before the fall or the spring begins. Not even the mathematical laws of chance apply to weather, except as a matter of the average over a period of several years; for a wet summer may be followed by another wet summer, and two successive wet summers may be followed by a third. Nor is there any known formula of regular episodes of weather during every year. "Indian summer" is a beautiful series of hazy autumn days; everybody knows what it is and has convictions about the time when it occurs. But no such time can be found in the records. A "January thaw" is something that comes when it pleases or does not come or comes ten times; the Weather Bureau can no more certify to it than it could establish an "August coolth." All faith in prognosticating seasonal weather is, according to meteorology, mere superstition.

"Of long-range forecasts it must be said that the position is not hopeful; in general a forecast of the weather a month ahead is a pure guess." So testifies Doctor Dines, President of the Royal Meteorological Society. "Forecasting," he adds, "depends upon the rules which govern the motions of cyclones; if we could discover them, improvements in forecasting should follow." Recently an approach to those rules has been sought by observing certain *correspondences* in weather phenomena. For instance, variations in Indian monsoons appear to correspond to a change of pressure areas in South America; a great high-pressure area in Siberia seems to be related to low-pressure areas in the United States. Such influences sound uncanny, and knowledge of them is still slight; but the correlations are too close to be accidental. If a great deal of such knowledge can be systematized, clues to month-ahead forecasting may be discovered.

There are hopes of a much more ambitious sort, based on electrical forces. A few years ago L. Gentil Tippenhauer addressed to his American confrères a pamphlet in which he assured them that "my new electromagnetic theory of the weather has destroyed the old meteorology." He feels that he has formulated

"the law which will permit to calculate astronomically the weather, which is nothing more than the appearance to our senses of an electromagnetic field in which we live and which is the thing-in-itself of Kant." But no one has yet calculated by his formula.

Another speculator in this tempting field is an ingenious and daring economist of Columbia University, Prof. H. L. Moore. He has a theory that our weather runs in eight-year cycles so far as moisture is concerned, that these cycles are caused by the periodic interference of Venus with the electrons from the sun, and that the effect on agriculture is the cause of eight-year cycles of business depression. He cites astronomers to support his theory, but has not yet convinced either the economists or the meteorologists.

Of all such theories about forecasting years in advance it is still necessary to repeat what was said fifteen years ago by Doctor Abbe, the father of the Weather Bureau, "These matters, while curious and interesting, have no appreciable bearing on the current important questions of atmospheric mechanics. There seem to be many widespread delusions and mistakes in regard to these problems, analogous to the popular errors in regard to astrology, and it is hardly necessary to do more than allude to them."

V

It is no wonder that the human race, accustomed to the utter unpredictability of weather for a month or a year, should assume that the general average of weather over a long period of years is equally unpredictable and that it wavers as the decades pass. Most middle-aged persons believe that "the climate has changed since I was a child." All of us look back to those days when "we always drove to grandpa's in a sleigh for Thanksgiving" or when "winters were really snowy" or when "spring used to begin in April." Yet very detailed records for half a century over wide areas of our country completely disprove any such belief. Each year our journalists tell us once more about the disproof; each year elderly people repeat that the climate has changed. If you appeal to the weather men, they can hardly smile at your ignorance; for they are weary of it, knowing how useless the right answer is. If you insist, they will reel it off once more, "For fifty years there have been warm winters and cold winters, open winters and snowy winters; for the next fifty years there will be the same. Our Thanksgivings and Christmases are just as 'old-fashioned' now as they used to be and as they ever shall be. There is no evidence whatever that the climate has altered by the slightest fraction within the memory of persons now living." But you doubt this. You know what you know.

All men everywhere through all time have been determined to discover an altered climate. We are brought up to believe in alterations caused by the shifting of the Gulf Stream. Meteorology says they are a fairy story. We are taught that the planting of trees over a wide area or the reclamation of large tracts by irrigation will alter the climate. Meteorology emphatically says no. I used to hear in California that the Gringos had spoiled the climate by building railroads on which some of the cursed Eastern thunder crept in. I have heard of a dozen causes for changes of climate in half a dozen regions of the country. Meteorology is not interested. It obdurately insists that climate does not change.

The invariableness of climate can be seen graphically if we chart some one element for one place—say temperature in New York City. Suppose that every day you noted the temperature every four hours and called the average of these six observations the average temperature for the day. Suppose that the average for January 1 was 34° and that you recorded the fact by putting a dot on a sheet of cross-section paper. Suppose that for January 2 the average tempera-

ture was 29° and that you recorded this fact by putting a dot a quarter of an inch to the right (showing one day's advance in time) and five quarters of an inch down (showing five degrees lower temperature). A line drawn to connect these two dots will show the variation in temperature for two days. If you proceed in this way through the month of January, placing thirty-one dots and connecting them by a continuous line, you will have a sharply jagged chart, running perhaps from 10° above to 51° above. The temperature of any given month is wanton to the last degree. One of the January days may be higher than a certain June day of the same year.

But file away the year's chart and make another for the next year. Then average the two. Most of the erratic jogs will be much reduced; the line of average temperature will be much less jagged. A chart of average temperatures for ten years will show only slight irregularities. A chart for forty years will be a smooth curve accurately corresponding to the number of hours of daylight, from the shortest day in December up to the longest day in June. But the coldest time of year does not coincide with the shortest days, for there is a momentum of temperature to be overcome. The average of December 22 is 34°; during the next forty days the temperature gradually slides downward until it reaches the year's minimum of 30° at the end of January, and then begins to climb toward the maximum of 75° at the end of July. It does not reach 34° until the 3d of March. What proportion of us ever observed that the average temperature just before Christmas is the same as the average temperature just before Inauguration Day? We observe nothing. We growl because the weather is so sloppy at Christmastime—not like the good old winters when we were young; and we growl because March is so backward—unlike the honest springs of our childhood.

So much for the steadfastness of climate during any half century. The question of alteration during a whole century is slightly more debatable. Recently a well-known explorer of the upper air, H. H. Clayton, has announced in the newspapers that since 1778 our average temperature has changed two degrees, growing that much warmer in the North and cooler in the South. Yet very simple arithmetic could properly interpret the figures to prove no alteration, as I will show presently. Mr. Clayton's colleagues remain unconvinced.

Hence the natural presumption is that there was no measurable change of climate during the eighteenth century, or the seventeenth. All the references that can be gathered from old diaries would fit perfectly with what we experience nowadays. Prior to the seventeenth century there were no thermometers, and so history can speak of weather only vaguely. But the likelihood is that Columbus and Leif Ericson and Hengist lived in exactly the sort of climate which now obtains in their native lands.

Yet there may have been changes of climate during historic times. I have just seen the following statement by a *Scientific American* writer, "There is certainly geographical and geological evidence to show that during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there was a fatal change of climate in Greenland." He is speaking of the Norse settlers and has described how communication with Norway ceased because the fiords of the west coast of Greenland became choked with ice. The evidence to which he refers was obtained by the labors of Prof. Ellsworth Huntington and others, who counted the growth-rings of trees, living and fossil, in many parts of the world. It is interesting evidence and may prove valid when its bulk increases, but at present it is slight and dubious. There is very little probability that the Greenland settlers ever passed through a change of climate. It is likely that the growing of vegetables on Davis Strait has been just the same problem during

every decade since the days of Eric the Red.

Only in the great reaches of geologic time have we certain proof of alterations in climate. When our American coal was being made, Greenland was a warm place; coral flourished on its shores. By the close of that era an ice-sheet had covered all Greenland and had extended so far south that its tip was over the place where Boston now is. In the next era New England warmed up. There were alternations of icy periods and temperate periods. Only fifty thousand years ago, at a time when man had become an implement-maker, all the northern part of our country was under ice. Our climate has decidedly improved since then.

The causes of these changes of climate have been the subject of prolonged investigation and speculation. One elaborate theory was based on the variation of the amount of carbon dioxide in the air. No doubt the varying configurations of land and water have played their parts. The most simple and persuasive explanation yet advanced is that offered by Humphreys in his *Physics of the Air*. He presents a table of the exceptionally cold years since 1750 and shows that in most cases (possibly in all) the low temperature followed an unusual volcanic eruption. In 1783 there was an eruption of Asama in Japan, "the most frightful on record"; the three following years were very cold over the whole earth. In 1812 came the eruption of Tomboro, "very great," followed by four cold years; 1816 has passed into American history as "the year without a summer," the most peculiar one in the annals of weather, when hardly any crops matured north of the Potomac River.

These two freakish periods came within the half-century which Mr. Clayton contrasts with the past fifty years; they were sufficient to bring down the average of the temperature for the half-century somewhat; but they were not items of climate. They were times of a peculiar and temporary condition.

The condition was that the atmosphere over the whole earth carried an excess of dust particles—just as after the Krakatoa eruption of 1883 the dust was apparent for three years and caused peculiar effects in the sky over Europe and America. Dust can cause great change in the earth's temperature because it offers more impediment to the heat-rays coming to the earth than it offers to the longer heat-rays that are reflected from the earth. Only a little more dust than came from Krakatoa, if it were renewed in the air for a term of years, would reduce the temperature of the globe sufficiently to bring an ice-sheet down over Canada. "So," asks Mr. Humphreys, "why may it not be that long-continued volcanic activity at different epochs of geologic history has been the cause of alterations in climate?" No negative answer has yet been stated convincingly.

The cause of climatic change is only conjectural. The fact that there have been changes is known by the indubitable hieroglyphics which the glaciers traced. But in our human records there is no proof of change. Our climate has been as constant as the weather has been erratic.

MIRAGE

A STORY

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

HE CAME into the smoking-compartment of the Pullman where I was sitting alone, except for a stout Jewish-looking person, who had fallen asleep and was emitting an occasional snore. Outside, a murky darkness veiled the flat spaces of Indiana, and there was a spattering of raindrops on the car window—a cheerless promise for the morrow, which was Thanksgiving Day. We were on the second section of a train bearing a horde of holiday home-seekers westward, and the section ahead of us was evidently in difficulties, for we crawled forward almost by inches, and frequently came to a dead halt, with a sudden bumping and grinding of the trucks. Then a vast silence would ensue, broken only by the gusty flicker of drops against the window and the stout gentleman's snore.

Most of the passengers had gone forward to the diner, but the little man entering the smoking-compartment had evidently achieved an early repast, for he now fingered an unlighted cigar and looked about for a seat. I moved over to make place for him by the window. He nodded acknowledgment, fumbled for a match at the stand, and got his cigar alight. As he did so, his eye aslant noted a gaudily covered magazine abandoned by some passenger on the seat beside me.

"Is this yours?" He tendered it to me as he sat down, but I shook my head. Whereupon he opened it, turned a few pages, and then thrust it aside. He may have sensed something in my short denial which accorded with his own opinion of the periodical. It gave large and prominent space to the spectacular careers of successful Americans, and these narratives evidently did not interest him. He expressed aloud a blunt disbelief in their veracity. I caught the word "bunk." And then as he picked up the magazine again and gazed critically at the flamboyant cover, he mused aloud:

"A lot of people must like this sort of stuff. I can't help thinking of the harm it must do."

Just then a racking tremor ran the length of the stalled train, and we lurched again into motion.

"Harm?" I repeated.

"This uplift business," he answered.

He was rather short and sturdy, with close-cut grizzled hair and pleasantly engaging eyes. I guessed his age to be about fifty-five. Something in his speech and manner seemed almost foreign, but his dress was the inconspicuous blue serge of an American and, like his hat, seemed newly purchased. I wondered vaguely as to his business and destination, and suddenly he partially enlightened me.

"Do you know how soon we reach Wahbano?" he asked, drawing out his watch. "I lived there once. Haven't seen the town in five years. Been abroad. Consular service."

I couldn't predict when we should reach Wahbano. The train was almost two hours late. He nodded absently, and put away his watch with a sort of resigned patience.

"There was a fellow who lived in Wahbano years ago who was brought up on that sort of thing." Mr. Spence, as I presently discovered his name to be, indicated the discarded magazine, which had fallen to the floor. "They didn't have these super-periodicals in those days, but they had the same kind of hokum. In Sunday-school libraries. Did you ever hear of the works of Samuel Smiles?"

I nodded in sudden recollection.

"Well," resumed Mr. Spence, "this chap, Godfrey Jones, was brought up on that sort of moral pabulum. When I was about ten I can remember him as a bright-eyed precocious youngster that came to Sunday-school dressed in a red velvet suit, with a broad white-linen collar and a big plaid bow-tie. You couldn't help remarking him. His proud father made such a fuss over him. Very likely he already had visions of his six-year-old as a future president of the United States. I felt sorry for the little chap. What chance did he have—his young mind immersed in the works of Samuel Smiles and all the smug and sanctimonious books of that period? And with his father forever dinning it into his ears that he was not like other boys. No wonder the youngster developed a sort of Napoleonic complex. Who wouldn't?"

Mr. Spence, noticing that my cigar had grown short, drew a fresh one from his pocket. "Try one of these. Brought them up from Puerto Barrios myself. That's where I'm stationed now."

I thanked him and accepted the cigar. "Your family still lives in Wahbano?" I inquired.

"Haven't any family," he said simply. "I'm going out to see an aunt—she's quite aged now—who still lives there. Just landed in time to make my report in Washington and get out to Wahbano to have Thanksgiving dinner with her. It will please the old lady. You see, I'm about the only relative she has left."

He said this in a quite matter-of-fact tone, peered out the window at the wet darkness, and then leaned back in his seat.

"The trouble with Godfrey Jones was that he had too lively an imagination. All the ideas that his vain and foolish father had of his future were caught up and enlarged by the son. He was going to grow up and be a great man. Fired with the idea. Absolutely confident. Years later, when I got to know him, he told me of an incident—he was quite naïve about it—and I couldn't help thinking how illuminating it was, how it helped to explain that Napoleonic complex.

"There was a Sunday-school excursion by train to some lake thirty miles or so distant from Wahbano. Two hundred and fifty children in tow of their parents for a summer-day's outing. Lunch baskets, fishing rods and tackle, fans, umbrellas, cans of worms for bait. Embarked on a hideous melange of pleasure, as I look back on those affairs now. Of course Mr. Jones was there with his six-year-old paragon. He happened to know the engineer of the train, so at one of the stations he took little Godfrey forward to the locomotive-cab to give him a ride on the engine. The accommodating engineer lifted the boy up on the seat in front of him while the proud father steadied his offspring's diminutive legs. Presently the locomotive—an incredibly huge iron monster it seemed to Godfrey—was pounding ahead, careening from side to side, while the rails streamed forward to meet it. Years later, when he described it to me, every detail was still vivid in his memory. His ears were filled with a vast confused roar. From below came waves of blazing heat, a reddish flare from a molten pit, and the clang of the fireman's shovel. Through the open window of the cab a fierce rush of air tore at Godfrey's wide sailor hat, fastened around his chin by an elastic band.

"You can imagine the thrill to a youngster. He, of all those hundreds of children, was riding on the engine! But

the biggest moment was yet to come. The engineer's grimy fingers closed over Godfrey's chubby hand and placed it on the throttle—the one part of the great monster that the child understood and held in a kind of awe—the throttle! His pudgy fingers gripped the smooth steel. He was running the train! If only all those hundreds of children prosaically seated in the day coaches could see him now! Very likely he pictured himself the object of their collective, infantile gaze. He, Godfrey Jones, was running the train!

"At the next station, when Mr. Jones and his son descended from the cab and returned triumphantly to their seats, the father proclaimed the boy's prowess aloud as he led his young hopeful down the aisle of the day coach. 'Godfrey has been running the train! Just think of that!'"

Mr. Spence shrugged his shoulders and stared at the end of his cigar. "Very likely, that Napoleonic complex was born then and there—in that locomotive cab. In fact, the youngster had great visions of becoming an engineer, but as he grew up this particular ambition faded. A locomotive engineer isn't exactly of Napoleonic proportions. It was uncertain just what career the youth would elect, but there was no question as to the brilliancy of his future. In Wahbano that was already taken for granted. Godfrey's progress in school affirmed it. He had a quick if superficial intelligence, more than a match for the high-school text-books of that day. And when he went off to college Mr. Jones saw to it that the Wahbano *Daily News* was kept informed of the young man's progress. Godfrey's local fame increased."

The train suddenly came to a staggering halt, and we heard the blast of the air-brakes. The stout Jewish gentleman stirred in his chair, opened his eyes, and for a moment sleepily regarded Mr. Spence. In the silence that followed I could hear through the ventilators the soft patter of rain on the roof of the car. Presently the locomotive whistled hoarsely; there came a jerk, and we were again in motion.

"And finally," resumed Mr. Spence, "the Wahbano *Daily News* had a really big story. They made a front page affair of it, with headlines: 'Wahbano Youth Helps to Head Big New York Firm,' or something of that sort. It must have made considerable local commotion. I was no longer in Wahbano, but I heard of Godfrey Jones' signal rise in the world."

Mr. Spence paused, stroking his short bristling moustache with a spreading movement of a thumb and stubby finger. He repeated the motion several times and then demanded:

"Do you believe in Fate? Can't say that I do myself, but in Godfrey's case, viewed after all these years, it did seem as if there was a Fate. A Fate with a sense of ironic humor—perhaps bored with Mr. Jones' bland predictions about his son's career and determined to show who was really conducting the affair. At any rate, Fate stepped in—very coyly, as you'll see presently.

"At the time it did look like a heaven-sent chance. Godfrey wasn't six months out of college, and to his classmates it must have seemed as if he had jumped years ahead of them in one bound. There was an investment company organized—this, mind you, in the days before they began to put a legislative curb on big business. Anyway, the National Investment Company was launched with a great fanfare in Wall Street, and Godfrey was appointed Assistant Treasurer.

"I suspect now that the position wasn't as important as it sounded, but to Godfrey's college friends, getting a foothold here and there in New York at fifteen dollars a week, it must have loomed large. The National Investment Company leased a floor in one of the new big down-town buildings, and fitted it up sumptuously. No end of mahogany partitions and plate glass. And there was Godfrey, in a room by

himself, with 'Assistant Treasurer' emblazoned on the glass of the door. You can imagine how he must have looked to the young fellows who had been in college lecture rooms with him only a few months before. 'Assistant Treasurer!'—and Godfrey himself behind a big flat-topped desk with a buzzer to push when he wanted his secretary. Of course, he was glad to have them drop in on him in all that glory. He could be most affable, lean back carelessly in that leather and mahogany swivel-chair, and ask, 'Well, old man, how are things?' with an assumption of hearty interest in his caller's fortunes and never a word as to his own spectacular success. He didn't have to mention that. It shrieked aloud in all those sumptuous office trappings and the gilt lettering on the door. He may have patronized his old cronies a bit. From that executive eminence at twenty-two it would be difficult not to play the great man that he already felt himself to be. You see, everything was coming true that he had read in those priceless uplift books which he had been reared on.

"Quite aside from Godfrey Jones' luck in landing that job, you've got to concede that he worked hard at it. He was quick and shrewd. Whoever picked him for that so-called assistant treasurership made no mistake. In fact, he was too good. That was eventually the trouble. For suddenly the government crashed down on the National Investment Company for some sort of irregular operations. There was to be a court inquiry. And Godfrey, through his zealous efforts, was altogether too conversant with the particular transactions in question. In those days account books and important documents had a way of conveniently disappearing at such embarrassing moments. But Godfrey's wonderful memory for details was a different problem. He was invited into the private sanctum of the president of the company and his salary was enormously raised in view of his loyalty to his employers—which was to be speedily demonstrated. At noon the following day Godfrey embarked upon a South American boat which was to touch at West Indian ports. Within twenty-four hours he had quit American soil and was beyond the reach of subpœnas. It was given out that he had suffered a nervous breakdown and been compelled to go south for his health."

"Ducked the whole business!" I exclaimed at this juncture, for Mr. Spence's narrative, delivered in a flat slow voice, began to interest me.

"And quite ready to oblige," assented Mr. Spence drily. "A sort of voluntary exile, which he thoroughly enjoyed. That I can vouch for myself, for it was a year or so later that I happened to meet him in that West Indian port where he had taken refuge.

"It was my first assignment to a foreign post—a modest consular clerkship. I was about twenty-eight, and as yet knew nothing of the tropics. I had come ashore with my baggage into a strange world, bewildered by the dark faces along the waterfront, the pungent odors of rum and raw sugar issuing from cavernous arcades, the hot blinding sunshine. There were gaudily dressed negro women with great burdens on their heads, and a market place jammed with smells and flies and people babbling in a foreign tongue.

"In a kind of daze, old habit reasserted itself and I wrote 'Wahbano, Indiana' after my name in the hotel register. I was uncomfortably aware that my northern clothes were unsuited to the climate. I managed a sort of bath and change in my room—a room with slatted affairs for windows through which I could see a green, exotic, palm-studded landscape—and I descended to the hotel office, where I suddenly beheld Godfrey Jones. He was dressed in flannels, looking very sleek and cool from white helmet to white shoes, and under one arm he carried a smart flexible walking stick. He was scanning the hotel register, curious as to new arrivals

from the vessel that had put in to port, and the words 'Wahbano, Indiana' had caught his astonished eye.

"'Here is Mr. Spence now,' said the clerk, and Godfrey Jones turned to stare at me. I couldn't imagine who this flashy looking young man could be, who was instantly shaking my hand with great cordiality. Probably some one from the consular office, but he quickly corrected me as to that. I caught the words 'National Investment Company' —'New York' impressively pronounced, and then the announcement that he originally came from Wahbano like myself. 'Fancy, meeting any one from Wahbano down here!' he exclaimed in his light rapid way. 'No, I'm not one of your consular office crowd,' he threw out somewhat tartly. 'Of course I know Dixon, the consul. Not a bad chap, you'll find him,' he added condescendingly. 'But fancy, you being from the old home town!' He looked me up and down, and then clapped a hand familiarly upon my shoulder. 'You must come and have dinner with me to-night. Not here in town. Up at my place, in the hills. It's cool there. You'll like it.'

"He was right. I did like it. It was mercifully cool up there, after the glare and heat of my first day ashore. We sat on a vine-covered verandah which commanded a wide prospect of sea and sky, with the town far below us—like a child's tumbled blocks—a glimmer of white in the gathering darkness. The house was a venerable stone affair, of monastic aspect, with arcades and ancient galleries, cushioned deep in the semi-tropical green of the mountain's flanks. And there he lived in a sort of aloof, regal magnificence, lording it over half a dozen dark-skinned servants, giving frequent little dinner-parties to the smart members of the foreign colony. A sort of Napoleon in temporary retirement. At Elba. Biding his time.

"Yes, he was a figure, romantic and impressive, once your imagination succumbed to the infection of his talk. A servant had brought out rum and limes and ice, with which he proceeded to make me a delicious *apéritif*. I sipped it with grateful refreshment, leaning back in a deep wicker chair, while his tall white figure paced restlessly before me in the warm dusk. He was talking—gesticulating and talking in a steady flow—glad of an auditor from the outside world. He wanted a listener—someone remote enough from himself to get him in a detached way, in a perspective of his own creating. And so he gave me that audacious vision of himself which had come to fill his dreams.

"But I wasn't wholly unprepared for that revelation. Dixon at the consular office, where I had gone that afternoon to report my arrival, had enlightened me. 'Dining with Godfrey Jones, are you? I'll say he's lost no time in getting hold of you.' He laughed and leaned back in his chair, putting his feet up on the ramshackle desk, which was covered with papers. It was a stuffy place, and Dixon was in his shirtsleeves. Upon his face was a considerable growth of unshaven beard, which he had a habit of stroking reflectively. 'Well, you've got to live and learn,' he observed aloud. 'What's the matter with him?' I demanded, for at that time I had yet to learn the details of his earlier history. 'Matter? Oh, well, you'll see for yourself,' said Dixon. I inferred that the consul held the young man in a sort of scornful contempt. Perhaps he saw through his pretensions and discounted that parade of greatness. 'Why, the poor fool puts on no end of side down here. What's more, he's gone completely soft. Nothing to do but receipt for his salary which his company sends him every month, and hint confidentially how the government would like to get hold of him. He'll tell you all about it!'

"Dixon's prediction was correct. As I sipped that cooling *apéritif* on Godfrey's verandah and listened to his talk, the inflated soul of the man began to stand out grotesquely while the gather-

ing darkness obscured his physical self. The stars were beginning to burn softly in the night sky and a great peace seemed to have enveloped the world, while a sort of disembodied voice issuing out of the shadows held my profound attention. He was selling himself to me, as you now say in the States—perhaps without conscious intent. The rum may have emboldened him, helped to accelerate a quick intimacy between us. Besides, you must remember, I was from Wahbano, the old home town.

"As I look back now, I can see how that moral and uplifting literature from the Sunday-school library, which had shaped him for a career of greatness, had been subtly undermined. Contact with the business world, followed by this idling in the tropics, had blunted the harsh edge of those early Puritan precepts but without dimming in the least his inordinate ambition, his serene belief in his own future accomplishment. That was always just ahead of him—like a mirage. Yes, he saw his future in a kind of rapturous blur, and the tropics had imparted a soft, seductive glamour to that dream.

"'When I get back'—'when I'm in the saddle again'—were phrases which slipped easily from his lips. You might have thought him impatient at being withheld from the scene of big action. But, as a matter of fact, he didn't chafe at his exile. He was too confident, too sure of himself; and like all youth, utterly indifferent to the tragic flight of time. What was time when all of life still lay ahead of you? I could see him stretch his arms as if luxuriously tired. He'd had a hard year getting a raw organization into smooth running shape—(that's the way he expressed it)—and besides, he wasn't exactly loafing even now. A soft laugh issued out of the darkness. No, indeed, this was very far from loafing, although it might seem so. He got up from his chair and advanced to one of the ancient stone pillars of the verandah, where I could see him sharply silhouetted against the sky, his handsome confident profile lifted to the stars, his arms folded across his breast in the consciousness of his strength. Nothing could be more important than what he was doing now—this *sub rosa* retirement. That was vital. His superiors in the company were deeply grateful. He was the sole bulwark between them and the arm of the law. Single-handed, he was holding an officious government at bay.

"He didn't put it so crassly as that, but that is what it amounted to. And his fervor was genuine. He all but convinced me that his precious company had been most outrageously hounded by a rascally political crew and their legal hangers-on. It seemed a dastardly attack upon upright business men engaged in their proper affairs. 'Some day I'll give you all the details. Then you will understand,' he said, turning to face me in the darkness. 'But they are balked—powerless—while I stand here.' He leaned back against the pillar of the verandah, striking a gorgeous attitude, as if he were as fixed and immovable as that ancient, time-worn stone.

"'But you can't stay here, forever,' I murmured after a long moment of silence. He laughed carelessly. 'Don't worry. I shan't,' he reassured me. 'But how—?' I vaguely queried. He shook off the question as if it didn't interest him, and went over to the little table where the ice and bottles stood. 'Let's have another drink,' he suggested.

"Under the stimulus of a third *apéritif* he began to talk about the social diversions of the island, the Country Club, and the resident foreigners. I could see that he wished to orient me as to certain distinctions of social caste among the whites, which he took very seriously. 'You must try to meet the Townsends. Colonel Townsend is a Britisher. Very important. Has big interests all over the West Indies. I might go into something big down here myself some day, after I've cleaned up reasonably well in New York. Townsend and I might pull off something

together. I tell you'—he paused and drank deeply of the soft scented air—'there's something about life in these tropic islands. . . . Wait till you've been here awhile. Then you'll understand. It gets you somehow'" . . .

Our belated train, which had been proceeding at a snail's pace, once more came to an abrupt halt, but at the next moment lurched forward and struggled to resume its motion. We could hear the labored panting of the locomotive. A trainman in a white cap peered in upon us from the curtained doorway and then vanished. From the roof of the car came the dull tattoo of the rain.

Mr. Spence drew out his watch and studied it with a frown. "I hope Aunt Mathilda doesn't go to the station to meet me,' he said aloud. "I wired her I was coming. A bad night to venture out—at her age," he added in some concern. And then abruptly he apologized for his story.

"I didn't mean to get to telling you all this. I'm afraid I'm boring you—"

"On the contrary," I protested, "I'm much interested."

He stroked his stubby moustache thoughtfully for several moments. "I've seen a good deal of the tropics since that night I've been telling you about. A consul gets shifted about, you know, from one place to another. You see a lot of queer life in those latitudes, all sorts of human ups and downs."

"I've been told it's no place for a white man."

Mr. Spence shook his head. "A white man can go to pieces anywhere. The tropics merely offer a striking background for what might be commonplace enough elsewhere. Tragedy against a background of beauty. It's picturesque. You feel a contrast, quite unforgettable. Besides, Godfrey Jones was in a way my first impression of those regions.

"He had me to dinner more than once. Usually just the two of us alone, in that sumptuous place of his. It must have taken every dollar of his salary, which continued to arrive every month. It was like living on the income from an inheritance. With nothing to do, and surrounded by smart and wealthy acquaintances, he splurged. Well, naturally. He felt that he had a position to live up to. An executive of a big New York institution at twenty-three—a signal example of American business success. Not a difficult role to play in that remote part of the world. A hollow but impressive sham. And in addition, there was the spectacular aspect of his mysterious exile. He was thwarting a government, making it look ridiculous. That fed his pride, his supreme confidence in his greatness. He was a good-looking chap, and to the women, I imagine, a romantic figure.

"In short, Fate had spread for him a bed of roses, and then suddenly she showed her hand. My first inkling of it was when an American mail came in and I spread open the New York papers in the consular office. But even then I didn't really comprehend; it slipped from mind and didn't recur to me until that night when I went to dine with him. Several months had passed, and we had grown quite intimate. I was frequently up at his place in the hills, and the ceremony of the *apéritifs* had become a familiar rite.

"We were sipping our second or third, and he as usual was talking. He had heard of a big railway development scheme in Guatemala. Foreign bankers were behind it. There were millions in it. And railroading had always had a particular appeal to him—a glamour and thrill—born perhaps of that ride on the locomotive in childhood. But he was not yet ready to make a move on his own. The Townsends—particularly Mrs. Townsend and her daughter, he confessed with a laugh—would not hear of his going to Guatemala. There were the tennis matches with the team from Jamaica which were scheduled at the Country Club for the following month.

"A servant came out with two or three letters for him—the American

mail that had arrived that morning. I can remember him idly glancing at the envelopes as he went on talking. 'Hullo, here's one from the office,' he said, and tore it open. It wasn't time for his monthly salary, but a pink bank-draft fluttered to the floor. 'What the devil—!' he exclaimed, as he held the typewritten sheet under the lamp and bent over it.

"For a long moment I waited. A fugitive breath of air crossed the verandah. The bank-draft on the floor turned over once and lay still. The candle flame, screened within its globe of amber glass, flickered. Yellowish lights played over his tall rigid white figure. 'What the devil—!' he muttered again. A quiver went over him, and suddenly, crumpling the letter fiercely in his hand, he turned upon me hotly. 'Why, they're crazy! They can't—they can't—'

"He seemed to choke over the words in a sort of stricken bewilderment and rage, and then realizing that I hadn't the faintest idea of what had upset him, he thrust the crumpled letter into my hands. 'Read that!' he commanded fiercely, and stalked away to the other end of the verandah. I smoothed out the letter and read it while the verandah echoed to his stormy tread. It was an official communication from the head of his firm—a new and unfamiliar name—for, as the letter tersely set forth, a reorganization had been effected, and in view of various changes in personnel . . . etc., etc. . . . the directors thought best to request his resignation. Anticipating his compliance, a draft was enclosed for three months' additional salary. The directors greatly regretted having to take this action . . . etc., etc. . . . In doing so they wished to express their cordial appreciation of his past services . . . etc., etc. . . . You know the unctuous tone in which letters of that sort are usually couched. The cold fact was that Godfrey Jones had been let out.

"I finished reading and looked up at him. He was standing in front of me, a tall white quivering figure. His eyes flashed. 'Pretty cheeky, eh?' he demanded. 'Fire me, eh? Why, they can't do that!'

"I stared at the large and formidable signature of the new dignitary who had assumed control of the National Investment Company. The competency and finality of that document were beyond cavil. 'They have already done it,' I remarked.

"'Let *me* out!' In the sharp emphasis on the word the whole man stood revealed, his vanity, his overweening confidence, his distorted measurement of himself in the world's eyes. 'Let *me* out, eh?' he poured forth in bitterness and hate. 'Not if I know it! I can crumple them up—like that!' He thrust his hand before my face, and slowly curled his fingers into a tense, remorseless grip. A hard light danced in his eyes. 'I can bring the government down on them with three words. I've got the goods on them, I have!' He laughed harshly, folded his arms with that grand Napoleonic gesture of his, and looked off into the distance, as if visioning his vengeance.

"'But look here!' I exclaimed, for his last words had reminded me of the paragraph I had read that morning in the New York papers. 'You're too late. Your company has come to terms with the government. They've owned up, and agreed to a settlement.' He turned and looked at me, with sharp incredulity upon his face. 'They'd be fools to do that,' he scoffed. 'But it's in the papers!' I insisted. I got up, looked among the newspapers that had come with his mail, tore the wrapper off of one, and thrust it at him.

"He bent over the candle, screwing up his eyes at the fine print of the newspaper column. I don't think that at first he understood. He turned to me again in complete bewilderment. It was too incredible. He had treasured too long the consciousness of holding within himself secret information of

tremendous and dreadful might. It was like a bomb, filled with some devastating explosive, which he held in his hand ready to hurl with shattering effect. It had made him transcendent and invincible, and now suddenly it was as if he clutched a mere handful of confetti. His gesture with it had been absurd.

"And gradually he began to comprehend. The lofty and imposing pedestal which he had erected for himself, and upon which he had struck his confident pose, had suddenly crumbled beneath him and crashed to earth. Out of the débris he now tried dazedly to get to his feet. He was impotent, negligible; he had been paid off and dismissed.

"Just then from within the house came the slow muted note of a Chinese gong. It was one of his affectations to have the first announcement of dinner signalled in this Oriental fashion. Presently, one of his liveried black servants would appear on the threshold and give formal notice, backing away as from the presence of a great potentate. The echoes of the gong died out, the negro appeared, and the dumbshow was gone through with.

"He paid no attention, standing with his arms folded, and moodily staring off into the darkness. But the mockery of the performance, of the whole elaborate *ménage* which encompassed him, must suddenly have smote his pride. He turned abruptly and said in a dogged lowering tone, 'You needn't laugh!'

"'Laugh!' I retorted indignantly. It was the last thing in the world it would have occurred to me to do. He was stung to the quick. And instantly he was at work upon the gigantic task of self-rehabilitation. His pride would not suffer for a moment that humiliation. He couldn't breathe in an atmosphere of defeat. He wouldn't even acknowledge it. 'I'll show them!' he threw out truculently, as he began to pace back and forth. 'You and every one else!' His bruised and quivering soul was conjuring up a new future of vague but great accomplishments. The mirage lifted glamorously before him.

"'I suppose you will go back to New York,' I ventured after a pause. He halted abruptly. 'New York!' The word seemed to recall him from his roseate dreams. He brooded for a moment, and then resolutely shook his head. 'I'm through with New York!' he said scornfully, and resumed his striding back and forth. He seemed to renounce forever the city that had so shabbily served him. Yes, it was as if the whole metropolis had part in that shameful conspiracy against him. He would turn his back upon it. He would show New York . . . from afar off . . . in these tropic islands which had beguiled his imagination.

"'But you'll need money—capital—down here,' I ventured to point out. He merely shrugged his shoulders as he passed before me, his eyes fixed upon the verandah floor. 'I'll manage that,' he said shortly. 'And go on living here?' I asked boldly. I suspected that he hadn't a cent, and I couldn't see how he was going to continue his extravagant living now that his income was abruptly cut off. His moody gaze, still upon the floor, rested upon the pink bank-draft. He studied it irresolutely for a long moment. Perhaps he was calculating the margin of freedom which it still held out to him. Suddenly he stooped and picked it up.

"We went in to dinner—the last, I imagined, of those elaborate little spreads which he so delighted in. But it wasn't. For a month or more he continued to live in prodigal state, playing the host to the foreign colony, cutting the same dashing figure on the Country Club's tennis courts, maintaining every jaunty, swaggering gesture of his past greatness. In the meantime he must have made business overtures to the moneyed men within his social circle, indicated his willingness to come in on any likely enterprise. Gossip drifted about to that effect. But nothing developed, and I privately

wondered about that fast diminishing bank-draft. At times, in spite of his confident bravado, worried lines would cross his face. And then he was suddenly gone—where, no one seemed to know. He vanished almost overnight, and the villa up in the hills was to let.

"Months slipped by, and occasionally an echo of him, a vague breath of rumor, would drift into the consular office. He became a sort of ghostly figure, flitting from one Caribbean port to another. Some one had recognized him in Caracas; later he was reported in Costa Rica; it was even believed that he had ventured down the West Coast as far as Guayaquil. The various enterprises that engaged his energies remained obscure, but there was clearly no momentous issue from any of them. Once, however, came authentic and definite report. Dixon had it from an English coffee-grower in Colombia, recounted with curt disgust. Godfrey Jones? Yes, he had been taken in by that smooth-spoken young gentleman. He had listened and been much impressed. He had put Godfrey in charge of a coffee plantation, but the fellow was no good—all talk and big ideas. The plantation was too trivial an affair to command his attention. The water pipe-line that carried the coffee down from the hills got choked up and burst while Godfrey was having visions of developing a whole industrial empire. It had cost the planter a pretty penny. The fellow was no use."

Mr. Spence paused and regarded the stub of his cigar, which had gone out. He gazed at it thoughtfully for a moment, and suddenly it seemed to become symbolic. "Done for—like that," he said, holding it up for my inspection. I tried to visualize the dismal extinction of Godfrey Jones' dreams of glory.

"I never dreamed that I would set eyes on him again. More years went by, and I quite forgot about him. Meanwhile I had been making a little headway myself, with transfers at intervals to a better post, and finally I was given full consular powers and ordered to Paraminta. There had been a revolution of a sort—one of those sudden abortive efforts to overturn the administration, like a summer squall, which sweep over those Central American republics. The *insurrectos* had kicked up quite a lot of dust—there had even been a battle or two—before they were finally routed. The government house was pock-marked with bullets, and even our little consulate had come in for a stray shot or two during the rumpus. Things had just settled down when I arrived. The place was in something of a mess, naturally, and my first job was to straighten up the files and set things to rights. I had my coat off, and was sorting over papers, when one of my clerks came in to say that there was a man outside who wanted to see the consul.

"'Well, send him in,' I replied, but the clerk seemed dubious. My caller, it appeared, was in a none too presentable state. I pictured a refugee or hardened vagabond, apprised of a new face in the consulate and hopeful of extracting a loan with some time-worn story. 'Oh, send him in,' I repeated, but it wasn't necessary, for my bedraggled caller had pushed his way into the room behind the clerk's back. I looked up, and I must have blinked hard. There was something oddly familiar about this waif of ill fortune standing in the doorway, clutching a dingy straw hat in his hands. It was Godfrey Jones, or rather the ghost of him, strangely aged and broken. At the same instant he recognized me. He went crimson to the ears. 'I didn't know *you* were the consul here,' he stammered in confusion. I dismissed the clerk, and went myself and closed the door.

"He was horribly embarrassed—his plight was too obvious; but I pretended not to notice. I wanted to make it easy for him, particularly about that prospective loan, which he must be desperately in need of. But pride and shame had suddenly sealed his lips. I

could see that he wasn't going to mention money but would presently take himself off with what dignity he could muster. 'Look here,' I flatly put it to him after some pretence of talk, 'You've been let in for a streak of hard luck.' He nodded, looking down at the hat in his hands. 'Well, if I can be of any service—' I suggested. 'It wouldn't be necessary,' he answered stiffly, 'if Don Romanez hadn't ditched everything.' At that I began to comprehend. Romanez was the leader of the *insurrectos* who had tried to unseat the government. 'You've been mixed up in this revolution?' I inquired. Something of his oldtime swaggering pride suddenly reasserted itself. 'I was practically running it,' he boasted. 'I would have had Romanez in the president's chair at this moment if he would have listened to me. These Latin Americans can't keep their heads,' he added in disgust.

"I reflected for a moment, and then said, 'The *Vallodolid* is sailing tomorrow.' He nodded, without looking up. 'If you could help me to a passage.' —'But you'll need—well, other things,' and I got out my cash box. 'I'll see about the passage. And here's a little loan to tide you over.' For some reason I didn't like to hand him the money; I laid the bills on the desk, where his hand presently might unobtrusively close over them. 'And look here,' I said, 'if it's in order, won't you dine with me tonight?' He seemed a little taken aback at my invitation, hesitated, and then abruptly agreed. 'Awfully decent of you. Thanks. I'll manage it.'

"We dined by ourselves on a little balcony off of my room at the hotel. And I must say that in the meantime he had put that money to good disposal. He had achieved an astonishing transformation. He was completely togged out in new clothes, which, if cheap, looked quite decent. He had been barbered and bathed. I hardly recognized the refugee from Don Romanez' scattered army. He was once more the Godfrey Jones I had once known. But with a difference. He had aged perceptibly. Fifteen years of uncertain adventuring in the tropics had taken their toll of his youthful fiber. He looked prematurely old. There was a wasted look about his thin and darkened face, and when he forced a smile the skin crinkled into telltale lines. He accepted eagerly the whiskey that I offered him, and drank it with greedy gusto. It seemed to rally his spent energies, loosened his tongue. He began to talk—in the same old strain that I had listened to years before.

"He slurred over that considerable passage of time, as if it were a matter of mere months. He gave me to understand that he had made one or two tentative ventures, but was vague as to their outcome. He hadn't yet got hold of quite the right thing—the really big thing that he could put his back muscles into. The people he had had to deal with lacked vision; they couldn't follow him; and yet what these Latin American countries cried to heaven for was a twentieth-century, broad-guage business man. An empire builder.

"'Like Cecil Rhodes,' I couldn't resist saying. 'Eh? Just so!' he agreed. He was intensely serious. He went on to tell me that he had had great hopes of Don Romanez. Otherwise he wouldn't have ventured so bold a stroke. 'Romanez had imagination,' he pointed out. 'He got my slant on things. Once this corrupt and utterly incompetent administration had been sacked, Romanez as president would have given me a free hand. I would have had my chance . . . to do things . . . to put this country on the map!'

"He was all aglow over the possibilities of that lost cause. He got up and began to pace back and forth, gesticulating with his half-emptied glass of Scotch and soda. Well, there were other republics lying about, other undeveloped countries close at hand. He would have to make a new try, start all over again. But only wait; he would show them the man he was. He tossed

off the remainder of his drink, set the glass down, and drew a handkerchief from his breast-pocket. A bit of paper fluttered to the floor. He flushed deeply and stooped to recover it. It was a Cuban lottery ticket.

"He straightened up, hesitated, and almost brandished it at me. 'Yesterday when I was—' he didn't finish the sentence, but I could readily picture him in his destitute plight of yesterday, looking hungrily to anyone for the most trifling sort of lift. 'A fellow I stopped and spoke to had the effrontery to throw me *that!*' He shook the soiled and crumpled ticket before my eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion. 'How's that for an insult! I had a good mind to knock him down. But I couldn't start a rumpus in the street. It would have landed me in jail where they've got Romanez. Instead, I kept it, as a sort of memento of a lost cause. Some day I'll frame it—have it to look back upon.' His eyes lighted, his whole face was transformed. Even at that lowest ebb of his fortunes he still pictured everything against the golden background of his future accomplishment—that mirage which would not fade. 'Awfully decent of you to help me out.' He seemed suddenly to recall my agency in his transformation. Funny you should turn up at the one moment when I'm caught in a tight pinch. But you can understand—can't you?—I staked everything on putting Romanez across.'"

The white jacket of the Pullman porter suddenly materialized before the green curtains of the doorway. He had a wisp broom in his hand, and his eye singled out Mr. Spence. We would reach Wahbano in about fifteen minutes. Mr. Spence got to his feet and meekly submitted to the whiskings of the porter's brush. The Jewish gentleman, routed from his slumbers, accorded us a sleepy stare. After a prolonged scratching of the back of his neck, he rose heavily and shambled out.

"That lottery ticket, thrown at a beggar, rankled," Mr. Spence resumed, settling down again in his seat after tipping the porter. "But it was never destined to be framed and treasured in later days of affluence as a sop to his hurt pride. Fate was again to take an ironic hand in his erratic fortunes. Mind you, his hopes never went outside his unbounded faith in his own efforts. For example, it never occurred to him that a lottery ticket might come to have a tremendous value—"

"You don't mean to tell me—" I exclaimed in sudden amazement.

"Yes, if you can believe it." Mr. Spence regarded me earnestly. "The drawing came off in Havana a couple of months later. It was sheer chance that Godfrey happened to see the list of winning numbers. And with his accountant's head for figures, he remembered. He had a frantic time digging up that crumpled ticket which had been put away against the great day of framing and in the meantime almost forgotten. It was only a fractional ticket, but it brought him in a tidy fifteen thousand dollars—gold, mind you.

"You can imagine my astonishment when he turned up one day in Paraminta dressed like a Nicaraguan silver king, reflecting prosperity from every angle. He was just off the boat and on his way to the consulate to pay back that loan, when we came face to face in the street. Standing there in the blazing sunshine, with a natty new helmet cocked at a rakish angle, he told me of his stroke of good fortune. His incredible luck didn't seem to impress him at all. Somehow he knew he would be speedily on his feet again. You couldn't keep a good man down, and now with that flood of gold suddenly spilled into his lap his chance had come. He insisted on crossing the street to a sort of café, where he ordered drinks and proceeded to enlighten me about his future plans.

"He had got hold of something big

at last,—and it was railroading, his cherished dream. He was on his way to Puerto Caballo now to take charge of things. Did I remember the railhead established at that point some years ago, but the line into the interior never completed? The concession for that halted enterprise had been bought in by a group of capitalists. The very biggest people—he impressed this fact upon me by the solemnity of his tone. These obscure but powerful financiers had come to a private understanding with the government. There wouldn't be any political chicanery to thwart developments this time. The railroad would be speedily pushed through into the heart of the richest undeveloped country in the world.

"'I'm in on the ground-floor, with the biggest of them,' he announced proudly. 'They didn't want to let me in on my own terms, but I was quite flat about it. "You've got to take me at my own valuation, gentlemen," I told them, "or I'm not interested. I'll go elsewhere." That settled it. I'm to be resident manager, with offices at Puerto Caballo.'"

Mr. Spence shrugged his shoulders. "I remembered Puerto Caballo: a long and lonely steel pier projecting from a dismal, deserted coast, where the single line of track of the *Ferrocarril Nacional*, ambitiously begun, came to an ignominious end in the bush three or four miles inland. It had been gathering rust for several years, while an infinitude of injunctions, warrants, claims, and counter-claims gathered red-tape in the legislative capital. Government ineptitude, jealousy of foreign capital, and so on—the usual story. 'There will be nothing like that this time,' Godfrey assured me confidently. 'We've got the government fixed.' To impress upon me the delicacy and magnitude of those secret negotiations, he lowered his lids and regarded me through half-shut eyes.

"Privately, I wondered. But it was useless to express any doubt as to the sanguine program he sketched. He promptly opposed and annihilated my distrustful comment with a whirl of argument and statistics. I could only sit and listen while he painted with all his oldtime fervor that colorful alluring future. He unrolled like a panorama his vision of that new El Dorado, into the golden heart of which would pierce the long thin steel line of the *Ferrocarril Nacional*. Whereupon the land would drip fatness. He had only a couple of hours ashore, but he filled every minute of them with his prophetic dreams. And then he was gone, his tall figure making its way importantly along the water-front, leaving me quite bewildered, my ears still ringing with his fulsome words.

"A year went by, and at intervals there were echoes from Puerto Caballo of the revived *Ferrocarril Nacional*. Another year, and the echoes became less frequent. Just what was being done toward that vast scheme of development it was difficult to learn. More time passed, and the *Ferrocarril Nacional* became a sort of joke, a by-word on casual tongues, and then was dropped altogether. At times I wondered about Godfrey Jones and his fifteen thousand dollars that had been swallowed up in that ambitious but ill-fated venture. And then came the long years of the War, and everything else was forgotten. . . .

"Just this last spring, while making a trip to Colon, our vessel called at Puerto Caballo. The sight of that long, deserted pier and the little cluster of shacks at the landward end stirred my memories. I strolled ashore, thinking of Godfrey Jones, but hardly expecting to find trace or recollection of him after that long lapse of time. The *Ferrocarril Nacional*—or rather the rusted skeleton of it—still stretched its warped track toward the interior. A few decrepit freight cars, looted of their doors and movable parts, were huddled on a siding. And there was an abandoned "office" upon the front of which the words *Ferrocarril Nacional* had not quite faded.

Just beneath, I could make out a crudely painted picture of what must once have been intended to present a long and imposing train puffing its way into the heart of a continent. Much of the paint had flaked off in the weathering of years, but I recognized the unmistakable touch of Godfrey Jones' flamboyant imagination.

"I was staring at the thing when a long-time resident of the neighborhood—he proved to be a Frenchman and something of a recluse—happened along and observed my interest. He remembered Godfrey Jones. As for the railroad—he looked at me curiously, and shrugged his shoulders. The whole affair had been scandalously mishandled. There had been palpable fraud. Nothing had ever really been done. It had dragged along for years, with talk at times of rehabilitation. My new acquaintance shook his head. 'But Monsieur Jones would never give up faith in it,' he added simply. And then after a pause he ventured to ask if my friend, Monsieur Jones, had had a large investment in it. When I answered that I believed the sum was less than fifteen thousand dollars, it seemed to confirm some private opinion of his own. He nodded thoughtfully, and said aloud in his queer precise English, 'I was always of the impression that Monsieur Jones exaggerated his financial interest.'—'But it was all the money he had in the world,' I replied. My companion nodded again. 'I can readily understand. The railroad became everything in the world to him.' And then with that insight and terseness of phrase which the French display, he added, 'Monsieur Jones did not seem to have—shall we say—the capacity for losing hope.'

"He led me past the dismantled office to a small shack a little distance up the track. It was a sorry, dilapidated structure, with a roof of corrugated tin, and this had been the living-quarters of Godfrey Jones during the last years of his lonely but persistent stand as 'resident manager' of a railroad that had ceased to exist before it was really born. The roof was punctured with small holes. These, my guide explained, were due to the fact that Monsieur Jones had one night given shelter to a drunken *mozo*, and the fellow had amused himself by discharging the contents of Godfrey's revolver through the roof.

"The place was a mere shell of a habitation, but as the Frenchman went on I began to fit together a picture of Godfrey Jones in the last phase of that abandonment, facing the mounting count of years, his manhood and money gone, his vast hopes shrinking to an almost insane attachment to that rusted bit of track—which was to open up the heart of a continent. For he had clung to his dream—long after it had been cursed and forgotten by its other victims. In Godfrey's belief the great project could not die. New efforts—he argued because he hoped—were shortly to be made. Important foreign interests would bestir the government. And meanwhile the years dragged on. The construction implements and supplies of rails had long ago been seized and shipped to other ports. There remained a single small locomotive, a wood-burner of ancient pattern, relic of the days of the earlier *Ferrocarril Nacional*, and this Godfrey would stoke and drive by himself over the two or three miles of open track not yet overgrown by the vegetation creeping back to reclaim its primeval hold on the land. It was his one diversion—'quite comical, had it not been so pathetic,' my French friend explained. 'Doubtless he got—as you say, a thrill—from that absurd performance.'

"I recalled that first thrill of the infant Godfrey in the locomotive cab of that Sunday-school excursion train. 'He always had an ambition for railroading,' I said aloud. The Frenchman turned to me and threw out his hands. 'But imagine—!'

"He went on to tell me that it was an unhealthy part of the coast. Godfrey's

hair had turned quite white, and the malaria had eaten into his bones and all but finished him. He was but the wreck of a man—'*un vrai cadavre*'—driving that shaky and wheezing locomotive over the brief span of track that was a mere streak of rust fading out in the green of the jungle. 'Imagine!' said the Frenchman again.

"I imagined. I pictured Godfrey Jones in those absurd forays up the track, his aged and shrunken veins tingling with the thrill of setting forth upon his vast railroad—as if it led on into the heart of a continent. It was his one escape from the grim reality which had closed down upon him. Very likely, in that locomotive cab, when under full steam, he felt himself still young, with that golden mirage of his future accomplishment still before. And the end—not unhappily, I like to think—had come in one of those moments. A decaying rail, loosened from its ancient fastenings, had given way under the wheels during one of those furious excursions. The locomotive bounded off upon the ties, fell over on its side and lay still, and Godfrey Jones, clutching the throttle, lay still also."

Mr. Spence suddenly peered through the car-window. Electric street lights were glistening in the damp murky night, and the train was coming to a stop. "It's Wahbano!" He got up hurriedly and shook my hand. "Must get my bag. But don't forget. If you ever get down to Puerto Barrios, come into the consulate and see me."

He was gone, before I could realize that his story was ended. I remained with the vision of his short stocky body encased in blue serge disappearing through the green curtains of the doorway. A moment later, when the train had stopped, I had a last glimpse of him through the car-window. With a suitcase he was picking his way across the tracks, his collar turned up against the light drizzling rain. Then I noticed, waiting upon the station platform, an aged female figure toward whom he advanced. Evidently, Aunt Mathilda. He had to raise himself a little on his toes to bestow a kiss upon her cheek.

WHO OWNS AMERICA?

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

A FAVORITE nourishment once recommended to the young man setting out on his career was the "bread of independence." This bread is a food which is supposed to be eaten by those who acknowledge no master, who draw their sustenance from no man's pay-roll, who, in short, are their own bosses. The bread of independence was to be had, once upon a time, for the price of a little industry, a little thrift, and a little—a very little—daring.

Around commencement time last year I heard a very important business man addressing a group of young men. There was an old, a familiar flavor in his advice. He administered all the well-seasoned counsel about honesty, thrift, ideals, and then bade them watch for the favorable moment to strike out for themselves. "Go into business on your own account, however small," he said. "Learn to earn and eat the bread of independence."

Now that gentleman—and he is a very prosperous gentleman indeed—has never tasted of this bread in his life. He has passed all his days on some other man's pay-roll. He is a successful business man, to be sure. But he is not and never has been his own boss. He is and has always been an employee, though I am sure he does not think of himself as such. I notice another business man who has recently turned his hand to statecraft and who puts himself down as a "mill owner." Of course, he really looks upon himself as a mill owner. Yet he does not own and, so far as I know, never has owned any mills. He has some stock in a group of mills, just as you, perhaps, have some stock in a group of oil wells. Had he stuck to the simple truth he would have recorded himself as a "mill employee." He is an official in a mill-owning company—a very exalted official, entrusted with a very large share in mangement. But the mills of which he puts himself down as owner belong to a corporation in which he has a small percentage of the stock and which hires him to participate in the functions of control.

I saw an old photograph recently—one of those quaint, faded groups in dull gray and yellow tones—of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of a large city. They were all impressive and ponderous-looking gentlemen, costumed after the fashion when statesmen, bank presidents, and business leaders made up elaborately for their parts. What interested me most were their callings. All but two were merchants and manufacturers. But they were the kind of merchants and manufacturers who owned their own establishments. They were what were called independent proprietors. That is, they were the sort of men who ate this famous bread of independence. This led me to look up the directors of this same Chamber today. Surely if the bread of independence is being eaten anywhere it is by the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce. And yet, with a few exceptions, I found them to be employees—very important employees to be sure, but nevertheless, in the true sense of the term, members of the great fraternity of the pay-roll.

The simple truth is that the bread of

independence is passing away as an article of food. The old distinction between employer and employee is losing a little of its ancient meaning. We are now almost all employees from Judge Gary, who has a job with the United States Steel Corporation, down to the humblest office boy. The simon pure employer, the independent proprietor, is vanishing from our midst.

In the closing days of the last century, when socialism was recruiting briskly in this country, the effective argument against it among practical men was that, if it were set up as a system, the whole population would be reduced to the condition of mere employees of the government. Every little boy was supposed to have a chance, well within his reach, of becoming an independent proprietor. This was the prospect which stimulated ambition and induced men to work with a good heart. And this chance they were supposed to be unwilling to exchange for socialism or any other form of industrial society which would condemn them for life to the bond slavery of a job. I do not know how far socialism has lost its hold upon the affections of its American friends since that day. But it is quite obvious that the awful fate with which it was supposed to menace our people has overtaken them from another direction. We are all hopelessly job-holders, not indeed of the government, but of an entity quite as impersonal and frequently as remote. The corporations now are nearly, if not quite, the universal employers, and men are their hired hands.

II

There is a new cult among us. It is called Mass Production. Large-scale operations long have been recognized as a means of cheapening costs. But now the principle has been set up as a sort of industrial creed. It has been "taken up" by our business literati. It is the natural child of the machine and the new methods which machinery has set in motion. And this principle of mass production of itself is having a potent influence in reducing the number of our independent proprietors.

This is, of course, pre-eminently the factory age. Long ago the factory had absorbed the business of the small shop. Now it is taking over the functions of the home. If four of your neighbors eat soup to-night three of them will eat soup made in a factory. It will be the same with those who eat beans. The breakfast table is almost wholly under the dominion of the factory. It is so with many things once produced or performed in the kitchen and basement. Moreover, innumerable new industries are turning out motor cars, phonographs, radios, electrical apparatus, washing machines, office machinery, and the thousand and one devices which make of modern life an adventure in engineering. With new factories springing up everywhere, what, let me suggest, could be more certain than that the number of our factories has increased marvelously? And yet, surprising as it may seem, they have not. On the contrary, they have actually decreased in number.

Thirty years ago, with 63,000,000 people to be shod, we had twice as many shoe factories as we have to-day with twice the population. I could multiply statistics endlessly to the same purpose. The truth is that since the beginning of this century we have reduced the number of manufacturing establishments by 65,000.

Yet this does not give us an accurate picture of what is happening in those factories. For while the number is steadily diminishing, those which remain are being formed into groups under single proprietorships. As small figures are more easily understood, I take the group of factories making locomotives, engines, and airplanes. Ten years ago there were 446 separate establishments. Now there are but 249. Ten years ago there were 200 proprietors. Now there are but 45. There are one-half the number of factories. There are but

one-fourth the number of proprietors.

Now, while mass production is cutting down the number of factories, and consolidations are forming the surviving large units into great producing groups, the ownership of all is coming more and more into the hands of corporations. When Roosevelt went out of office, independent individual factory owners were making only 25 per cent of our product. Ten years later they were dividing a mere 13 per cent among them. Apparently, they are losing ground at the rate of about one per cent of our entire factory production a year. If this continues, the individual proprietor in manufacturing will be extinct in less than a score of years.

The last stand of the small proprietor, of course, is in the neighborhood stores. But the chain has broken into that field. Against this fast-growing giant the little merchant is waging a desperate battle. In his panic he has fled to Congress and state legislatures to prolong his tenure of life. In some states, in order to preserve him, efforts have been made to limit by law the number of chain stores which may operate in a given locality. In Congress wholesalers and retailers are actually asking the government in effect to prohibit chain stores by law from selling certain goods cheaper than their rivals. And the United States Chamber of Commerce has endorsed this plan and, I dare say, had the endorsement typed on a letter-head bearing its legend—"Less Government in Business." But the chains sweep on. In 1924 there were 384 separate grocery-store chain systems. In many cities one half the grocery business is in the hands of the chain stores. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Company alone opened 1100 new stores in 1924; 2200 in 1923, and 2266 the year before that. It is now the old-fashioned wholesaler and retailer combined against the chain. The former two eat up from 30 to 35 cents of every dollar in overhead, while the chain stores consume only half that much. It is not difficult to predict the outcome of such a battle.

Twenty-five years ago there were 25 drugstore chain systems. Now there are 327 and they have already devoured one-fifth of our drug business. The five and ten cent stores have killed off the little old-fashioned notion stores. And recently a gentleman who is known as The King of the Pitchmen—those picturesque journeyman merchants who sell on the curb from a suit case—complained to me that Woolworth had almost extinguished this ancient tribe of small proprietors.

There are shoe-store chains, cigar-store chains, bakery, restaurant, optical goods, shirt, necktie, silk, hotel, and theater chains. And now Mr. Filene, the far-seeing Boston merchant, says the department store will have to turn to the chain idea to hold its place. And it is doing so.

Even the professions are not exempt from the corporation. Years ago, when a thousand property owners died, they left a thousand executors, who hired a thousand lawyers to settle the estates. Now these same thousand decedents leave a single executor—some large trust company. The estate is piloted through probate ostensibly by Brown, Jones and Smith, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. But this firm is in reality just the legal department of the trust company, with offices in the trust company building and a pay-roll met by the trust company every Saturday, at the top of which appear the lofty names of Brown, Jones and Smith themselves. "Legal Departments" are springing up in all the larger corporations with "Attorney Generals" and a horde of lesser solicitors and barristers on the pay-roll.

The truth is that personal proprietorship is passing rapidly and with it the social order under which most of those now living were reared.

III

But if the corporations have swallowed us, we in turn are performing a

similar office for them. For while the corporations have been busily taking over business, the people no less industriously have been taking over the corporations.

There is a word which the campaign spellbinder loves to pronounce—that raucous Greek substantive of reproach—oligarch. Business is supposed to be in the grasp of a few ruthless oligarchs. There was a day when this was true of some types of business. But while the scourging of the oligarchs goes merrily on at the crossroads, the oligarchs themselves grow old and feeble and ineffectual. One need not have a gray beard to remember when railroads were just instruments in the tool-kits of certain picturesque adventurers. It was William K. Vanderbilt's boast that he owned outright 87 per cent of the New York Central Railroad which led to a legislative investigation and incidentally wrung from him his famous dictum about "the public be damned." The Great Northern was a sort of registered trade name for James J. Hill. Such men as Collis P. Huntington in the Southern Pacific, E. H. Harriman in the Union Pacific, Jay Gould in the Erie were looked upon as railroad proprietors. It is not so very long ago when six men—John D. Rockefeller, J. D. Archbold, Henry Flagler, Henry H. Rogers, Charles Pratt, and Oliver Payne—owned more than 51 per cent of the stock of the Standard Oil Company. But these and many more of the barons of industry are either dead or passing from power. A few of their fortunes, of course, remain intact. But more of them have given way under the strain of family quarrels, charitable bequests, unwise successions, and the inexorable corrosion of surtaxes and tax emptions. Meantime the vast organizations they left clamor voraciously for more and more funds in order to live and fatten and grow. And thus hordes of new partners are haled in from the highways—millions of them—so that the stake of the industrial leaders in the corporations grows daily smaller and they hold their control with an ever-diminishing percentage of stock.

This wide diffusion of stocks among the masses has had plenty of advertisement in these last half-dozen years. Most of the professional trumpeting has proceeded from the stock salesmen of the utility companies. And yet their share in the distribution of the actual ownership of industry has been quite unimportant. The light and power companies have indeed sold alone some 8,000,000 shares to a million new security buyers. But how much influence this has had on actual ownership may be seen from the following example.

Wichita gets its electric power from the Kansas Gas and Electric Co. That concern invites its customers to buy stock and actually sells them some 24,000 shares. These customers are then hailed as owners of their lighting utility, and doubtless there are men in Wichita who actually shed tears of patriotic pride over this sublime fruit of democratic finance. But as these shares were preferred shares, callable after a brief term and having no voting power whatever, they amount to little more than evidence of a loan. The ownership of the company remains precisely where it was at the start—in the American Power & Light Company which owns all the common stock. Now who owns the American Power & Light Company? Here again we find a large issue of preferred shares; but the ultimate ownership resides in the holder of the common stock, and this happens to be still another corporation—the Electric Bond and Share Company. And who owns its common stock? The Electric Securities Corporation. And who owns it? The common stockholders of the General Electric Company. Thus while the customers in Wichita are loudly proclaimed as owners, the actual property remains undisturbed all the time, through a series of holding companies, in the General Electric Company stockholders, and that without putting up more than a few hundred thousand dollars of the

$25,000,000 investment of the Kansas Concern.

But it is just at this point where the genuine diffusion of ownership takes place—not in Wichita where the customers have bought preferred shares, but at the General Electric where the ownership of the company, in the hands of less than 3000 stockholders two decades ago, is now in the hands of 36,000 stockholders.

What has taken place in the ownership of the General Electric is taking place in most of the greater business institutions. The voting stocks of the Pennsylvania Railroad are held by more than 145,000 people. This number is constantly growing, while the proportional holdings of the so-called insiders is constantly diminishing. The number of stockholders has almost doubled in ten years; the shares of the twenty largest owners has been more than cut in half in that time. To-day it is only a little over 3 per cent of the total stock issue.

The Great Northern, over which the great figure of James J. Hill once brooded, has 44,905 stockholders. The twenty largest between them hold a little more than 10 per cent of the stock. And Hill's son, the president, is not among them.

In the New York Central, where William K. Vanderbilt once owned almost nine-tenths of all the shares, the Vanderbilt family now possess about 6 per cent. The dominant figure is George F. Baker. His holdings are but 57,530 out of 3,048,327 shares.

There is no need to encumber this narrative with an endless multiplication of figures. The case of the Standard Oil will suffice. I have already adverted to the time when half a dozen men owned that immense agglomeration of dependencies. In 1911, just before the Supreme Court "dissolved" it as a trust, some 6078 stockholders made up its membership. Diffusion had already set in. But this still limited number owned the whole outfit—the Standard of New Jersey and its 33 satraps. Now, however, the stockholders in the Standard of New Jersey own only that company. There are separate sets of stockholders in all the others. And in the New Jersey corporation alone to-day there are a little over 40,000 stockholders. John D. Rockfeller, Jr. owns 11 per cent of the stock. About 13 per cent is scattered among various foundations. Altogether, the largest holders between them can pool about 30 per cent of the whole issue. The holdings of the present board of directors, including Jones, the Chairman of the Board, and Teagle, the President, aggregate just about two-tenths of one per cent. About $39,000,000 of this stock has just been delivered to employees, and these same employees are now on the way toward the acquisition of another such sum.

Of course one may say this condition is making itself felt only in the great transportation and utility corporations and those controlling the basic industries. But this is not so. It is making itself felt everywhere. The stocks of all sorts of companies are being dumped on the market. Some of them are carefully reserving control through clever but indefensible devices. But many others are not. But all the time, behind the scenes, and in the ordinary channels of security markets, stocks are being sold to large numbers of buyers whose purchases never get heralded in the papers or attacked in the magazines.

The process is being hurried along in the smaller concerns by other forces—by consolidations and by the vertical corporation. A dozen large stores—each a corporation but with a dominant stockholder—are merged into a holding unit. Additional stock is sold and now each of the old dominant figures is but a small holder of shares in the new combination.

And then you can never tell about one of those smaller corporations. Perhaps we behold John Smith open a little print shop. He sets up in small quarters

with little machinery and capital. For a few years you lose track of Smith. But presently he comes to your notice again. The little print shop with the humble legend "John Smith, Printer," has given place to an extensive establishment faced with the far-spreading sign of the John Smith Printing Company, Inc. There are great presses, scores of workmen. John Smith can be found in a luxurious office twice the size of his original shop. Or perhaps he cannot be found because he has gone to Florida to enjoy his midwinter breakdown. You ask yourself how this fellow Smith could have moved along so fast. You do not think for a moment that his corporate title conceals anything more than the pushing personality of Smith himself. Yet if you could know the truth, you would know that Smith, having battled valiantly against the multiplying odds of insufficient capital, gave up the struggle and submitted to incorporation. This involved an alliance with, let us say, the International Insurance Company under which it gives the new corporation all its printing, furnishes the capital, and takes 51 per cent of the stock. Smith becomes President. The outside world still thinks of him as owner of the business. But in fact he is just an employee who can be deposed for good or bad reasons, while the actual ownership of the business is vested in a corporation which belongs to Bill Brown out in South Bend, Indiana and thousands of other Insurance Company stockholders who never heard of John Smith and his print shop.

Thus the vertical corporation enters the field. A shrewd gentleman sets up a factory and manufactures automobiles. But many things go into the making of automobiles. Cars require wood. A corporation is formed to purchase forests. These must be timbered, sawmilled, planed. A corporation is formed to perform this function. This corporation can cut up more wood than the automobiles need. So another corporation is acquired to make furniture. And as furniture must be marketed, furniture stores are acquired. The motor corporation takes over iron and coal corporations. The iron corporation buys a railroad. The railroad corporation buys a steamship corporation. And these in turn own smaller corporations running hotels and laundries and grocery stores and what not. And thus the process goes on until what started out to be an automobile factory has become a vast tangle of corporate enterprises comprising textile mills and lumber mills, forests, railroads, steamships, electric-light companies, iron mines, shops, stores, banks, and establishments of every sort.

Now as this process goes forward and one corporation after another is devoured, the individual who once dominated it disappears as an important owning factor, and finally the requirements of the whole gigantic organization clamor for so much capital that the great man himself who set out to engineer the enterprise becomes submerged.

IV

These millions of persons—managers and journeymen and "black coat proletarians"—are buying up the stocks because there is nothing else for them to do with their money. The financiers are selling them stocks because there is no place else to go for money.

Once upon a time the capitalist was supposed to supply the brains, put up the money, and take the risks in the business adventure. I do not know how far he is supplying the brains to-day, but certainly he is not putting up the money or taking the risk—and this for the good and sufficient reason that he hasn't got the money. This may seem surprising. He has a great deal of money, of course, if we state it in terms of plain millions. But measured against the demands of our national business machine it is sadly insufficient. This mighty mechanism of steel and steam and electricity which we have built must

be fueled with billions yearly. Our railroads must have a brand new billion every year. Our light and power utilities must have their billion. Industries must have their billions. The people alone have money enough to pay the bills as we press forward on this grandiose expedition of material progress. To meet these bills it is the business of the financier to learn how to tap the treasure chests of the lowly. If every man in the country with an income over $50,000 a year were to put the whole sum into a great pot the total would be but little over a billion and a half. But of course such people do not do that. They spend huge sums upon living and luxury. If every income over $10,000 were to be piled up intact, the total would be about $6,000,000,000. But if we take the incomes under $10,000, we will find the gigantic annual total of about $40,000,000,000. It is from this $40,000,000,000 that the sinews of war now come, by way of stock and bond sales and from the savings banks and insurance companies.

V

If I have succeeded in getting on the canvas the general outlines of the picture I have in mind, then I have depicted a society in which the more important functions of production and distribution are passing into the hands of a few enormous corporate organizations and in which the ownership of those corporations is passing into the hands of the people—the same people who are the employees of those corporations, some as managers and some as subordinates. Here perhaps is a form of employee ownership which has not been considered.

Of course the process is not complete. But it is moving toward completion so rapidly that it is already giving its form and character to our civilization. At first all this may seem to be nothing more than a re-ordering of business—just a better arrangement under the magic touch of the efficiency expert. But that pestiferous individual, I suspect, has had little to do with it. It is something which cuts deeper than we conceive. It is a fundamental change amounting to a revolution.

First of all it means the passing of private property—at least property devoted to industry and trade—out of the hands of individuals and into the hands of impersonal ownership. For centuries men have hugged their possessions close to their hearts. Now a new being is being interposed between man and his property.

Considered in another sense, this is nothing less than a shifting of the tools of production. Ever since the Communist Manifesto the social reformer has railed at the entrepreneur who had seized from the craftsman the tools of his trade. The entrepreneur remains. But he is no longer a creature of flesh and blood—or blood and iron as some have been pleased to picture him. He is transmogrified into a legal fiction, an impersonal organism. That organism retains possession of the tools, but itself falls into the possession of the workers. It amounts to a social recapture of the tools.

Looked at in another aspect, it means the decay of capitalism. By capitalism I mean the system which favors the concentration of capital in the hands of a few. We are, to be sure, witnessing an astonishing centralization of industrial management. Impressive indeed have been the consolidations proposed this year. But they are as nothing compared to those which lie ahead. What we are having, however, is a centralization of management and a deconcentration of ownership.

Now I am not so naïve as to suppose that these owners have as yet captured any portion of control. But I perceive a change in control, nevertheless, hardly less important than the change in ownership. That kind of corporation supergovernment known as banker control still persists. The board of directors is supposed to be supreme and, for all

practical purposes, is self-perpetuating, though its tenure is usually regulated by the banking house which sits off in the shadows and pulls the strings. But this kind of control is declining. The banker came into the picture in the days when the corporations had to go to him hat in hand for money. The bankers controlled the highly centralized sources of supply. But now the sources of supply have been discovered to be almost as widely scattered as pay envelopes. The technic of raising money has been reduced to a formula by experts. And now in an increasing degree the banker is being called in as an expert in raising money rather than as a master. The power of the bankers over the directorates is waning. It may disappear sooner than we suppose. And then we shall have management in supreme control, and a management with no great property stake in the enterprise and an interest as different from that of the owners as was the interest of the old-time municipal officials from that of the citizens.

The control of the banker was frequently baleful. Most of the shameless looting of the past was under the direction of the banker interest. But it has also had its advantages. The banker so often represented more nearly than anyone else the interest of the owner. He was the one authority who could walk into the office of the President of the corporation as an owner might and ask for a report on the affairs of the business. With his passing from immediate control, ownership often remains unrepresented except in so far as the conscience and high character of the directorate may afford it protection.

VI

With management wholly unrestrained and irresponsible, what will be the result? Of course, there are those simple souls who can be shocked at the very suggestion of a business man being dishonest or incompetent like a mere city alderman. Under an older order of things when election laws were so framed that city officials were almost beyond the reach of their electorates, we know what they were. These corporation officials are made of the same clay as our public officials. Put them beyond the reach of their principals, and you will see the same human phenomena as is exhibited in politics. Of course we may well concede that the wise and honorable administrators will outnumber their less scrupulous brothers. But there will be enough of the latter to introduce into corporate management all of the abuses we have endured in municipal management. We shall behold—indeed they exist already—exorbitant salaries, padded pay-rolls, nepotism, waste, purchasing graft, neglect. Here and there this will be reflected in dividends, in shrinking surpluses, and declining stock values.

This situation and this possibility are discussed frequently among business men. And here, at the point we have reached, they usually leave the subject. When dividends stop, they insist the stockholder will do as he has always done—he will sell out. They are quite sure the stockholder will not plunge into a political battle to control the corporation and, I dare say, he will not. But what assurance have we that others will not see in the company's losses an opportunity to oust the existing administration and gain control themselves? Politics in corporations is not unthinkable. I know corporations which are seething cauldrons of politics. And as management becomes more completely divorced from ownership, I have no doubt the political elements in management will express themselves more freely.

But as this system which I have described becomes more general, the stockholder will begin to feel he has a status, not as the stockholder of any particular corporation, but as a stockholder in general, and that he has rights which require protection. It must be re-

membered there is now practically no form of investment open to a man but stocks and bonds. He cannot do as his father did with his four or five thousand carefully saved dollars. The old gentleman invested them with a friend in some small business, if he did not go into business himself. But now the small business is altogether too risky. Hence to-day if a man sells his stock in one losing venture he must find another stock to purchase. And he will conclude after awhile that this investment ought not to be exposed to the perils which beset the last disaster. He will feel all the more intensely about this because under the new dispensation he will hear almost as much about business management as he hears now about political management. All this being so, it will not be long before he develops a distinct character as a stockholder, just as he has developed a distinct character as a tax-payer. He will develop a stockholder's consciousness, if I may use a sadly overworked word.

When this point is reached, may we not expect some action from him? Those who suppose that ownership will remain indifferent and asleep are overlooking some very old and hardy elements in the human mind. We have a genius for organization in this country. Indeed, it is a mania. This exploited and unprotected stockholder interest will be discovered quickly enough by someone with the crusading spirit and, after some stumbling and blundering, it will find a way to express itself. We have already seen a railroad-security holders' association. Not long ago a railroad president thought he saw a stockholder interest which could be marshaled and led to Washington against Congress. There have been some attempts, I think, at stockholders' guilds.

And now I can point more clearly to what seems to me will be the ultimate development of all this. This diffusion of stocks is going to become so wide that after awhile we shall see all the business of the country owned by a legion of stockholders as numerous as the electorate. These stockholders will in fact constitute an electorate. The individual will find he has one set of votes in the political community—in its various subdivisions. He will have another set of votes in the industrial community. In the political community the voters are grouped according to geographical divisions. In the industrial community they will be grouped according to industries. The industrial constituency will require time to work out a system and formula for exercising its power. But to say that the ownership of industry will be in the hands of this constituency and that it will continue to supply the funds of industry but that it will never exercise its control, is to shut one's eyes to all the lessons of history. It is altogether a question of how this will be done.

Perhaps at first it may be through stockholders' unions. Or perhaps a page may be borrowed from the farmers' book and something resembling the Grange may appear. Perhaps we have already in our midst the institution which will be seized on as the readiest means to the purpose. It is a very old institution, though new in America, and it may well be the American will give it a new and special use out of the very necessities of his condition. I speak of the investment trusts. These may be developed to be gigantic investment institutions representing ownership entirely as distinct from management. In that event it is conceivable that because of their vast powers a quasi-public character may be conferred on them and their officials with an elaborately guarded electoral system for ensuring democratic representation in their counsels.

What is more likely is that some new form will be conceived capable of assuming the functions of this collective ownership. This form will have to deal with the primary problem of collecting the will of the electorate in the choice of representatives. This means it will

partake inevitably of the character of a political organization. At first there may be different organizations covering classes of industries but these finally will certainly work out some form of federal union. In the end we shall have the functions of government split into two divisions—purely political and industrial, controlled by two almost identical but differently grouped constituencies, one made up of the people as citizens, the other made up of these same people as owners.

We might press the inquiry farther and try to discover the points at which the two great constituencies and their representatives may come into contact and which one, finally, will achieve mastery of the other. But that is not necessary now. I have sought merely to make a drawing of the modern commercial state we are forming—a state in which we are producing a socialization of industry without socialism and an organization of society under private ownership without capitalism.

THE GIRL REMEMBERS HER DEAD LOVER

BY EDWARD DAVISON

OFTEN with damper paper, sticks, and straw
I have made shift ere now to build a fire:
There have been other mornings chill and raw
As this is, yet not one when dry desire
Smoldered so heavily in breast and limb,
Smoldered so heavily because of him.

The matches flare and splutter. Flame by flame
The thick smoke smothers them. Their stubs are strewn
About the hearth. . . . We play an ugly game,
Despair and I, frozen in brain and bone,
With dabbled fingers dicing all around
In yesterday's gray ashes on the ground

The coldness grows. The fire will never light,
And presently the house will be astir
With breakfast still to cook and nothing right
And all to do, though I am wearier
Than after a week's work or a long fever.
Would it were over and done with now forever!

ALICE HAMILTON, M.D.

CRUSADER FOR HEALTH IN INDUSTRY

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

DR. ALICE HAMILTON—an old-fashioned Scotch-Irish name. Can you see the woman who owns it—a lady in the early fifties with dusky black hair turned gray, hazel eyes serene and searching, profile of a classic gravity and purity—moving quietly about a square New England house that rises high among its elms above a wide, slow-flowing river, where a little ferry of grandfatherly cut plies unhurriedly from shore to shore? Frame the picture in carved walnut, scratch the delicate lines and shadows of the gentle, withdrawn face in dry point, and you will have one aspect—the retired, domestic, Victorian—of the leading American expert in one of the newest fields of scientific medicine: a doctor who by her rare combination of human gifts has been able to mitigate the danger of the lives on which American industry rests.

So, opposite the Hadlyme picture you must set another—or rather a reel of pictures that unwinds itself north and south, east and west, across the United States: a slender, tweed-clad figure walking intrepidly on narrow planks hundreds of feet above the ground alongside of vats of seething sulphuric acid; dropping down vertical ladders into the dense darkness of copper mines; crawling on hands and knees into remote stopes; listening in back rooms of saloons or union headquarters to strange tales in halting foreign tongues; listening with equal attention in polished offices to the fluent statistics of captains of industry. It has been Doctor Hamilton's fate in her public, humane, and scientific role to live the very opposite of the secluded life which her personal atmosphere seems to demand. Laboratories, settlements, mine corridors, factories, international congresses, medical schools, lecture platforms—in such tense centers of modern group life where human beings are struggling and striving together for pathological discovery, for social amelioration, for material and economic conquest and gain, for international understanding, have her best years been passed. In the interest of her special researches into occupational disease she has gone everywhere that a man could go—never considering herself a woman when it came to danger or fatigue—and to many where no male scientist would have wished to penetrate—never considering herself an "expert," with a dignity that must be preserved, when it came to sitting in the kitchen of a Mexican miner's wife. "Wine, silver, and homespun"—so a young journalist wrote of her.

Dr. Alice Hamilton is known and loved by many kinds and conditions of Americans. But the general public has barely heard of her—much less, for instance, than of her friends and associates of many years at Hull House, Jane Addams and Julia Lathrop. She is by training a reticent scientist, and she has never dramatized either her subject or her mission, though the former is highly sensational, lurid enough to provide thrillers for an adventure magazine. It isn't easy to make her give herself away. When asked by a designing relative what

compliment had pleased her most, she answered, "In a metallurgical magazine a smelting expert wrote, 'here is a woman writing on the metallurgy of lead who knows her job perfectly.'" And she added that, if she were successful in her work, it was because she always learned all there was to know about every trade before she began to make her visits to the plants. Call this feeling for the technic of a profession artistic or scientific, as you like, it remains true that Alice Hamilton's work is at least as well known and valued in European countries whose "unprogressiveness" many Americans despise—but where human life is nevertheless held dear and its protection carefully assured—as in the land of the free.

Certainly, this doctor is the woman in American public life whom one would most wish to present to a scientific Frenchman; if only to prove to him that in a land where professional women are borrowing, perforce, so many hard and objective qualities from the other sex, there is one lady of the old school who has made an exquisite and easy adjustment of both sides of life—the tough and the tender, the hard work and the human relations—without sacrificing the virtues of either. Alice Hamilton has neither renounced her inborn graciousness nor used it ignobly, and her mellow cultivation, her fine, exact, smooth-working mind, her perfect simplicity and humbleness of character, her honesty of speech tempered with consideration, added to her complete competence in her subject, would fill a Frenchman with respect.

But if he wished to know (as he would) why it is to this quiet woman more than to any scientist of the other sex that we owe the beginnings of our growing, if still imperfect knowledge of the horrible forms of disease, dissolution, and death which modern industry has sown like dragons' teeth across the whole broad surface of our country, I should ask him to listen to Doctor Hamilton's voice. A rich voice, drawing much, like her face and presence, from the generations behind, but with undertones of pity and irony which float out like harp notes when the springs of compassion are touched. These poignant notes—though they may have echoes of an ancient Irish tale of sorrow and revolt—seem born of the agony and fury of an age that values machines and their products: material objects like steel rails, smokeless powder, lead paint, knockless gasoline—before the brief and tender lives of men.

II

In H. G. Wells' recent novel, Doctor Devizes, the modern scientist, sums up his personal philosophy to Christina Alberta, the modern girl, in terms that Alice Hamilton might well subscribe to: "I do not want to be a brilliant person. I want to be a vital part." And then, "You'll never run parallel with men, you free women," he continues. "You've got to work out a way that is different. Different down to the roots." This was certainly not the creed of most of our early suffrage and educational leaders. It is not that of the Woman's Party today, nor yet of most of the women who have a share in the regular political parties. These types of feminists have frankly worked for parallelism and for power. Their inward urge to bring women exactly to men's level, to extend feminine sway through the sharing of masculine responsibility provided a potent force at a time when high explosives were no doubt necessary to blast and transform the very contour of our national life. But that day is done. The young woman of the hour, who comes naturally into political rights and educational advantages and who takes her job as a matter of course may find the life of Alice Hamilton more suggestive and illuminating than that of Susan B. Anthony or Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. This doctor, too, is a pioneer. She belongs very definitely to the younger branch of that ardent generation which was suddenly compelled to abandon

well-tried domestic paths. But, consciously or not, the intellectual and the detached aspects of her mind have increasingly served the more instinctive feminine side, and the intuitive being she harbored almost unawares in the early years has from the beginning seemed impelled to make her a persuasive rather than an assertive innovator; a conservationist; a guardian of the race.

Nevertheless, the outline of her career reveals that she has never stopped pioneering. The chair which she now holds at the Harvard Medical School was created for her immediately after the war: the first, and so far the only, woman to be invited to that conservative medical faculty. Her book on Industrial Poisons, a weighty and significant work published in 1925, was in its background largely derived from years of investigation of Poisonous Industries for the Federal Department of Labor, for which she was the first woman investigator in the field. Yet it is as if these honors and attainments meant nothing to her in themselves, nothing to her as objectives. They have not been her life, as a man's honors are his life, but by-products of her life. Alice Hamilton was not born a reformer, though she may have been born with the scientific spirit. She has developed slowly. Her career has followed the gradual evolution of a mind that primarily sought knowledge, not conflict or domination; and finally, out of deep, out of earnest, out of piercing conviction, sought to share its knowledge and make its wisdom prevail. When she left the genteel shelter of Miss Porter's boarding school at Farmington, Connecticut, for a mid-western coeducational medical college, it was indeed far from her thought or ambition to achieve a position of authority in American industry, and an Assistant Professorship of Industrial Medicine at Harvard University. Even now she must often wonder to herself how in the world it came about that a girl brought up in Fort Wayne, Indiana, by a father interested only in poetry and history and free discussion, and a mother interested only in modern languages and fresh air, should have turned into an expert in lead processes, and become, in her maturity, a sort of special adviser and ambassador to the "hardest-boiled," the most practical, and unimaginative set of men in these United States.

Alice Hamilton's Scotch-Irish grandfather came to his small Indiana town as a young man, and gradually the large Hamiltonian clan assembled about him: a distinguished, vivacious group of cousins, whose rich and carefully articulated speech and highly intellectual atmosphere suggested foreign origins. Moreover, Alice Hamilton's father and her mother, who was an eastern woman, did not believe in schooling. "We were expected," writes Margaret, one of Alice's sisters now of the Bryn Mawr School of Baltimore (every member of this family of four sisters and one brother, by the way, has been connected with education), "to *know* literature—French, German and English—to know history by reading all the many books about us. One did not study these subjects; they were to be read and enjoyed. Modern languages were learned by conversation and reading. Latin and mathematics were our only lessons. This curious method of education made for hard work on our part. We were determined to be educated. It made for independence of mind, as we had to answer our own questions, solve our own problems. Alice remembers one task set her by her father, when she was fourteen years old—to seek what proof of the doctrine of the Trinity she could find in the Bible. Her first piece of research! We heard all the topics of the day discussed: Free Trade, England and Expansion, the Democratic Party. We learned to fight for our education. All interest, all excitement in our restricted small-town life came to us through books and ideas."

This type of education would naturally have led Alice Hamilton into pure science; and this was, in fact, her start-

ing point, in spite of her halt at Farmington. One of her schoolmates there remembers the profound impression made upon the more worldly New Yorkers, whose heads were full of husbands and "coming out," when this lovely (though a bit countrified) young Alice, with her melting Irish looks, declared in her deep, clear voice her ambition to "go everywhere and know all sorts of people, maybe as a medical missionary to Persia or maybe in the slums of New York or both," but never to settle down till she had seen the world of men. She herself thinks that her choice of a career was almost accidental. She and her sister Edith, who shared her "finishing" at Miss Porter's, decided that they wanted "a larger life," and that it could only come through a profession. There were but two openings for women at that time, teaching and medicine. But teaching was restricted to one milieu and perhaps one sex, and Alice wanted something more. So she elected medicine and entered the school of the University of Michigan at twenty-one. From there she went to Germany to study bacteriology and pathology, and thence to what she describes as the most exciting year of her life—an interneship at the old-fashioned New England Hospital for women in Boston. It was her first adventure in an American city, her first contact—through the clinic—with poor working people.

One of her fellow internes, a Russian woman, who later also became associated with Hull House, describes the surprising arrival in the prim corridors of the hospital of "a very, *very* pretty young girl," accompanied by a young man whom she affectionately kissed good-by, under the shocked eye of the stodgy women doctors. "My cousin"—the Hamiltonian pronunciation of this word seems to elevate it for the ear into a sort of royalty. One of the most striking things about this quaint young interne, so modest and so unsophisticated, and yet, after all, so sure, was her "desire to know." "*Tell me everything*"—over and over she insisted, as if the need to understand and to penetrate others' lives and points of view were an essential need. And what she came to know about the varieties of human experience by this power of identification which was at once objective and sympathetic, she *accepted* with tolerance—however at variance with her own thought and habit. Add to her discovery of the fascination of human beings in the clinic and the hospital, a passion, newly discovered, too, for babies, for any babies, however sick or dirty; a revolt against benighted elders; and a clear-cut vision that she did not want to practice medicine because of the responsibilities for human life involved, and you have the substance of Alice Hamilton's year as an interne.

III

Her next act was to accept a teaching position at the Women's Medical School of Northwestern University in Chicago, and to apply, simultaneously, for a residence at Hull House. This latter step was crucial. Once taken, the logic of her destiny was inescapable. The settlement was about eight years old at this time, and already so famous that Alice Hamilton was convinced that it could not accept so insignificant a unit as herself. Yet she had boldly to try: for something like an irresistible desire impelled her to join Jane Addams, in her then revolutionary job of bringing the constructive illumination of the age of science to those too crushed and impotent to grasp it for themselves. If the psychologists are right in maintaining that our lives move in inevitable repetitions of the same cycle, established by our early years, it seems that Alice Hamilton, in entering Hull House, was in a sense returning to an enlargement of that big, discursive, and somewhat feminized pioneer family where she had grown up. Here, too, was a remarkable group of independent women and a few clever, high-minded men; here were sustaining

and varied friendships that came very close to the rounded human family life; here was acute and radical discussion on every controversial subject. What Hull House added was, of course, what Alice Hamilton had found in her Boston clinic—an intense and humane concern for people, especially for those who had small chance in this world. Books and ideas abounded in that sober background of Morris browns and greens, but the chief interest of the residents came through a different channel.

The young doctor took no vows when she entered Hull House, but her special duty as a resident was to wash Italian babies in the basement on Saturday mornings—the only day when she did not teach—and she frankly says that nothing she has done before or since has given her so much satisfaction. In addition, she experimented with infant feeding, and gradually took on the task (one that no doctor of the stronger sex would have imagined) of herself conducting the sick children to hospitals and dispensaries. In short, she developed a sort of child health center at a time when there was no such institution in Chicago, and no social service in hospitals. Yet there was never any question of her abandoning her own scientific line in favor of "pure settlement work." She was conscientious in her teaching, and when she left Northwestern, went, in 1903, to the Memorial Institute for Infectious Diseases, where, under Dr. Ludwig Hektoen, she undertook serious scientific research.

Doctor Hektoen respected this young woman's approach. She made the utmost of the problem in hand; her results were clear, complete, logical, well-arranged, re-enforced by her power of wide scientific reading in foreign tongues and fields. Her first research was on typhoid, her problem being to get actual confirmation of the then unproven hypothesis that flies carry typhoid bacilli. This work, done in connection with the practical study of one thousand homes in the Hull House district, where an epidemic was raging at the time, and where specimen flies were carefully collected for the scientist in the tenements, had highly successful results, both pragmatic and scientific: The problem was proven and the district and the city administration were "cleaned up."

But Alice Hamilton was coming to realize that "pure research" was not a field in which she could hope to make a contribution important enough to compensate for the absolute and narrow abnegation of human relationships which such a career demands. She well knew by this time that she was more a member of Miss Addams' family than she was a teacher or a research worker. The emotional center of her life was not in a laboratory or a class room. The human need at Hull House in the days of its strenuous youth was inescapable. One of the Italian babies whom she unsewed from her swaddling clothes many years ago recently used to me of her friend the same words used by the fellow-interne: "Ever since I was a baby she has *wanted to know* everything—just everything; when she comes back now, the first thing, she takes you up to her room and makes you tell everything—how your job is, and about the boys, and all about your sinus and your family." And there were many neighborhood problems more pressing than Francesca's. Desperate evidence of the casual and destructive methods of American industry confronted the settlement worker at every turn. Alice Hamilton well remembers the increasing feelings of anger and revolt with which she used to pass the unregenerate Pullman factory of those days.

And then one day, an English book, Sir Thomas Oliver's *Dangerous Trades* came into her hands, and provided the key for which she had been half consciously waiting. *The industrial poisons which Oliver described and the damage they were doing to working people must be as common in America as in Europe. They were going on, unchecked and unregarded, at the very gates of Hull House.* And here

was her specific pioneer opportunity, here was her inevitable professional choice: to bring pathological science into direct touch with working men and women.

The opening came shortly afterwards in the year 1910, through the appointment of a commission to study the industrial diseases of the state of Illinois. Alice Hamilton, becoming its special investigator, made a study of all the industries using lead and arsenic in that state; and of course the vibrant, determined group-consciousness of Hull House, directed as it was towards social reconstruction, was behind her in her difficult new venture.

Indeed, it may be said that without Jane Addams and her great humane and personal sway, Julia Lathrop and her terse and vital humor and fine political intelligence, Alice Hamilton would have been undoubtedly less effective as a social force. She was not naturally a speaker or a propagandist: she became one only because she must. So, in the autumn of the same year—before the first American state law for the protection of workers in poisonous industries was passed in Illinois, as a result of the commission's work—Mr. Neil, the United States Commissioner of Labor, went to Brussels to attend an International Congress on Industrial Hygiene, and learned there two startling things: first that his country was years behind all the civilized world in its knowledge of the dangers of industry and of the ways to protect workers against them; second, that there was an American woman reading a paper who showed that she already knew something about the subject.

And that is how Alice Hamilton ceased to be a regular resident of Hull House and became an employee of the government, for eleven years undertaking for the Department of Labor a series of investigations of poisonous trades that took her into practically every state in the union and every industrial center.

IV

Doctor Hamilton's first five years of research went largely to the study of lead: smelting and refining, making of white and red lead, glazing and decorating pottery and tiles, enameling bathtubs and sinks, the painter's trade, the printer's trade, making storage batteries, compounding rubber. From 1916, when the speeding up of munitions for the Allies began, until the Armistice, she studied explosive and shell plants, and airplane works using poisonous dope. After the Armistice the new and important aniline dye works claimed attention; then came studies of carbon-monoxide gassing in steel mills and coal mines and elsewhere. With the Harding Administration her governmental connection ceased, but she has, along with her Harvard professorship—which presumably also grew out of the war and the increased interest in the lives of workmen—continued to make numerous independent investigations. As, for instance, of mercurial poison in the making of felt hats and the mining of quicksilver. But the mercury miners of California are no more interesting to her than the granite cutters of Vermont, or the potters of New Jersey. Incidentally, she has studied her subject in eight industrial countries of Europe, and knows the textile mills of Japan—everywhere seeing industry and the workers from the inside, with barriers of race broken down by a common preoccupation.

This accomplishment, especially viewed as "woman's work," is staggering. The mere knowledge of varied technical processes—quite apart from the clinical picture and the pathological data—could only have been acquired by a mind that had a power-to-absorb—an objective understanding—as remarkable as its wanting-to-know—its high, adventurous curiosity. And yet it is probable that only a woman could have done Doctor Hamilton's job. Always she has had to make her way by tact, persuasion, patience, intuitive imagination, rather

than by authority. The Federal Government had no authority to send her into any factory, and there was little information as to what poisons were in use or where. The European literature, so useful on the physiological side, was not of much other practical avail, because of the differences in American and European technic. Trades that were dangerous there proved not to be so here, and the reverse. The information she was in search of was nobody's business but that of the owners, who had never thought of that aspect of industry and were genuinely bewildered by any hint of criticism. Few were really callous, though one manufacturer did assure her that he never used lead in the manufacture of bathtubs and showed her workrooms where leadless paint was used on the outsides of the tubs—concealing those where the insides were enameled in a terrible lead atmosphere. Others, and these were the majority, were ready and eager to improve conditions, provided she could give them the weight of evidence. But they were realists and they all "had to be shown."

She tells a story of one lead plant where conditions were peculiarly outrageous, the air thick with white lead dust and no facilities for washing, no lunch rooms. The superintendent, who was taking her about, perceiving her distress, said consolingly, "Well, we've got one place here you'll like"—and he conducted her to a luxurious white-tiled stable full of sleek animals. "There's *nothing*," he said, "Mr. Blank wouldn't do for his horses." Yet even Mr. Blank, when the true conditions of his industrial workers were revealed to him, made all the changes that the doctor suggested. This "showing" has been Alice Hamilton's long suit, in spite of the immense difficulty of obtaining accurate data. We lack the sickness-insurance system which obtains in all the industrial countries of Europe, and which automatically brings to light the incidence of illness of all kinds in all types of workers. Not one American hospital in twenty keeps the records which yield the information needed by the industrial toxicologist. Physicians in private practice have given her the most help, especially the humble foreign doctors. (Company doctors, as she soon found, are often unwilling to give out facts which may be damaging.) Apothecaries, visiting nurses, charity workers, undertakers, priests have furnished their quota of evidence. The most important information has naturally come direct from the workers, and no saloon and no tenement has been too sordid for her to penetrate.

The foreign-born workers and union officials were primarily as suspicious as the employers, but she has ever won their confidence—as she did that of the owners—by her sympathy and her true neutrality and her expert capacity. A man of forty, shrivelled into the aspect of eighty by lead poisoning, could tell her his whole story. But so could the mine owners in wild Western towns tell her of their investment of strenuous labor and capital and the constructive imagination which made their ventures possible. Thus in a subject in which nobody, it seems, can be impartial—where apple pie and late hours are blamed for lead poisoning and all employers are devils—she has managed not to antagonize either side; and so to make protective measures possible, and save many lives. The greatest tribute to her mental integrity came during the war when, in spite of her avowed and fervent pacifism, her study of munition plants for the Department of Labor was unquestioned.

The bare outline of her investigations, the restrained chapter headings of her book, the cold statistics of death and disease, the list of unpronounceable poisons which the complex processes of modern industry are engendering conjures up a vision of the abyss of insecurity on which our pleasant and comfortable material American civilization rests. Our houses, our clothes, our heat, our light, our motor cars, our newspapers—all these things, which seem points of stability on this whirling planet are

really points of acute danger for the lives that produce them. The more forward-looking states have gradually passed protective legislation that is responsive to Doctor Hamilton's quiet work, and to the more awakened spirit of the age. But in many states the laws are still only partially effective in controlling the ill-disposed employer, and even in the year 1926 the fate of the American workman is largely dependent on the good will of the individual owner, who sometimes still regards his business as his private property, and, as Alice Hamilton says, "values things more than life." Even now, there is no federal or state agency with both authority and expert knowledge to investigate new poisons in industry. This is still left to the public-spirited employer or to the individual scientific investigator.

It is well that America should have one scientist objective enough to rise in a stormy congress and urge that if England was able, in war-time, to discontinue airplane processes which proved prejudicial to health, Americans should in learning how to take the knock out of gasoline take time enough not to kill working men by the way. Somehow, her earnest, unsentimental courageous speeches manage always to convey a sense of the preciousness of every human life. Stop a minute, the undertones command. These statistics I am giving you are not marks on paper: they are men and women, fragile creatures of flesh and blood. See what you are greedily and needlessly destroying.

In the increasing radiation of her activity, Hull House, where she still spends several months in the year, has remained the home of her spirit. In 1915 she went through the warring countries of Europe with Miss Addams, visiting all the capitals except Petrograd in an attempt to sound the possibilities of neutral arbitration. Soon after the Armistice—before the Peace Treaty was signed—she attended with her the International Congress at Zurich of the League for Peace, in which German and Austrian women participated. In 1919, shortly after the Treaty, she made with Miss Addams—backed by Hoover and the Quakers—a first-hand study of the effect of starvation on the Germans. As a member—again the only woman member—of the Health Committee of the League of Nations, Alice Hamilton sails every year to Geneva before her Harvard term begins. Last year after Geneva she visited Bolshevik Russia, at the invitation of the Department of Health, to study the control of industrial disease, and found much to admire.

The indications are that in the next quarter of the century many young women will express their emotions, as Doctor Hamilton has done, in the rigorous terms of science. As social settlements and social work of vaguely altruistic cast have declined, the enrollment of women in medical and public health schools has increased. It was ever a cardinal principle of Hull House to abandon any piece of pioneer work (as, for instance, Doctor Hamilton's informal child-health work was abandoned) when it was adopted into the program of other agencies in the community. I remember a banquet in Jane Addams's honor at least ten years ago when the social workers were told in no uncertain terms by their great leader that the chief desire and hope of a settlement worker should be the day when settlements were no longer necessary. Alice Hamilton, as a member of the Hull House family, and in her own right as a disciplined thinker, has by her application of scientific method to dark places, by her making known of what before her was actually not known in the American community brought that day perceptibly nearer.

JUNGLE COMMONWEALTH AND JUNGLE MARRIAGE

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

IT IS commonly believed throughout the white-man's world that all peoples who live in thickly forested regions are savages. "Primitive" and "barbaric" are alternate adjectives which carry the same meaning. The average citizen infers that these races are "low on the scale of civilization." Learned gentlemen rise to remark portentously that the sun near the equator has something to do with this sad state of affairs . . . forgetting for the moment that few regions ever suffer the intense heat of a hot New York summer's day. Traders return from the tropics in a high state of irritation at the "savages" who have refused to buy their shoddy at outrageous prices. Missionaries whine about "benighted heathen." All these worthies are wrong.

In 1763 a private colonization society transported twelve thousand Alsatian peasants to French Guiana. The settlers were selected on a basis of sound health and good sense. Two years later two thousand survivors went home to France. Ten thousand had died. French Guiana was pronounced unfit for a dog.

The Alsatians were not acclimated to the tropics and they brought with them insufficient supplies and tools. These faults contributed enormously, of course, to the disaster. But the essential cause of the failure was lack of government.

In the tropics Nature is jealous. Man can possess little and must work valiantly to keep that. The Alsatian colonists found that in the new country the place itself—the mood of Nature there—set the first limit to possessions. Human effort by itself counted for strangely little.

A complete reversal of the fundamental belief in man's supreme place in the universe was vital to survival. But the revolution of soul essential to such a change of thought was impossible for those simple French farmers. It has been impossible for all white men, singly and in groups, who have tarried on the sweating belly of the world. In the jungle Nature is first, man second. Only the Negro knows that. He, alone among all peoples, has reared his spirit in that stern but quiet tutelage. So he alone survives.

The Alsatian colonists found to their sorrow that the forest breeds envies. Those who had least took from those who had little. The religion and law of Europe which they had brought with them proved woefully inadequate. Both failed in a land where man is not pre-eminent. The colonists were good and kind folk, but here they fought and stole and murdered and wept and died. So only a few went home at last. French Guiana has never recovered from that first stinging defeat. It is still a marshy place of emptiness and sorrows.

In contrast, the Bushnegroes of Surinam, the territory immediately adjoining French Guiana, never murder. They never steal. They never weep, for they have no things to cry for lack of having. The rare exceptions to the rule do not change it. The jungle negroes of

Suriname have evolved a system of forest law and government that is adapted to their environment.

Paths in the forest must be cut through with knives. Even by this means it is impossible to make better progress overland than two miles in a day. And, at the end of a month, if the path has not been carefully tended, it will have utterly disappeared in new growths of bramble and vine. Even canoes on the river are a slow and arduous method of traffic. So widespread social units are impossible. There are in all about two hundred Bushnegro villages, remotely separated over an area of ten thousand square miles. Each is inhabited by a few related families. These villages are little more than geographical units without special social significance. The Bushnegro family is, first, last, and always, the only true basis of society.

II

Each village is much like the others. If you work your canoe close within the warm green shadows of the bordering forest wall away from the blinding glare of middle river, you may see, if you look carefully, where they are hidden. In the dry season the tangle where the forest slopes down to the water in a huge terrace of vine and bramble is broken in a half-moon curve. A little place of trodden mud is visible at the shoreward cup of the bend. A huddle of hewed-out wooden canoes, like a heap of pointing jackstraws, pulled a little way up the shore, points to a narrow path that disappears at once among the trees. Across this path is a dried branch of palm set horizontally upon two forked sticks. This is the *asung-pau*, the barrier against evil phantoms. There is no other sign of human life.

In the rainy season the place is still less evident. The river itself has risen so that it follows the path farther than one can see, makes of it a way of blackened mirrors reflecting slow shimmering images of leaves.

There are no sentries. The Bushnegroes have no enemies except the phantoms, and the palm-barrier successfully guards against them. The path is narrow. The fact of the fiery sun beating down upon the ceiling of the jungle becomes incredible. A little way overhead the trees arch over, the lianas interlace, the passion flowers make their vivid canopy. The muddy way is like a tunnel, sparkled by the darting forms of bright-colored lizards. It is cool, the light is twilight green. There is no sound except the pallid whispering of the river behind. But the consciousness of life is there. Not human life. The village beyond, until you are full upon it, gives no evidence of its existence. But this is the jungle. Ground rats sleep in noonday quiet in the brambles and the moist black loam. Upon the branches of the great trees a hundred snakes, black and green and gold and red, monstrous as dragons and tiny as worms, coil invisibly and rest until the coming of the dark when they will glide abroad. Among the loftiest branches howling red baboons rest their mighty throats as they cling with their tails and idly crunch the monkey-nuts. None of these creatures is to be seen, for, luckily, all Guiana beasts are nocturnal in their habits. But the night has said many times that they are here. The soft live breath of the air along the path tastes and sounds as if it came from living, myriad mouths.

A deep trench in the earth at either side of the way farther on shows that the village is just beyond. The trench is square and marvelously straight. A man would find it hard to leap across its width and it would be dangerous to stumble into it after dark, for it is as deep as a man is tall. Here clay is dug to stop cracks in the houses beyond against the storms. Methodically it has been dug and sunk far down so that night monsters of the river and the land will find this a barrier to sudden raids.

And then, without warning, one comes upon the village.

The clearing where it stands is not large. You may see the great trees that mark its farther boundary a few hundred feet ahead. The high jungle wall continues all around in a sweeping curve until it comes back on either hand to where you stand and meets above the path. The sun is here. It stamps out broken patterns on the pounded brown earth between the many trees that have been left. The little houses cluster half in shadow, half in sun. They are part of the forest. They would be tiny anywhere, but here against the jungle they seem like playthings. Yet they are singularly fitting. No human thing could rival the trees. It would be a vain impertinence. The huts are content to belong.

No house is quite like its neighbor. Each roof slopes sharply, but some touch the ground on either side, while others stop at straight walls that rise many feet from the earth. The roofs are made of a thick thatch of maripa palm branches closely overlaid. The walls are cornered by stout uprights hewn laboriously from some orange-tinted tree, and are sealed with a close wattle of the same palm branches as the roof-thatch. Here the dried fronds are skillfully woven into a tight basketry. Each house has a single entrance—a breast-high doorway. Usually the panels that surround the door are carved in exquisite relief to resemble the lovely curves the vines make among the trees. The roofs of some houses extend a yard or so beyond the door and make a porch where the old men sit for their long palavers. One house in the clearing is always larger than the others. It is built more sturdily, and the carvings that decorate it are more beautifully executed. This is the headman's hut. He has constructed his own mansion, helped by no one outside of his own family. The headman can do such things—that is why he is ruler of his town—he is better than his fellows.

Not far away from the *granman's* hut is another shack with jutting porch roof. This second hut is not nicely built. It wants mending near the corners and the thatch is threadbare and loose with long weathering. This is where the witch-man lives. Drums, pots, strange sticks, and white patches on the ground where the milk of the *pimpa-toti* stone has spilled tell you the house is his. Small wonder it is untidy. The witch-men have more vital concerns than housekeeping; they are wise in curious and more important ways; it would be absurd if they wasted themselves on commonplace things.

Inside the huts the heat is stifling. The doors are always kept tight shut and there is no other way for cool air to enter. But who would not prefer this slight discomfort to the unpleasantness of wild boars, jaguars, and a dozen other dangers that wander at night? Besides, a house is primarily a place to store possessions. No one would think of wasting time indoors, day or night, that could be lived out under the canopy of sky.

The women have their cook-houses—great wall-less sheds—where little fires burn under big round sheets of iron on which the cassava cakes are baked. Here they sit all day long, nursing their babes, pounding rice, grinding flour, sweating agreeably. In the shade of the banana and bread-fruit trees that grow before the shed brown babies kick gleefully in the brown earth. They always rose and fled with blood-curdling yells when my wife and I, cork-helmeted outland *baakraa*, made our appearance unannounced. The babies had never seen such extraordinary and unpleasant apparitions before. Though of course one is wise in many things and walks and runs and eats anything at one year old, one is emphatically not familiar with the indecency of a traveler's wife who wears trousers! The traveler himself, with a glaring helmet and heavy knee boots, is nearly as alarming. He carries a little black instrument which he points with, no doubt, the fiercest designs upon fragile baby-spirits. The instrument is a *baak-*

raa camera, but that, if one only knew it, is worse than doubt.

But as the mothers and fathers of the village, with a few exceptions, seem untroubled, so the childrens' fear soon merges into gaping curiosity. The women in the cook-shed go on with their work even though many of them have never seen white strangers before. We are expected. The tom-toms that drummed last night across the jungle warned all the villages of our coming. Long before our canoe reached the mud slope at the foot of the path to the town, these women and their men knew who we were and what was our strange and unprofitable business. The witch-men had broadcast in an hour of moonlight the news of our destination, what we wore and looked like. The entire district knew our boatmen's names. The whole tribe had been assured we came on a harmless mission. When we arrived in person we were visual curiosities only. We had long since ceased to be news. Bushnegro journalism shames the most valiant efforts of European and American press services. Within a few hours of our arrival in Bushnegro territory the tidings spread over more than two thousand square miles of the impassable land.

III

At last the headman rises from a low stool before his house and comes forward, followed by several young men of the town.

The *granman* is past middle years but he is erect and strong. His legs are conspicuously slender, but his back and arms and shoulders are magnificently developed. The young men are like him in this. It is because the Bushnegroes seldom walk. There are no paths except the river path. In a canoe the legs do nothing while the arms and shoulders force the paddles into the stream. The headman wears nothing but a loincloth, made of patches of vari-colored calico sewed so as to juxtapose the brightest tints. His sable-brown body glistens with clean good health. His chin is darkened with a meager frizzled beard, his graying hair is cut close to the scalp. His eyes are appraising and wise, but very gentle. His smile is welcoming. He greets the travelers as uncle and aunt, thus tendering them the most honorable names he knows.

The young men are quietly cordial. They are mildly curious, but they do not really care one way or the other about us or our business. They have often seen white people at the big city down the river. They know outlanders are an unimportant lot who think they will die if they leave their hats off.

Some of these young men are the *granman's* sons. But they are not members of their father's family.

The discovery was made in West Africa during the dawn of time that a strong man with strong sons provides a danger which may disrupt a whole society. The negroes' philosophy teaches them that though a man may seek power in the jungle, he can never achieve it. The gods will soon be angry at the impertinence and the ambitious one will die. But when widespread quarrels grow out of man's ambition many innocent ones also die, and afterwards still more souls are weary and go away, for in time of war the cassava fields are left empty and crops fail for want of tending. Then there is no food for a whole season. Nothing will have been gained and much will have been lost. Nature makes sure there will be no lasting hierarchy of a rivaling power.

All this was foreseen and the social order formed accordingly. The wise men and women of the Bushnegroes of long ages ago formed laws that erect an impassable wall against the will-to-power of men. They know that the strongest ambition is built of perishable stuff. No man will strive very hard to gather things and powers unto himself if he knows the whole structure of his effort will crumble away when he dies. Accomplishment is satisfying for a period —but the effort falls at the prospect of

utter vanity. Kings conquer for their princes, for in them they foresee eternity. The Suriname Bushnegroes believe this is true, so they have destroyed the danger of kings by divorcing the father from his children. The "matriarchal system," as our awkward phrase has it, accomplishes this end without heartbreak or any sense of deprivation. Nor does society suffer in any way.

The forest negro has, however, no dread of greatness if it be greatness of the spirit and the mind. Their systems allow for this sort, because the negro of the woods is wise enough to know that the thirst for the quiet supremacies of knowledge depends not at all upon the hope for the physical perpetuity which comes through sons. The works of the mind have public immortality, but it is otherwise with the deeds of warriors.

The term "matriarchal system" is apt to be misleading. It is indeed if it carries the suggestion that women are the heads of Bushnegro society. They are not. Men hold all public offices, such as they are, and a man is head of the family, the clan, and the tribe. Women are simply the channels of inheritance. There lies the difference between the Bushnegro system and ours. The Bushnegro recognizes the female as the viaduct of life—just as we do. But the Bushnegroes follow that logic into law—a law which is not entirely easy for us to understand.

Monogamy is considered disgraceful. It is proof of incapacity. Each man may have many wives. The total of brides is limited only by the number a man is able to support—and, still more, by the attractiveness of the gentleman himself. There is no coercion in Bushnegro affairs of the heart. Marriage, however, does not relate a woman to her husband. Her only relatives are the people of her own family. A household which includes a man and his four wives is not one family. It is simply the temporary association of representatives of five families. Each wife's children belong to her family—the father has no "legal" control over them whatsoever.

Atoto, whom I know, is a Bushnegro. He respects and loves his father, but he is not related to him by any other ties. The head of Atoto's family is his maternal grand-uncle—his grandmother's eldest brother. When the older generation dies out his eldest uncle will be chief of the family. Atoto, as is true of all Bushnegro sons, is an end-product of his family. The name will not continue through him. If only sons are born of a solitary Bushnegro daughter, the line ceases. But if there are many daughters and each gives birth to girl children, the family will continue forever. In that case, the headship of the family will fall to the oldest daughter's eldest son. He is "uncle"—*tio* in the Bushnegro tongue.

Men, as I have said, are the heads of Bushnegro society so far as each generation is concerned. A man is also chief of the village. Only with death does the great check upon the dynastic impulse of male rulers make itself felt. Yappi, as it happens, is head of his family and chief of his village as well, though this does not necessarily follow. When he dies his sons may in time be headmen of *their* families, *but they can never be Yappi's heirs*, or exert any influence over any of Yappi's offspring from other mothers.

The Bushnegro matriarchal system *does* seem rather difficult. But—and I should no doubt be stoned for this—it is really quite simple. We are accustomed to think in terms of father-and-son primogeniture. The Bushnegroes think in terms of mother-and-daughter primogeniture. With us girl children are the end-products of the family. The name does not continue through them. Completely reverse this, and the Bushnegro system becomes intelligible.

IV

Marriage among the Bushnegroes is not an elaborate performance. Neither is divorce. Each young Saramacca

takes his first wife when he is still in his teens, just as soon, in fact, as he shows he is able to support a bride and prospective offspring. No festival of any kind marks the occasion. The proposed arrangement is just discussed at some length by both families and, when the consent of the girl's family is secured, she simply takes her possessions and herself and goes across the village clearing to set up her lodging in the new hut which her man has built. The neighbors and relatives of youth and maiden wish both parties well—if they happen to think of it—but no one is impressed. This is not an especially momentous event. Marriage is quite a common occurrence. Besides, until children come, the balance of family power will not have been varied a particle, and the family is the only thing in which the village is communally concerned.

Sometimes a girl child is betrothed to a man by her family when she is still an infant. The prospective husband then is supposed to pay the family for her support until the time of her puberty has passed. The girl is expected to stay virgin until her husband is ready to take her. If she does not, the husband quickly ascertains who her lover has been, and promptly submits a bill. The seducer is forced to square the disappointed husband to the uttermost farthing he has spent upon the girl during the years of her childhood and in addition he is expected to wed her, though she is the deciding factor in this. She needn't have him if she doesn't want him.

Bushnegro girls usually marry for the first time when they are fifteen or sixteen, but this first love is by no means the last. The Bushnegroes consider women as the fickle sex and have patiently provided for their whims. Or, perhaps the matriarchs themselves created the system. A woman may leave her husband at any time if she has what public opinion admits to be a fair excuse. If her husband is lazy, a poor provider, or simply dull, that is ample reason for him to be deserted. This last reason is quite seriously balanced and allowed. If the woman falls in love with another man, public opinion does not accept that as a sound reason for her to quit her lawful groom, unless, mayhap, the lover is obviously more attractive than the husband. That is a different matter, the village readily grants.

The divorce is quite simple. The lady either locks her front door or moves. In the first case the husband no longer has right of entry to his wife's abode. The house where she lives is and has always been her house. It belongs to her family. The husband heretofore has come and gone freely, but now that he is barred he may no longer trespass, even though he has erected the hut with his own hands for the use of the bride! But the husband still has his own house which he has used during the marital period as a storehouse for his most treasured possessions. It is his haven. I was allowed to inspect one husband's house.

A middle-aged Bushnegro at one of the small jungle towns which we visited —Biri-Pudu-Madu, on the upper Surinname—took a fancy to us. He was deeply interested in the curiosity I displayed in the town and its people and put himself out to show me everything. My wife—hereinafter to be known by her rightful name, which is Margaret—was cordially included in the tour of inspection. But at length our guide began to eye her distrustfully. We stood near a shabby little hut in the sun at the far end of the village. He stopped doubtfully, looked at the house, then at Margaret, then at me, shifting his bare feet in a slow waltz of indecision. In a moment he saw his opportunity. Margaret was distracted temporarily by the person of an infinitesimally small naked brown baby that stood in the hot sand and wailed shrieks of indignation and disgust at her white-skinned countenance. My friend seized me by the arm and with an alarmed glance over one shoulder at Margaret, pushed me through the door-

way of the hut. He was too late. Margaret had seen and in all innocence tried to follow. But her path was firmly barred. The pantomime of secrecy had been played in an effort to avoid the appearance of discourtesy. Now there was no escape, the Bushnegro made himself plain. He glared indignantly and held his arms wide until Margaret, abashed, went away.

Then as man to man he showed me his possessions, a faded tintype of himself taken in Paramaribo and some exquisite figure carvings he had made and kept private from all the world of women. I doubt if even men had looked on these particular things before. My host, with the bashfulness of the true artist, dared show me, the foreign critic, sculptures he feared to show his neighbors. I would take my opinions away with me. The others would stay and discourse endlessly—and painfully perhaps. Villages are bad places for the fine arts—though this particular artist emphatically need not have been ashamed of his creations.

Every husband in Biri-Pudu-Madu, and in all the other Bushnegro villages, in fact, has an empty, "men only" house like this. In times of domestic strife it is a refuge. It is a castle for ill humors and masculine meditations. Privacy is a doubly blessed thing in the perpetual warmth and freedom of a palm-thatched jungle town. The husbands' houses in times of peace fulfill that want and when a wife divorces her man his hut is ready for him. Somewhat sadly he lets fresh air in, gives it a cursory dusting, and settles back into the ways of bachelordom.

V

But this sequence of events occurs only, of course, if the man in question has only one wife. If he has several the discontented lady must perforce move from the common house and either go back to her own family or on to the hut of the man she has selected for her next husband. Then the deserted groom is only saddened at the public stain upon his abilities and attractiveness. He is not inconvenienced—but if possible he finds another wife the same afternoon to mitigate the disgrace.

We witnessed an example of this reckless activity. One morning Nacoe, one of our boatmen, appeared as usual, but his customary good spirits did not accompany him. His brown, puckered face was a tragic mask of anger and distress. Through our interpreter and guide we learned that Nacoe had "lost his wife." Our immediate sympathy, however, flowed into the wrong channel. No, Nacoe's wife was not dead—but gone before. Early that same morning she had left Nacoe's house and moved to the house of another husband. Nacoe was sorrowed.

We must not misunderstand. The lady in question had seemed superfluous for some time past and, so far as that was concerned, Nacoe was delighted to be rid of her. But really! It was most unjust. Nacoe's neighbors might so easily get the wrong impression. Would we mind if he took the day off?

At dusk Nacoe appeared again, this time smiling and laughing at any provocation, as was his wont. To a lifted eyebrow he nodded. Yes, his household was complete. He had found and married another woman—one far more charming than the deserter. The neighbors' mean gossiping was choked—Nacoe's head was high again.

Each woman's children go with her on her nuptial wanderings—unless, perchance, her family disapproves of her new choice. Then the children are taken into custody by the family, and the mother loses her control of them.

It is a casual custom, apparently, yet absolute fidelity is insisted upon by both parties to a match while the arrangement is in force. Taken all in all, a Bushnegro family is an entirely agreeable affair. The system is perfectly moral, for morality anywhere is no more than a

standard. This is the Bushnegro standard. Missionaries who have attempted to introduce monogamy among the Bushnegroes have precipitated violent promiscuity, disease, and race suicide—with a sudden trend toward degeneracy—a thing unknown to "uncivilized" Bushnegroes.

I have rather over-stressed divorce—though I have not exaggerated. Easy divorce is, it is true, provided for by Bushnegro law and defended by frequent usage. But in practice it is not unusual to find a man and his wives who have lived together in perfect amity for many years—and no old people are left alone. As the fires of youth grow white, final attachments are often formed which last till death; though more commonly the old women grow weary of many men and in the twilight go back to their own and to the concerns of what is more permanent than states or passions or tears—the family. It is the only true unit in Bushnegro life, for the family is anchored in the heart. From it emerges the clan and from clans, the tribe, but the two last count for little, though they may last a thousand years. They are simply necessary machines, perpetual, but unattended; they do not truly penetrate to the soul of any hour.

VI

Old people are held in great respect. Their age has brought them wisdom. The children and grandchildren compete to serve and please them. It is not because of favors hoped from these old people after they are dead. One may be sure of them, for love and kindliness never end. Bitterness stops only with death. Affection for the old among the Bushnegroes is a wholly simple thing. It has grown out of a long gratitude. In the jungle life depends upon the precious wisdom of the old. For there are no books.

These old ones hold justice in their hands. The consciousness of right and wrong, though common to all, abides especially with them.

When a small disorder occurs, it is the business of the community, and especially of the old, to settle it at once, before the trouble becomes serious

Suppose a wife leaves her husband and he objects to some detail of the parting—the night following the event all the village gathers in the firelight before the *granman's* house to hear the pleas of both.

Cracoe's wife has gone to another man. Everyone knows that, but now Cracoe's opportunity has come to give the inside history of the event. He seizes it vehemently, with fine verbal dramatics, swinging his brown arms in the red stain of the firelight to emphasize his plea. Cracoe calls the whole town to witness, he is not the sort of husband any right-minded woman leaves. He is handsome, strong. He has many Dutch guilders and much raw gold in his own house to meet any demands his wives may make on him. But, Cracoe admits with a sigh and lowered tone there is no accounting for the vagaries of women. What must be, must be, no doubt. *However*—and here he grows loud again—*was* it entirely necessary for the deserting wife to take away with her the best and only iron cooking pot in the whole household of Cracoe? Cracoe sits down, looking as self-righteous as possible.

The *granman* of the town and all the rest, young and old alike, have listened attentively. Now they ask questions. At last every conceivable argument and evidence has been heard upon both sides, and a decision is handed down. The wife must return the pot immediately or her new husband will have to pay for it.

The *granman* and his elders are the official channels of justice. Upon them rests the responsibility of the final settlement, but the women of the village sit not far behind the men in the more distant glow from the fire in mid-clearing and occasionally a murmur comes from their ranks. It dies down quickly, but observers notice that these murmurs are invariably followed by a right-about

change of tune on the part of the *granman* and his aides. This is the matriarchal way. All races are accustomed to invisible powers in the shelter of masculine thrones. The Bushnegroes have merely systematized that authority, and done it painlessly, so to speak.

Sometimes Bushnegroes commit minor thefts. Occasionally one man cheats another in the barter of timber, or, in fulfilling a commission down-river for a neighbor, carelessly keeps the change. Affairs of this sort are settled in the clearing. The decisions are invariably just. A Bushnegro, no matter on which side of a question he stands, dares not lie. His sense of justice and truth is so profoundly a part of him that he is as ready as his enemy to accuse himself, if the accusation is just. There is a sound and practical reason for this apparent moral perfection. If a Bushnegro deceives in anything, the ancestor spirits of his family will know he is unworthy and cease their favors. And, still more important, there are a thousand, thousand gods and demons in the jungle who will war against the evil one until he dies.

They are the good spirits, not bad spirits. They have a negative effectiveness.

The malefactor, until the hour of his misdeed, knows he has survived amid the countless dangers of the forest only through the help of these friendly gods. The knowledge of their kind presence has bolstered waning courage a million times and warded off disaster as often. But when a man sins, he knows he stands alone against the unseen world. The good spirits of tree and rapid and rain will leave him because of his bad deed. Good and evil cannot mix. So it is that to ally oneself with lies is to enlist in the army of disaster.

There are only two punishments which the community inflicts. The first and most common is to insist that the defendant pay the plaintiff in good Dutch *schreng* and *bankonoto* the full sum set by the council as the cash worth of the damage done. The settlement is made with as good grace as the temperament of the individual permits and the matter ends.

But if one individual offends many times there is a second and last punishment. The recidivist is cast out. He must leave his village, his wives, and his family and go alone forever, stripped of gods and guns, into the jungle. Even his people disown him. He has shamed them. When, in the pallid forest twilight of the day after the last palaver, the turn of the path hides the unhappy sinner, he has ceased to be. He is forgotten as the dead never are; no one ever sees or thinks of him again; no rumor of him comes; the black throat of the jungle has swallowed him. Justice is done.

The Lion's Mouth

ON TASTE IN TAXI-DRIVERS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I HAVE a definite, decided taste in taxi-drivers. Yet, despite this, I am not allowed to select the kind I like. The whole thing is a matter of chance.

I have learned that taxis of a certain color and sign can be depended on to charge you moderate rates. So far so good. I wait impassive until I see one of these, then raise my hand in my customary imperial manner. But when it comes to taxi-drivers, how much less clear! I make my gesture; the cab bowls to the curb. The driver looks fairly stolid. He has broad shoulders, a worn green coat that bespeaks experience; and his cap is jammed down on his head in a businesslike manner.

My judgment, as it turns out, is good; my premise is not mistaken. He drives cautiously. I lean back relieved. I notice a most satisfactory, small, printed card which he has been at pains to tack up in his auto. It asks me, courteously, not to hurry the driver. Safety first. Hurry him! Heavens! Indeed, I should think not. I watch him for a moment or two longer, then, immensely relieved, close my eyes for a moment, in full security.

Ah, yes, but I may be destined the very next time, to happen on a driver of another type—and nothing to warn me of it. This one, too, has a worn green coat that connotes experience, and his cap, too, is jammed down, denoting character. As I hunch my shoulders high and squeeze through the narrow entrance, I note and mistrust a certain roll of his eye. But it is too late now to repent. I am committed to my direction. Before I have the door closed he shakes the brakes, jams on gas and determination, and we catapult forward.

My present driver is of the All-But variety. He all but smashes into the auto just ahead; all but runs over a mincing lady in an elaborate headdress; all but takes off a wheel of the taxi next us, in playing skillfully for place. My responses are, that morning, in perfect working order. At each of these all-but escapes, my heart turns over in my breast, like a live thing. I look for a sign urging one, courteously, not to hurry the driver. There isn't any.

So, we go on shaving death like a feather, escaping destruction by a hair's breadth, and permanent disability by unthinkable fractions. I remember that I should have changed my will long ago, and that my life insurance is absurdly inadequate. At this moment we go on one wheel (I don't mean actually, I mean sensationally) around a corner, and bring up sharp, with the taxi's nose one inch from a limousine ahead, and my nose one inch from the front window-glass. The limousine, for reasons of its own, stands still. My driver jams his horn—"Squaccckkkk-acccckkkk! acckk!"—"Dumbells, ain't they!" he shouts sidewise to me. The limousine glides forward. We stutter after with hasty jerks, take an unexpected swoop, speed past the limousine and, in passing, shout to the liveried driver, who looks like an English Chief Justice, "Hey, you dumbell! Whyn't you get out and crawl!"

In the infinitesimally short interval of the limousine incident and delay my driver has lighted a cigarette. I hope it will quiet his nerves—never mind about mine. It does not. He shows signs of the most marked irritation when a cab ahead of us does not please him. He shouts as he goes to the driver of another on the other side of him, "Look at that guy, riding on a flat!" But this is not the end of it. He jockeys for place, fails, succeeds, fails, succeeds, at last is abreast of the offending cab, and leans and shouts to its driver, "Hey, Bozo, you're riding on a flat! Who let you out!"

This does not consort with my idea of deportment. I should like to withdraw to the recesses of the cab, but nerves forbid me. I remain on the very edge of the seat. The next time we actually give the fender of the auto ahead a jolt. A policeman sees us. But just when I think we are to be mercifully arrested and I shall have an opportunity to apologize, off we go at a worse pace, the driver swearing, by way of the horn, at intervals of two seconds, all the way, "Squaccckkk!"—Acckk! *Squaccckkk!*"

The excitement is beyond everything. I sit on the edge of the seat, am bounced off it, and scramble back to it, and continue riding with my hat completely shutting off one eye, because I do not dare to let go the window-casing, to set it straight.

People fly, with their elbows spread, like terrified chickens, as we come. One starts nervously to dash across our path, takes a terrified look at the driver, and dashes back into an advancing old gentleman, who raises his cane and pulls down his hat at the impact. One portly woman, who escapes our front wheels by an inch, adds a scream. It all harmonizes. I watch anxiously for the next crossing. "Hey! You big Boob!" shouts my driver as we come to it, to an ecclesiastical-looking gentleman whom I take to be a bishop, and who seems bent, at all hazards, on preserving his dignity, but whom we cause to fling his legs suddenly in a most unchurchly manner.

At the next crossing it is a nun. She takes no chances with her saints, but skims, skims, her cloak floating, and taking her white wings with her. Church or laity, it does not matter.

"Did you see that?" my driver shouts sidewise to me.

I certainly did.

By this time my nerves are shattered. I am tempted to shout after her, or anyone, "Hey Bozo! Save yourself! Save yourself!"

These are some of the reasons—and I could give many more—why I should welcome color, emblem, escutcheon, or other form of classification for taxi-drivers. I would suggest that ribbons of different colors round their caps might do—pale pink: a gentle, Ben Bolt nature; purple, for age and experience; green, for kindly and considerate; and scarlet, unmistakable scarlet, for the "All-But"—"Hey-Bozo!—When-did-you-get-out" kind—something which would enable those who have a taste in taxi-drivers to exercise that taste if they wish to.

ATOM AND I

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

FOR many years I have been the victim of what someone—I wish I knew his name—has felicitously called "astronomical intimidation." You know the kind of thing. "Suppose," says your tormentor, "suppose this orange stands for the earth; then on the same scale the sun would be as large as a balloon. And yet the sun is a relatively small object as heavenly objects go. Now Betelgeuse, for instance . . ." But the poison has al-

ready begun to work. You tax your imagination to estimate how large, or rather how small, *you* bulk on this scale. But in vain. Even the familiar analogies of drops in buckets and grains of sand on the shore fail you; you just go on dwindling and dwindling and dwindling—miserably. Your tormentor decides to make a good job of it and finish you off completely, so he begins to overwhelm you with astronomical distances. "If you were to fire a projectile from the earth," says he . . . (As though I would do such a thing! I loathe guns. I won't even go to a play if I know it is one where they let off revolvers.) Well, it seems the damned thing would take about ten years to reach the sun. "If you fired it from Neptune it would take about thirty years." Observing your dismay, if not your incredulity, he goes on to add that no astronomer dreams of calling the sun far away. "Why, my dear man, all the more important astronomical distances have to be calculated in terms of light years. A light year is the distance traversed by light in a year. And of course you know that light travels at 186,000 miles a second. Some stars are thousands of light years away." And so on, and so on. I need not elaborate. We have all suffered from this sort of thing.

When you come to think of it, it's a dirty trick to play. My longest journey is across the Atlantic, and I regard a trip from New Haven to Hartford and back as quite an undertaking. But when I ask myself what Betelgeuse would think of this, my traveler's innocent pride is blighted and the thought of the triviality of the journey to Hartford paralyzes initiative. Of course, if I should miss the train to Hartford then I might allay my irritation by saying to myself, "Steady, now, steady! Just think how this must look to Betelgeuse." But my astronomical friends do not offer me their vertiginous cosmology as a consolation in time of disappointment. They want to beat me into a becoming sense of my own insignificance.

And it's not only the astronomers who indulge in this form of bullying. The geologists and anthropologists are just as bad. Their long suit is time. (Long suit is good.) They put before you a diagram of a clock face. "Let us represent," they say, "the total amount of time elapsed since the first appearance of life on the planet by one hour; then, by the same reckoning, man has been in existence about thirty seconds." Christianity has often insisted on the need for humility: it has been left to geology to teach us that we are a little lower than the mayfly, miserable ephemera that flutter their hour in the sunshine and are no more. When you combine what the astronomer tells you with what the geologist tells you, you get the following result: If anyone takes a trip to Hartford seriously that shows he is an insect.

Now one doesn't like to feel an insect and would fain excogitate some retort to our scientific bullies. Pascal's famous reply has every merit except the essential one of convincing the scientist. Pascal said that if some cosmic disaster were to overwhelm this planet man would still be greater than that which destroyed him because he would be aware of that which destroyed him. In other words, man is the only animal or insect or bit of matter—whichever you like to call him—that knows he is animal, insect, or bit of matter. That means that he is more than any of these. And so one can point out to the champion of the Betelgeuse standard that what he really enjoys is not his insignificance but the knowledge of his insignificance: not the fact but the standard by which the fact is judged. Hence his doctrines, far from being an expression of humility, are really the sign of an immense pride. But this, to the astronomer, is one of those refinements of speculation which merely obscure the facts. You can't get away from the facts, he will say. And so one longs, as I have longed, to meet him on his own ground.

And now at last I am able to do it. It is the atom I have to thank for this relief. I have been reading—as who has not?—some books about the structure of the atom. Take one of the letters on this page. Divide it up into a billion pieces. Segregate one of them. Divide that up into a thousand pieces. Let us carry off one of these pieces to the laboratory and study it. What shall we find? No one can tell exactly. But the descriptions of those who have looked in suggest something like a ballroom scene where a vast number of dancers dance at inconceivable speed to the music of jazz and other rhythms. And the speed, apparently, does not prevent continual cutting in. The mathematics of the atom are about as complex as the formulation of the laws governing the movements of the dancers. And complexity is not the whole story. The dancers—that is, the electrons—probably belong to the younger generation. At any rate they have discarded Newton and his laws as an old fogey. The force of gravity means nothing to them. They can traverse a distance without taking any time to do so, or, what amounts to the same thing, they can be in two places at the same time. (If that does not spell felicity for the younger generation I don't know what does.)

But this description is irreverent or at least flippant. Let us then borrow the favorite simile of popular science and compare the atom to a tiny solar system. And with that you have the idea which has freed me from my tormentors. For if the atom is a small solar system, why may I not say that the solar system is just a large atom? It is all a matter of the point of view, and everyone knows that points of view are arbitrary. Thus I have at my command a neat *tu quoque*, for if the solar system hurls itself at my head, so to speak, as much as to say, "You miserable little atom, you!" I can reply, "Atom yourself!" Still, as repartee, that is neither original nor brilliant. Fortunately I can do better than that. For if it is to be atom against solar system, then the atom can claim an evident superiority in respect of mystery and complexity. Can your planets, says the atom, dispense with gravity and yet hold together? No? Well, my electrons can. Can your planets jump from orbit to orbit? No? Well, see what my electrons can do! Can your planets be in two places at the same time? . . . I thought not. Well, now what have you got to say for yourself?

And so, you see, the bullies of science may call me by the name of the smallest thing they know. "Atom!" they may snap at me. Do you think I mind now? Not a bit of it. "One round trip to Hartford, please."

H·C·or L·

SPEAKING OF HIGH PRICES

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was President of the United States, if I recall correctly, when discussion of the high cost of living first became so general that initials adequately identified the subject—h. c. of l. sufficed. And they do to-day. Uncounted economists, commissions, committees, and experts, not to mention legislatures and congresses, have grappled with this subject during the intervening years, the net result, so far as I can see, being nothing at all. Such complete failure suggests the possibility, paradoxical as it may seem, that the high cost of living is not a problem for economists at all. But, if not, then whose problem is it? Just for fun let us see if this so-called problem is not fundamentally psychological.

Taking the affirmative, I shall call as my first witness the school textbook. Not so many years ago there were only a few states that provided free books for

their free schools; parents were required to furnish the books, papers, pencils, and pens, while the state furnished only the teachers and buildings. Under this system papa had to dig down into his jeans for three or four dollars annually. The burden was terrific. Every September the heavens reverberated to paternal groans. Bright and worthy children were forced out of school because devoted papas simply could not meet this frightful expense. Education, it appeared, was driving our beloved country into bankruptcy. Forward-looking thinkers saw the danger and dared to confront it. The extortionate geography and the ruinous arithmetic were dragged into the arena for public excoriation. With tears of appreciation for their champions, fond papas foregathered in "Mike's Place" and drank to the coming freedom. Sometimes, in an afternoon, a fond papa would drink the equivalent of two geographies and four arithmetics; but in the hour of victory he could afford it, so why mention such a trivial fact? The battle was won, and the tears of children gave way to happy laughter. At last the states themselves assumed this frightful burden. It was a great triumph for democracy.

I do not know why it is, but education has always been enormously expensive. The boys I knew who drove grocery wagons or worked on farms to purchase education were invariably hailed as heroes. Few persons doubted that all of them would eventually be presidents of the United States. At the very same time, however, I saw many other boys performing incredible prodigies of labor and self-sacrifice to purchase bicycles, horses, and circus tickets. But these labors attracted very little attention because bicycles, horses, and circus tickets were cheap. One could buy a very good bicycle for twenty dollars. A book might cost all of two dollars! And for some reason that two dollars was very much more than twenty. Why, I do not know. Therefore, I say this whole matter of high prices is a problem for psychologists.

Not only textbooks and education are expensive but all kinds of books are expensive. They always have been. Years ago novels at one dollar each were luxuries for the well-to-do; people in moderate circumstances were forced to borrow them or wait weary months until the coveted volumes could be obtained from libraries. This condition has not changed. It is as frankly recognized by publishers to-day as it ever was. When a set of books is advertised for sale, if the cost goes above ten dollars it is the custom to offer a contract for payments on the instalment plan. Few of these contracts call for more than three dollars a month. That is just about all anyone can afford, partly, of course, because of the high price of gasoline. Here is another commodity that is rather expensive, but automobiles are cheap. They are so cheap, in fact, that the possession of one costing less than one thousand dollars marks the owner as a poor man. You will seldom see a bond salesman prick up his ears at sight of the owner of a Ford, but once let the aforementioned bond salesman peer into a private home containing two hundred books and he thinks he has spotted a possible customer.

I know this from personal experience because I was the owner of more than two hundred books long before I could afford any kind of an automobile. I had invested over a long period of years perhaps eight hundred dollars in books. The upkeep is precisely nothing at all. Moreover, books provide the cheapest form of entertainment I know, leaving out of consideration their cultural value. Nearly every volume I possess has entertained me and the members of my family a total of approximately sixty hours—there are seven of us—so I could afford books when even motion pictures were too expensive. But these books have been a sore puzzle to people who have tried to sell me other things; they were never able to understand why a man

who could tie up a vast fortune in books couldn't purchase fleets of motor cars, assortments of phonographs, and wheelbarrow loads of stocks and bonds. If ever I decide to turn crook, build up a vast credit on false pretenses of wealth, and leave behind me a horde of ruined stockholders, I shall not bother with chauffeurs in livery. I can accomplish the same results and more with books; five thousand dollars' worth properly displayed, I estimate, would mark a man as unmistakably a millionaire.

Anthracite coal is another commodity that has never been cheap—that is from the point of view of the purchaser. Recently I discussed this phenomenon with a gentleman who distinctly recalls the first time he paid five dollars a ton for anthracite. "I was madder then," he said, "than last Tuesday when I paid twenty-two dollars a ton. The price of coal really is an outrage now, but it always has been and always will be. Coal is like a sacrifice to heathen gods whom I do not worship. It is tribute to an alien enemy for permission to live. It is a tax collected under threat of death. And no matter what the sum may be, I resent it. The coal burns unseen in my cellar. There is no joy in it; I may be just as unhappy in its warmth as circumstances dictate; it merely buys me permission to live. It has held a pistol to my head all my life and I hate it."

And now let us consider a few items that are unaccountably cheap. Consider motion pictures, for example. Five cents was the price of admission I paid for the first motion picture show I ever saw. Presently the tickets cost ten cents, fifteen cents, twenty-five cents, forty cents, half a dollar. About that time "The Birth of A Nation" gave birth to a two-dollar ticket. Did people drop dead? Not at all; they filled the "opry" house; there wasn't a motion picture theater in town large enough to hold the crowd. Motion picture shows always have been cheap and they still are.

Likewise silk stockings. Within the memory of persons well on the sunny side of forty there were very few silk stockings in this country, and still fewer silk socks. Good cotton ones could be purchased for fifteen cents when I first donned long trousers; for thirty-five cents one perched upon the very pinnacles of luxury. The range of prices for women's stockings was a trifle higher because they contained more material, but the prices were not much higher. Silk came into vogue, and every girl, rich or poor, had to have it; therefore, I think I am safe in saying that it must be regarded quite generally as cheap. According to the executives of department stores, even men concur in this opinion, for men—so the executives tell me—purchase far more than half of all the silk stockings sold. They say that this is the only item of women's apparel that men simply delight in purchasing; that women who have to threaten divorce to obtain one new hat annually must drag their husbands away from the stocking counter in order to save money for beefsteak. What can an economist do with such data as that? Here beyond question we have work for the psychologist.

On their own purely male expenditures men display as strange a mixture of illogical reactions as one may hope to find outside of a psychopathic ward. Within my own life time I have seen the cost of an excellent cotton shirt rise from one dollar to five dollars. While it may be a coincidence, I have never heard complaint on that score. Men love good shirts. The cost of woolen suits has also gone up, certainly not less than one hundred per cent. But the suits are better tailored nowadays; and men like good suits. The cost of cigars has gone up to such an extent that the old-fashioned five-cent cigar no longer exists. Men love good cigars. But do they willingly pay a quarter? Not on your life! They are so violent about this cigar outrage that millions of them have gone over to cigarettes. The cigar manufacturers can make out as good a case for their increase in prices as any

business men in this country, but very few men will listen to them. Why? I don't know.

Men, taking them by the millions, have a fierce, warlike resentment against any hotel that charges for bread and butter. These items, both expensive, they insist should be served absolutely free. Now the strange thing about this is that wheat is grown in nearly every part of our country, so that surely not less than half the men in the United States know at least a little bit about the labor and capital that go into its production. Probably more American men have worked at least one day in a wheat field than in any other kind. But they want their bread free.

The same statements with reference to general knowledge of production apply to butter. Nearly everybody has seen a cow; millions of us have milked one; we know that butter is the choicest product of the dairy. We would not think of demanding a free glass of milk with our meal; nevertheless, we demand the best of butter, and as much of it as we care to consume, without cost. It is strange.

I cannot speak for the whole country, but in my experience the cost of baseball has risen four hundred per cent. As a youngster I paid twenty-five cents for admission; now I pay one dollar with an added ten cents war tax. I have never heard any man mention the increased cost of baseball. It was cheap at twenty-five cents and it is cheap to-day.

The reactions of men toward changes in the price of merchandise are, in my opinion, utterly unaccountable and therefore impossible to forecast. To prove this statement I call to the witness stand old Demon Rum. Those good citizens who prayerfully and earnestly hoped to drive him from this country didn't expect to destroy the last bottle the moment their Constitutional amendment went into effect; they knew that they had a battle on their hands. But they did expect, with a fair measure of enforcement, to make whiskey both scarce and expensive. Well, they accomplished that. Therefore it was not unreasonable for them to expect that high prices would come to their aid. But it developed that hundreds of thousands of men considered whiskey cheap at almost any price. This reaction is the most astounding I have ever seen in the field of economics. One does not get a clear view of it in a big city such as New York where the price of whiskey advanced only about five hundred to seven hundred per cent under prohibition. I have seen small industrial communities far inland where prohibition suddenly wiped out about ninety per cent of the supply of intoxicants and temporarily destroyed the lines of communication for receiving more. Under such circumstances I have first-hand knowledge of men—not rich men but well-paid mechanics—willingly trading forty dollars for one quart of whiskey that could have been purchased three months previously for one dollar.

So I rise to remark that the adjective "high" when applied to prices has nothing to do with economics. In our decisions as to whether goods are cheap or dear the emotions are paramount.

IMMORTALITY AS A WORLD-CURE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IF SOME fully informed and competent person could put his finger on the pulse of this world and tell us how it is, the information so given would be welcomed in many quarters. One does not necessarily notice it as he walks abroad, but it is a fact that doubt exists in considerable quantity whether human life just now is progressing towards better conditions or worse ones. It is moving, and the impression is very general that we are at the beginning of a new age. Belief abounds abundantly that once this new age gets well a-going it will be a better age than the world has so far had, but the rub, the worry, is over the interval between these presents and such time as the new age gets well started.

There is a horrid suspicion, and quite well diffused, that the present population of this world has not got average sense enough to be used just as it is in peopling the new age, and that it may be necessary to get rid of quite a bit of it. It must be the consideration of that necessity which makes people anxious. There is apt to be a clean-up before any great terrene change. To be sure we had the war, and that should have been clean-up enough for all purposes. But was it? Doubts about that make stock brokers wonder where their customers should alight; make American politicians uncertain how long Mr. Coolidge is going to last in Washington; make builders consider whether the business current they count on is trustworthy or will lag and leave them with empty buildings on their hands. "Today," said Bishop Slattery to the Congregational Club of Boston, "there is the possibility of a great catastrophe, and I am not altogether doubtful that it may be growing now," and he went on to say that what with the current discontents and hatreds and anti-Christian propaganda, all sorts of Christian churches might have to get together to save the Christian Church from wreck.

Conan Doyle and many others have had from spiritist sources these same suggestions of impending catastrophe. They are common in spiritist books. They are also put out with confidence and precision by the British-Israel people—those who connect the Anglo-Saxons with the Lost Tribes, and know to a day when hell-to-pay will begin and when it will end. Folks who go into particulars about it say we shall have very interesting expositions of the effect of poison gas on large cities; and it seems safe to assert that extraordinary destructive gases in considerable quantity are now in the possession of various governments and can be produced in still greater quantity whenever called for. On the other hand, another intimation attributed to the spirit world says that there is a big war on already, but they call it a bloodless war, a war between spirituality and materialism. That, at least, is so; at least one can feel that conflict going on and, if anyone says it has always been going on, the

answer is that it is going on now much more palpably than usual.

PEOPLE who know a little something, and have come to know anything unusual, as a rule do not tell it all. They cannot. No one would believe them. You can put across to another mind only so much as that other mind is prepared to receive. Of course, receptive capacity in minds may increase greatly, and what one cannot take in at one time he may see the point of later. One notices that in rereading books. Books that meant one thing to us when we were young usually mean something quite different if we reread them when we come to maturity. Really, we do not stay about in this world for nothing; almost all of us get something, and a good many get a good deal. If you are discouraged about yourself and do not think you have made due progress, go find some fairly good book that you read in childhood or in youth, and see what it says to you now. But, as was being said, if by any chance someone knows something out of the common he cannot impart it successfully except to persons who know enough to take it in.

That may be one reason why the Corporation of Harvard College picks the kind of speakers it does to give the Ingersoll lecture. Not everybody knows what the Ingersoll lecture is, but it is one of the humble facts of current life, and now and then it gets a little advertisement. Miss Caroline Ingersoll, of Keene, N. H., who died in 1893, left five thousand dollars to Harvard University to make good a wish of her father and establish a lectureship on The Immortality of Man, one lecture to be given every year (if convenient) and the lecturer paid and his discourse printed out of the income of the fund. It is thirty-three years since the lectureship was founded and in that time there have been eighteen Ingersoll lectures on the immortality of man, and the larger part of them delivered by persons who either did not approve of immortality as a prospect for man or did not see it coming to him. The lecturers have included Dr. George A. Gordon, William James, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Josiah Royce, John Fiske, and William Osler; and the last lecture, delivered in 1922, was by Dr. Kirsopp Lake, Harvard Professor of Ecclesiastical History who admitted that he does not think personality survives or ought to. In all this series of expositions no one has yet been called upon—so far as appears—who was a master of the goings-on now cropping out on all sides on which are based the claims of the spiritists that the survival of death by personality is a demonstrated fact. These persons are now the most active partisans of the immortality of man. They have the most confident theory about it and their theory is supported by the best stories. Some of them are scientists of great distinction; others of them are writers well known and well approved. It may be that the reason why the Harvard Corporation has never picked one of these highly eligible people for this job has been that, looking about in its home community, it could not see a sufficient proportion of minds who would be able to take in what a spiritist lecturer, really informed about man's immortality, would be able to tell them. Or it may be that the Corporation knows nothing about current spiritism and supposes it to be mere diversion of the feeble-minded. If so, so much the more may one suggest that it is time the Ingersoll lecture was given by some real expert in current knowledge of the subject it was intended to explore.

HOW much would it benefit the world to have confidence in immortality much more positive? Doctor Lake said in his lecture that when confidence in the future life was more general and vivid too many people put in too much of their time trying to save their souls, and the great human errand of keeping body and soul together was over much neglected. We are strong nowadays in all that per-

tains to the maintenance of the body. Our wise men have checked diseases; they make physical repairs very skillfully; they furnish shelter and clothing no end; they feed us more liberally and with greater variety than the mass of people was ever fed before. They help us in our migrations. In all temporal concerns our world goes strong, but whether soul and body are successfully kept together is still something of a question. The body gets more attention than the soul. The body, which sometimes has been valued chiefly because it was the soul's habitation, is in danger nowadays of being valued purely for itself.

And that is not a good thing. The body is altogether too transitory to carry the main part of one's investments. It is important of course; health is important, immensely so, but even health is more important from its relation with the soul. The soul needs a healthy body to live in. At least we think so now. In the Middle Ages, when belief in the after-life was a good deal more vivid than it is at present, it was considered that to plague the body was profitable to the soul. Not so nowadays. We think we do much better when our bodies are healthy and clean than otherwise. We are advanced enough for that: we think of them as habitations, as instruments, and pay due attention to them as good housekeepers should. One does not see the danger that Doctor Lake spoke of, that of neglecting temporal things in order to save our souls. On the contrary, the current theory of life and conduct is that by the proper discharge of temporal duties we advance spiritually and fit ourselves for further activities and advancement in the *au delà*. That is one change that has come to religion as we Western people look at it. Whereas in older times it was more concentrated on self-denial and self-abasement, now its errand seems largely to be to make a better habitation of this world and better physical people of its inhabitants.

But neither of these ends is likely to be attained by putting it first. They are secondary ends and cannot survive and prosper unless the great primary end gets due and constant attention. The spiritual part of life is the substance, the temporal part is the reflection of it. Turn it the other way around and it does not work. The spirit is the master of the body. If one is in a state of spiritual health he is in a condition highly conducive to physical health. That is much more nearly true than to say if he is in a state of physical health he is necessarily in a condition conducive to spiritual health, for one may be very healthy physically and bad spiritually, and he may be very unhealthy physically for some reason, and still pretty good spiritually. But still it remains that, of the two states, the state of spiritual health is more important than the other, and more conducive to every sort of well being.

Longevity is looked upon as a blessing, though people sometimes wonder that it should be; but a sound spiritual state is very conducive to longevity since it enables one to take the troubles of life with equanimity and not to knock under to them. These considerations of health and the relation of the spiritual state to it has to do with the world cure and with the propriety of getting the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard done for once by someone who believes in immortality and knows the grounds of the contemporary argument that it has been demonstrated in our days quite outside of the Bible. What the Bible says here and there on that subject has been of inestimable value, but for people of our time the Bible has weakened as an authority on scientific and even psychological subjects by literary criticism and the invasion of some of its provinces by current scientific knowledge. It may be that that extraordinary book does not need any testimony from outside of itself to prove the truth of what it says, but in our day it will not suffer from outside testimony as to facts that it bears witness to.

To everything spiritual, to religion especially, the theory of immortality is of the first importance. St. Paul described it as the very pith of religion. So it is and, of course, it is the pith of all psychical knowledge. That it is important hardly anyone denies. The people who do not yet believe in it make the best case they can for life without it and, of course, in that they do well, but the case they make is not any too satisfactory. Doctors nowadays practice pretty generally to bring about in so far as they can a good spiritual condition in their patients. In many cases that is of the first importance, but the great patient of all the doctors in these days is this world that we live in, generally admitted to be pretty sick, admitted also to be important to its inhabitants, and admitted more and more generally to be incurable in the long run by any but spiritual means. Physical means are comparatively easy. They will be tried and are being tried. So it was in times past. They were tried and tried again, and about the best that can be said for them is that our world survived them. But in the years to come, so great has been man's progress on the material side that the prospect is that the present civilization in our world will not survive the medication by material means which is war. That is why the search for light on spiritual power is so lively in these times.

IF THIS world is related to the world invisible, the advantages and also the limitations of that relation need to be better defined than they are now. We should know what we can get to advantage out of the invisible, and what we need not try for because it is not for us. That this world is related to a world invisible has been a detail of belief for thousands of years, and is dutifully admitted by every church steeple which points to the sky. If we accept that belief we are entitled to do what we can about it. If we reject it we can save some money on steeples which is, to be sure, the present disposition, especially in cities where commercial and residential buildings run up to great heights and steeples are obstructed as well as comparatively unprofitable as producers of revenue.

Suppose we got to estimate people more as souls and not so much as industrial possibilities or financial entities, would that be good for us? When you sit in the street car and look at the people—look at their bodies, their faces, which is what you see—do you think of what is inside of them, or merely of what is outside? If you think of the life within, that is, of their souls, and examine their exteriors for indication that their souls are in a good case or not, they all become interesting. There is something rather awful about the current disposition to think of human beings as consumers, as producers, as accumulators of money to put into savings banks, as possible buyers of everything imaginable, as creators and diffusors of wealth. All these aspects of human beings are important, but whoever sees them as souls sees more of them than can be discerned by contemplation of all their temporal functions.

Another thing—much of what we have been taught, and have thought, to be good, is not good; is merely goody-good, or bad. Much of what we have been taught, and have thought, to be bad, is not bad; quite a bit of it is even good. What is inconvenient and disturbing to the *status quo* is usually put down as bad, but in all civilizations the estimates of what is good and what is bad have been very faulty, and ours is no exception. To correct its ideals and persuade people that in divers particulars they have seen crooked, is a fairly rough job, but it is important, and in these times it is proceeding quite effectively.

Personal and Otherwise

THE vigorous article of protest with which we open this issue of the Magazine would challenge attention coming from any well-informed source, but it is doubly significant coming from the Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Central New York. ***The Right Reverend Charles Fiske, D.D., LL.D.,*** was rector of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore, from 1910 to 1915, declined election as Bishop Coadjutor of Dallas in 1913, was consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of Central New York in 1915, and succeeded to the office of Bishop in 1924. He is the author of a number of books, among them *The Perils of Respectability*, *The Experiment of Faith*, and *The Faith By Which We Live*.

Plain speaking in international affairs often clears the air; and when we asked ***André Tardieu*** to write for us on the present attitude of France toward her former allies and associates in the war, we asked him above all else to be frank. Frank he certainly is. Captain Tardieu was High Commissioner of France to the United States from 1917 to 1919, was one of the French plenipotentiaries at the Peace Conference and Minister of Liberated Regions, 1919–20, and at that time was considered Clemenceau's right-hand man. Recently he has once more been elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and there have been many prophecies of his return to such power as used to be his.

In ***H. G. Dwight's*** paper in praise of the South, the glum-looking man says that though his ancestors on both sides were New Englanders, he himself was not born on either side of the Potomac. The glum-looking man in these respects reveals a curious resemblance to Mr. Dwight himself, whose forerunners were also New Englanders and who was born in Constantinople. Mr. Dwight lived for many years in the Near East, wrote *Stamboul Nights*, *Persian Miniatures*, and a volume on *Constantinople* shortly to be republished by Harper & Brothers; was connected until recently with the State Department; and is now living in Washington and writing for us a series of papers of which "South of the Potomac" is the fifth to appear. (The others have been "The Washington Express," "The Horrors of Washington," "Shoulder Straps," and "Impatience on a Monument.")

The first story of the month comes to us from ***Helen R. Hull,*** assistant professor of English at Columbia and author of *Labyrinth*, *Quest*, and numerous short stories.

Since *The Freeman* vanished from the news-stands, there has appeared a book containing a collection of the incisive editorials and essays which it published during its brief and uncompromising existence. Readers of this book may have noticed how many of the most brilliant of these contributions are signed with the initials A. J. N. It is a pleasure to welcome ***Albert Jay Nock*** to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. His article on the passing of the art of conversation in America will be followed in due course by others from his distinguished pen.

Emily Newell Blair of Joplin, Missouri, is not only the author of recent HARPER articles on "Why I Sent My Children Away To School" and "This Business of Wifehood," but also Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee; and this month she makes some penetrating observations on the male of the political species as she has encountered him at party conventions and behind the closed doors of committee rooms, where she has often been the only feminine observer of his methods of work.

Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York (which is now constructing for itself a great church building on Riverside Drive near Grant's Tomb), needs no introduction to the

HARPER audience; he now writes every month for the Magazine.

With "The Philistine," ***E. M. Delafield,*** the distinguished British novelist, makes her first appearance in our pages. Her most recent novel is *The Chip and The Block.* Delafield, by the way, is her *nom de plume;* she is Mrs. Arthur Dashwood, daughter of the late Count Henry de la Pasture of Llandogo, and of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (now Lady Clifford), who is also well-known as a novelist.

There is much talk of behaviorism these days, but how many of us who so glibly refer to it have more than a vague idea of what behaviorism actually is and what it implies? At our request ***John B. Watson,*** outstanding American exponent of this school of psychological thought, presents a clear and simple statement of the matter. Dr. Watson, formerly of the Johns Hopkins University, is the author of *Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist* and other notable books in this field. In the next issue, he will continue with a discussion of some of the more difficult problems which the behaviorist of today faces.

By this time ***Henshaw Ward*** of New Haven (author of *Evolution for John Doe*), is well known to our readers for his illuminating scientific articles, a number of which we have published in recent months. For many years he was a teacher of English at the Taft School. In this issue he deals with the fundamentals of a subject which is probably talked about more than any other under the sun.

The final story of the month, "Mirage," is by ***Lee Foster Hartman,*** associate editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, whose "Veneer" was a feature of our January issue.

Despite Professor Ripley's recent widely discussed article in the *Atlantic Monthly,* it is a question whether the business practices which he condemned are not less significant than the trend which these practices were designed to offset. It is with this trend that ***John T. Flynn's*** article deals; we recommend it to all readers who like to look below the surface of present day business conditions. Mr. Flynn was Managing Editor of the New York *Globe* before it was extinguished by the late Mr. Munsey, and now writes a daily syndicated article for a large string of newspapers. His article, it should be emphasized, is intended as a picture, not as an argument; a description of what is happening in our business evolution and what seems to Mr. Flynn likely to happen, not a brief for the kind of thing he wishes to see happen. "I have my own private opinion about these things," says Mr. Flynn in a letter to us, "but that seemed of no importance to the article."

We are accustomed to read in the magazines the life stories of those who have arrived at a success measured in terms of wealth. Doctor Alice Hamilton's achievement has been quite of a different sort. We are glad to give space to the study of her remarkable career written by ***Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant,*** whom many of our readers will recall as the author of a delightful series of papers which we published a few years ago, based on her experiences in New Mexico. Miss Sergeant is now living in New York, writing a series of biographical portraits.

John W. Vandercook's study of jungle life and jungle marriage is a further record of his recent trip to Suriname (on the northern coast of South America) which has already formed the basis of his other HARPER articles, "White Magic and Black in the Jungle," "Jungle Survival," and "Eternal Life in the Jungle." Mr. Vandercook has now set out on a trip to Liberia, where he will study the life of the Negro in his original habitat. The articles listed above, with other chapters of Suriname experiences and observations, will appear next fall in a volume entitled *Tom-Tom* to be published by Harper & Brothers.

❦ ❦ ❦

The poetry in this issue is contributed by ***Elizabeth Morrow,*** wife of the New York banker, Dwight Morrow, and author of a sonnet in the March issue of HARPER'S; ***S. Foster Damon,*** of the English Department at Harvard, whose recent book on Blake attracted an extraordinary amount of critical praise; ***A. A. Milne,*** whose new series of verses in the delightful manner of "When We Were Very Young" are now appearing each month in the Magazine; ***Alice Brown,*** of

Boston, the well-known novelist and short story writer; and ***Edward Davison,*** a young English poet now living in New York, whose first volume of verse, *Harvest of Youth*, is being published this spring by Harper & Brothers and who is now engaged in writing a history of English poetry.

❦ ❦ ❦

The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are ***Laura Spencer Portor*** (Mrs. Francis Pope), a frequent contributor to this and other magazines and a member of the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion*; ***Charles A. Bennett,*** associate professor of philosophy at Yale; and ***Chester T. Crowell,*** of Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, formerly a newspaper man, now a successful short-story writer.

❦ ❦ ❦

The painting which we reproduce as the frontispiece is the work of ***Chauncey F. Ryder*** of New York, one of the ablest living American landscape painters.

❦ ❦ ❦

In our January issue, Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, writing on "The Crisis in American Law," made a plea for a thorough-going study of the administration of justice in the United States. He claimed that this study should be undertaken by our law schools. "Nowhere else," said he, "shall we find the conditions of continuity of investigation, permanence of tenure, independence of politics, and assured competency, scientific spirit and scientific method, without which the necessary research will fall short of its purpose." There is therefore special interest in the announcement from Cambridge that the Harvard Law School is to undertake a study of the present-day operations of criminal justice, selecting Boston as a typical region for this study. A grant from the Milton research fund has been made for this purpose to Professor Joseph H. Beale and associates; the entire faculty will take part in the work.

❦ ❦ ❦

Those who recall in the same issue of the Magazine Philip Curtiss's delightful story, "Sylvia Goes to the City," may be interested in the following legal item from Mr. Curtiss:

Speaking of "Sylvia," I had an amusing experience the other day. My sister married an Englishman, and on his death has returned to this country but has had to be renaturalized. Recently I went as one of her sponsors to the superior court where the naturalizations are made. There was a huge room full of aliens and then the judge came in and took the bench—an impressive, tall man in a black silk gown. When our case was called we all gave our names, my sister was admitted to citizenship, and then the judge nodded for me to go up to the bench. When I did so, he leaned over and whispered, "I wanted to tell you that I read your story 'Sylvia Goes to the City' in HARPER'S and my wife and I laughed ourselves sick."

❦ ❦ ❦

Letters of applause and indignation concerning Mrs. Gerould's "The Plight of the Genteel" and Mrs. Blair's "Why I Sent My Children Away to School" have been numerous. The most striking fact about the reaction to Mrs. Blair's paper, however, is that the scattered opposition has been drowned out by the voices raised in enthusiastic agreement, and that our School Information Bureau has been deluged with letters asking for the names of the schools to which she sent her children! The response to Mrs. Gerould has been more equally divided between assent and dissent. We have selected for publication here the following passages from a letter from G. W. C. Ross, president of the Farm Mortgage Loan and Trust Company of Carrington, North Dakota, as representing a point of view markedly different from that of the author of "The Plight of the Genteel":

I am not in the habit of trying to break into print, but I cannot refrain from comment on Mrs. Gerould's striking article.

When I was a boy my mother once said to me (I suppose in response to some remark of mine which she thought socialistic), "But how dreadful it would be if everybody were rich! For then none of us could get anybody to do our work for us!" Mrs. Gerould has apparently discovered that that dreaded era has arrived; and she seems to find it as deplorable as it looked in prospect to my mother.

The nub of Mrs. Gerould's thesis is contained in her statement that "It has been our theory that *some sort of service* and some extent of privacy *were necessities.*" (Italics mine.) Yet that is not an

entirely happy statement of just what she means. For the alternative, opposed in her mind to her ideal, is not the primitive life of self-help, as practised by Tolstoy or our pioneer great-grandmothers. The crass modern common folk whose way of life she so despises, command a great deal of superlatively good service by others. We do not eat Florida grape-fruit the year round in cheap restaurants, and Baltimore oysters fresh in Minneapolis, and wear silk stockings and fur coats to our work, and use modern plumbing and city garbage collection and the public schools, and so on *ad infinitum*, without much more than any mere minimum of good service. Never before in the history of the world have people depended so much on the effort and service of others in their behalf, for so much of what they deem necessities. But that is not what Mrs. Gerould means. She admits that. She says, "We are the *employers*, if you like, of butchers, grocers, carpenters, electricians, cab drivers, and laundresses." But being an "employer" does not satisfy her. She must needs be a *mistress*. It is direct, exclusive, personal, domestic service that in her view is essential to the truly civilized life. But it is obvious that if we accept this view only a part of the people can ever live properly, and they can do it only by depriving the rest of the people of similar opportunity. If one must have a "resident cook" to be able to live rightly, it is evident that the "resident cook" cannot herself live rightly; for she cannot have anybody to do her cooking for her. Indeed, she is doubly condemned to brutishness, with the double strain of doing her own cooking for herself and also the cooking for her genteel mistress.

To Plato it was a truism that the social order rested on slavery, the sacrifice of a lower class, body and soul, for an upper. That same assumption, measurably toned down, is implicit in Mrs. Gerould's thinking. In Plato's day it was a true truism, so to speak. It was true so long as service had to be servile,—so long as the only service obtainable was direct, manual, personal service, in industry and in the home. Maybe it is still true. Perhaps civilization in the nature of the case can be available only to a limited number, at the expense of its denial to the rest of us. And yet, has not our modern mechanical and scientific command of nature altered that situation? Might it not be possible now for all of us to dispense with that old-fashioned kind of service and still for everybody to have some small leisure; enough, perchance, to cultivate a modicum of the finer life?

Part of the plight of Mrs. Gerould's genteel appears to be due to the natural feeling of an older generation, that standards and methods different from those of their youth are necessarily inferior. She says truly that "the state of mind which prefers a resident cook to a private motor car is no longer recognized." Yet is it so self-evident that to have a resident cook is the nobler ideal? In the nature of things, not more than half of the people *can* have resident cooks, for the other half must *be* the resident cooks. But everybody might have a private motor car, with its opportunities for recreation in the open, to mention just one of its attractions;—and thanks to Henry Ford, nearly everybody in America does have one. Whichever then, be considered the nobler standard of living, need it be asked which is the more democratic, nay, the more Christian way of life?

❦ ❦ ❦

From Herbert Snyder, headmaster of the Valley Ranch School in Wyoming, comes an enlightening comment on Mrs. Blair's paper:

There are many who will take sharp issue with Mrs. Blair's strictures on the public high-school of today, but I think that everyone who has had the chance of comparing the high-school with the boarding-school of today will agree with the main points made in the article. It is only the exceptional boy or girl who ever *learns* in the high-school. Certain reasons for the poor quality of high-school instruction will occur to many. A strong conservative would say that there are too many women teachers. But another reason, more to the point, is that there are too many people teaching who do not intend to go on with it as a life job. As long as these people satisfy certain artificial requirements, they are adjudged competent to teach anyone. These requirements are those asking that every prospective teacher should study a certain amount of "pedagogy" and allied subjects, which are assumed to show the teacher how to teach. The main result is that the teacher does not, in many cases, know *what* to teach; he does not know his subject thoroughly enough to be a teacher of anything except "pedagogy." If more parents were really interested in their children's education, as was Mrs. Blair, we might expect a higher and more thorough kind of public school instruction. As it is, the schools of all kinds in this country face an appalling indifference on the part of parents, and it is not to be wondered at if they make but feeble progress along the path of real education.

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THE CONTENTS FOR

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1926

Frontispiece in Color	CHAUNCEY F. RYDER	
The Church and the Law: A Protest	CHARLES FISKE, D.D.	663
Wall. *A Poem*	ELIZABETH MORROW	669
What France Thinks of Her War-time Allies	ANDRÉ TARDIEU	670
South of the Potomac	H. G. DWIGHT	676
Clay-Shuttered Doors. *A Story*	HELEN R. HULL	684
Epitaph Upon a Young Soldier. *A Poem*	S. FOSTER DAMON	695
The Decline of Conversation	ALBERT J. NOCK	696
Men in Politics	EMILY NEWELL BLAIR	703
Religion and Life *TOLERANCE*	HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK	710
The Philistine. *A Story*	E. M. DELAFIELD	715
Come Out With Me. *A Poem*	A. A. MILNE	722
What Is Behaviorism?	JOHN B. WATSON	723
The Lilac Tree. *A Poem*	ALICE BROWN	729
The Whirlpools of the Weather	HENSHAW WARD	730
Mirage. *A Story*	LEE FOSTER HARTMAN	738
Who Owns America?	JOHN T. FLYNN	753
The Girl Remembers Her Dead Lover. *A Poem*	EDWARD DAVISON	762
Alice Hamilton, M.D.	ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT	763
Jungle Commonwealth and Jungle Marriage	JOHN W. VANDERCOOK	771
The Lion's Mouth "On Taste in Taxi-Drivers," by Laura Spencer Portor—"Atom and I," by Charles A. Bennett—"Speaking of High Prices," by Chester T. Crowell. Drawings by A. B. WALKER.		780
Editor's Easy Chair "Immortality as a World-Cure"	EDWARD S. MARTIN	787
Personal and Otherwise		791
Among the New Books	HARRY HANSEN	*Following Table of Contents*
Art Objects and Antiques		*Among Front Advertising Pages*
In the Financial World	PAUL TOMLINSON	*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Steamship Sailing Dates and Information		*Among Back Advertising Pages*

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Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article which appeared a few months ago pictured the bitter straits to which cultivated people are reduced by the pressure of modern economics. Mrs. Cannon sees another side to the question in her article which will be eagerly debated.

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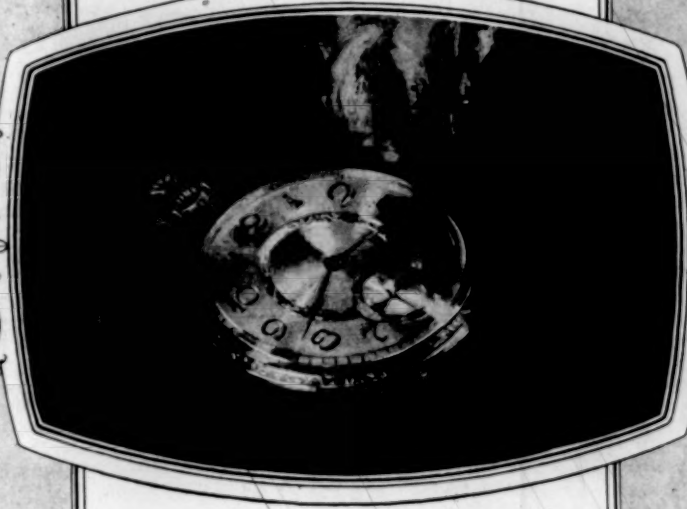

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the Chicago Daily News

EDGAR ALLAN POE, a Study in Genius, by Joseph Wood Krutch, is an important addition to the interpretations of Poe and one that no future student of American literature can afford to ignore. The author is particularly effective in his nonpartisan attitude, as a result of which he makes out a better case for the character of Poe than he would otherwise. The book seeks to explain the subjectivity, morbidity and hopelessness in Poe's writings by an inquiry into the physical disabilities of the poet. Although all of Mr. Krutch's conclusions are not susceptible of proof it remains that he has produced a study that profits by recent researches into sex psychology and also uses to advantage the information disclosed in the Edgar Allan Poe letters in the Valentine museum of Richmond, made public in book form last season. Mr. Krutch writes at a time when it is no longer necessary for a critic either to champion Poe against his detractors, nor to attack him on behalf of conservatives and transcendentalists. We of this generation are above the battle, and most of us are sufficiently remote from Virginia not to make the exaltation of Poe an object of local pride. The nineteenth-century writers viewed Poe either as a drunkard who was a genius but no gentleman, or as the victim of abuse and neglect on the part of relatives, who drank himself to death because a cold world would have none of him. As a matter of fact Poe had every encouragement, abused the confidence of many friends, and all his life lived within the house of his imagination, as Mr. Krutch conclusively shows. Moreover, we are indebted to Mr. Krutch for a careful and sane valuation of Poe's work, much of which has been over-rated. He has repeated the story of Poe's quarrel with Rufus Wilmot Griswold, with justice to the latter. An interpretation of the work of Poe by a study of his character is not new; it can be found, for instance, in the much discussed memoir by Griswold which appears as a preface to *The Literati*, but Mr. Krutch's reading of Poe's character through his writings uncovers many new angles. The lack of voluptuousness in Poe's writings; the chasteness of his allusions to women, are taken by the critic to confirm the legend of Poe's lack of passion; to this end he points to numerous passages in Poe. This does not seem sufficient proof; at least it would not hold in an examination of classical writers. The literary criticism, however, divorced from psychoanalysis, seems sound. Thus Mr. Krutch finds that the French wholly misread the importance of Poe because he ministered to their tastes, and he combats the arguments of French writers, first voiced by Baudelaire, that Poe "first inaugurated the poetic consciousness," adding that this is possible only if there is no true poetry in the world except the poetry of morbid sensibility; he also discounts the French view that Poe's flight was less from himself than from the unsympathetic environment of America, and believes that Poe always fled from himself, taking refuge in a world of the imagination, living always subjectively, and giving the reader no product of observation or objective experience. By an examination

of his marriage and his relations to Mrs. Clemm, the mother of his girl-wife, Virginia, and really his only intellectual companion in the home, as well as to other women, Mr. Krutch declares that Poe suffered from an enforced continence, which reveals itself in morbidity, misgiving, and fear. "Poe was the real inventor of that *frisson nouveau* upon the discovery of which Hugo congratulated Baudelaire," writes Mr. Krutch. He declares that the creator of "Berenice" and "The Tell-Tale Heart" has no superior in the creation of an atmosphere of morbid horror. He was an ingenious constructor in prose and verse, he had "a variety of stylistic tricks," but "even in certain pieces heavily laden with dross there flash out lines of pure magic." His criticism was largely a reflection of his own taste and "Beauty as he defines it includes nothing except beauty of the sort which he himself produced." Griswold speaks of it somewhere as "beauty agreeable to his temper." In lamenting the lack of a moral lesson and conscience in Poe's stories Griswold did not realize that he was pointing to what a later age was to regard as an essential of good writing. Mr. Krutch speaks in his conclusion of having traced Poe's art to "an abnormal condition of the nerves and his critical ideas to a rationalized defense of the limitations of his own taste." He has written a highly important and valuable book. It should create as much discussion as did *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, by Van Wyck Brooks. (Knopf.)

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE
The well-known actress, who has written "Home Talent," a novel of stage life.

Announcing a New American Chronicle

Readers who found *The Chronicles of America* helpful and inspiring will be interested in the announcement that the Yale University Press will publish this year *The Pageant of America*, a pictorial history of the United States, in the same manner that the "Chronicles" were published. The "Pageant" will be under the general editorial direction of Ralph Henry Gabriel, associate professor of history at Yale university, and associated with him will be Henry Jones Ford, Harry Morgan Ayres, and a group of others not connected with the university, including, for instance, William E. Dodd, Nathaniel W. Stephenson and Arthur W. Schlesinger. The first two volumes, *Adventurers in the Wilderness* and *Toilers of Land and Sea* are now ready, but have not reached me in time for examination for this issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The first volume has been prepared by Clark Wissler, curator, division of anthropology, American Museum of Natural History; Constance Lindsay Skinner and William Wood. The second volume has been written by Ralph Henry Gabriel. The announcement declares that a later volume on *The American Spirit in Letters* will be written by Stanley Thomas Williams, assistant professor of English at Yale university, and that *The American Spirit in Art* will come from Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., professor of art at Princeton university; Charles Rufus Morey, also of Princeton, and William James Henderson, the critic of music. Those of us who are interested in books will naturally be curious to see how Mr. Williams and the Yale editors will treat modern literature, and in how far the valuations of conservative writers have been affected by the changes of the last twenty-five years. One line in the announcement confuses me: the books are described as "the origin, the struggles and the achievements of a great people woven into a rich tapestry of great deeds." This smacks of spread-eagle history. It is to be expected, however, that the fine scholarship of the men engaged in this work will keep the narrative from developing into mere propaganda. Another announcement from an entirely different source catches my eye: Hendrik Willem Van Loon, who wrote *The*

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Story of Mankind, is now writing a story of the United States in his picturesque Dutch house overlooking the hills at Westport, Conn. He calls it *America, an Episode in the History of the World*. Anyone familiar with Mr. Van Loon's liberal interpretation of history will be interested in his study of the United States. It is, I believe, to be published serially, and later in book form by Boni & Liveright, probably in the fall.

Books of Lasting Value

A reader writes to ask why the books of the moment receive so much attention in periodicals, and why important books—"both works of art and books of useful information"—seem to be pushed into the background by ephemeral novels. One might reply in the words of Tristram Shandy, who has this to say when giving his opinions on the cause of obscurity and confusion in the mind of man: "Dull organs, dear sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions made by the objects, when the said organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received." Let us add to this, what was not apparent in Sterne's day—the avidity of the reading public for the new book; the hope, born anew every minute, of finding a writer who leaves the beaten path; finally, the preoccupation of each age with its own trivialities. Many of the inquiries that come to this department deal with the new novels. The writer lets his imagination play over the materials of modern life, selects, arranges; what he says is like the comment of a neighbor on a familiar scene. Let us not overlook the fact that the great writer may lurk behind some of these startling red, yellow, and green jackets. Perhaps he is first offered to the world disguised as "light summer fiction." . . . This may be the place to direct attention to a number of excellent editions now being published in the United States. I have mentioned before *The Work of Stephen Crane*, to be issued monthly until it attains twelve volumes. In 1900 few regarded Stephen Crane as bigger than his contemporaries. Many authors, socially secure, no doubt looked down on him as a sort of minor Poe, given to writing occasional tales of horror. To-day the best authorities proclaim him as far ahead of his age. This set of books bears witness to his emergence from obscurity, not only in its typographical excellence, but in the critical comment that prefaces each book. Thus in volume one, which contains "The Red Badge of Courage" and "The Veteran," we have a colorful introduction by Joseph Hergesheimer. Volume two, containing "Tales of Two Wars," a title devised to cover a group of short stories of both the civil war and the Spanish war, and beginning with "The Little Regiment," has a biographical memoir by Robert H. Davis. Mr. Davis worshipped Crane, and this sketch, dealing with the man rather than his work, reflects the adulation of one minister's son for another. The third volume contains "The Monster" and "The Violet" and is prefaced by a competent critical introduction by Wilson Follett, editor of the set, which well repays the student. "An impressionist and a realist were locked up together in Crane," writes Mr. Follett. "As an artist of war he was debilitated and almost ruined from the moment of getting himself packed off to see and report the thing in its actuality." He regards "The Monster" as dynamic, showing the characteristic fullness of Crane's power. "It does things to you." The fourth volume contains "Active Service" with a fine critical introduction by Carl van Doren, and the fifth is made up of "Whilomville Stories," with an introduction by William Lyon Phelps. This critic writes that "Mark

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Twain, Stephen Crane, and Tarkington are among the greatest diagnosticians of children's diseases." This concludes the books available so far, but the set will run, I believe, into twelve volumes. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Another important publication which will be completed in the course of this year is the complete works of De Stendhal, by Boni & Liveright. Of this group *The Charterhouse of Parma*, in two volumes, and *The Abbess of Castro and other Tales*, in one, have already been issued. The next publication will be *Red and Black*, followed by *Henri Brulard*, the autobiographical novel which saw the light last season in the Blue Jade library of the house of Knopf. The books for the complete works are translated anew, some of them by widely known translators, such as C. Scott Moncreiff, the translator of Marcel Proust.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Author of "Edgar Allan Poe," a study both biographical and critical.

Sixth Series of Galsworthy Plays

John Galsworthy, whose later plays read like stenographic records of conversations, is represented among the books of the month with the sixth series of his plays. (Scribner.) In *The Forest* and *Old English* Mr. Galsworthy again presents portraits of sinister men who live by a code of their own; Adrian Bastaple profits by the sentiment for the far-flung battle line of the empire, but he is more interested in diamonds in Africa than anything else. *Old English* likewise has no scruples, but there is something courageous in this old die-hard. "The Show" deals with the unraveling of a suicide mystery, with a skeleton in the family closet. Mr. Galsworthy was to be in America this month.

A Chronicle of the Turn of the Century

The history of our generation is about to be written. The last twenty-five years have receded far enough into the limbo to become romantically interesting to the chronicler. Mark Sullivan is the first to cast into vivid, colorful prose the story of life as it was lived in these United States during the last quarter century. His book, or series of books, is called *Our Times*, and only the first volume is available, dealing with the turn of the century, 1900 to 1904. If the forthcoming books are as entertaining as this they will provide the stimulus for countless long-winded reminiscences. And many of us who hoped inwardly to be grouped with the younger generation will find ourselves joining in with the "I remember when" contest. Wonderful memories, brilliantly told, are conversational assets. But unhappily also they are a precious liability, for the more memories a man has the nearer he is to complete eclipse. There has already been some examination of this "era of expansion" by historians. Thomas Beer foreshadowed its use as background in his study of Stephen Crane, but his method of making Crane stand in bold opposition to his times demanded a careful selection of data, and so gave an ironic twist to the tale. Mr. Sullivan is interested solely in recording the picturesque, and for contrast he keeps in mind that he is of 1925, and that although these things happened to him as well as to all of us, he can join us in laughing at them now.

He gives, then, a detailed résumé of the foibles and frailties of the turn of the century; he tells the story of its great men—Bryan, Roosevelt, Dewey; he tells of the national sympathy with the Cubans and the Boers; he describes the patriotic orgy after the battles of Manila Bay and Santiago; he tells of days when the automobile was a danger and a nuisance; when the money standard hovered between silver and gold; when women wore shirt waists and any number of skirts and petticoats; when the red plush parlor set was to be found in every home; when everybody read *Richard Carvel* and *Alice of*

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Old Vincennes, and saw Joe Jefferson in "Rip van Winkle". Important and trivial facts; great and little events, all are recorded here, and altogether they build one of the most amusing and interesting books of the day. I do not know why a recital of what we all did and said twenty-five years ago should be amusing, but it is. Mr. Sullivan is not the analytical historian but the recorder. He has done very little moralizing. In the first few chapters he generalizes from certain changes in American life—the close of free government lands, the rise of factories, the gold standard. But on the whole he prefers to tell what happened, and to embellish his story with anecdotes and illustrations. Among the valuable records in this book are the footnotes. These are made up of comment by many living men who have written to the author to verify or embellish a statement. Among the most interesting chapters are those that deal with the old songs—and one may contrast the ragtime and cakewalk of the turn of the century with the jazz of today. The chapter on the rise of the automobile has much to offer the casual reader. And the discussion of the books of the late nineties and their authors may lead the reader to wonder what has become of them. Well, some of them, like *Janice Meredith*, are in the movies. Others, like *The Call of the Wild* are still being worn to tatters by eager readers in the libraries. And as for Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*—it was only the other day that the story caught my eye somewhere, having been reprinted as a novelette, I believe. I am sure that Mr. Sullivan's book will prove widely interesting, and that it will start off a whole string of similar books. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Heywood Broun Writes a Fantasy

Gandle Follows His Nose, by Heywood Broun, is delightful fantasy. It is just real enough to make Gandle kin of all men who venture forth to fulfill their destiny, and just imaginative enough to stimulate the imaginations of all of us. With simplicity and directness and a knowledge of the ways of men Mr. Broun tells the story of Gandle, who came into the world with an inquiring disposition and hence was unable to take anything on faith. He learns that even the primrose path asks its own manner of toll, that half the joy of living is in the battle,

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Isabel Paterson in the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*

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H. S. in the N. Y. *World*

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82

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and that things unearned and joys relished without the salt of dissent are tasteless. He learns what love is; he questions blind faith and openly challenges the false gods worshipped by the multitude. Now and then he finds that much that man believes in is a misconception. Certain familiar figures posture in the tale—a wizard, a giant, a genie of the lamp, fire-breathing dragons—embodying some of those dread evils that Gandle meets to his profit. This story has no relation to objective narratives like *The Sun Field* and *The Boy Grew Older*, save that it is illuminated with Broun's common sense and knowledge of the antics of man. (Boni & Liveright.)

A Tale of a Tennessee Hill Town

Teeftallow, the story of life in a Tennessee hill town, marks another advance in the writing career of T. B. Stribling, whose best work may be found in *Birthright*. Mr. Stribling is an earnest student of community life in backward regions of the south and his background is as important to him as his characters. In *Teeftallow* he has almost succeeded in getting a proper balance between the two, a difficult task. Abner Teeftallow is an ignorant and stupid hill town lad who has been living at an orphanage and now comes to Irontown. His first work is at day labor as a teamster. He meets Nessie Sutton, a milliner's assistant, and gradually the two drift together. Nessie has in her the fear of living inculcated by her religion, in which a literal interpretation of the Bible is uppermost. Abner, whose emotions are constantly in conflict with the community's idea of duty and right conduct, is bewildered by Nessie, by the feeling in the community toward him, and by life itself. Greed animates the business men and keeps Abner from his inheritance. The viewpoint of Railroad Jones, who is building a railroad into the town, is typical: "When I see these edjercated fellows goin' aroun' puttin' things they want to ricolleck down in a little book, I think, you pore addle-headed fools, when you lose yore little book, what'll you do? An' yet, if I'd ever alearnt to read an' write I might be just as bad as them." The book falls into two sections; the first deals with Abner's relations to Nessie, whom he seduces; the second with his friendship with Adelaide, the sophisticated daughter of Railroad Jones, who is drawn to Abner because he is a man of wealth. Only the first

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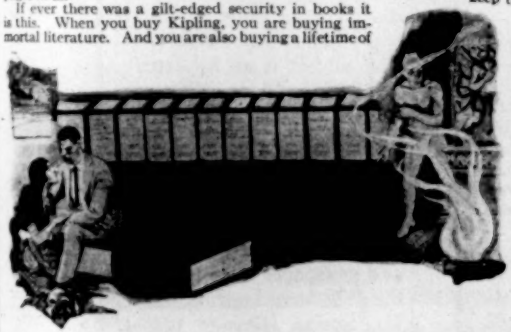

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part is wholly convincing, and the character of Nessie is the best in the book. The introduction of Adelaide weakens the force of Nessie's tragedy, although she comes back into the story now and then. The description of the community, of the motives that animate its members in mob attacks, outbursts of shooting, and the like, is excellently done; religious bigotry is described by the effect it has on men and women alike, and the evangelistic exhorter is satirized. The reader gets the impression that much personal observation has gone into the story. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Uprooted" Americans in Europe

Brand Whitlock has written a novel dealing with those men and women who leave their native shores and never feel entirely at home in foreign lands—the expatriates and *déracinés*. *Uprooted* is no doubt the result of his observation abroad, where one meets many dissatisfied Americans, no longer tolerant of their own country and bewildered in their adopted land. His story is told largely from the viewpoint of an American artist named Waldron who has lived in Paris so long that there will be no return home for him. Waldron becomes fascinated by Betty Marsh, of Macochee, Ohio, a "slender American type." An example of a woman uprooted is Dorothy, widow of the Count de Granvallon, whose young son will bear the title. In Mrs. Richardson the author portrays a middle-aged American woman who is active in social affairs, receives any number of honors, and who interlards her plain American speech with trite French phrases. Perhaps Effingham should be mentioned, for eventually he marries Betty and returns with her to the States, leaving Waldron and Dorothy to discuss their state as expatriates over the tea, without any excessive show of feeling. The subject is an important one, but Mr. Whitlock has done little more than skim the surface, failing to make expatriation the subject of an intense emotional crisis for any one of his characters. (Appleton.)

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This is the story of a pilgrimage past innumerable barriers, some of them hostile, to the headquarters of Mohammed ben Abd-el-Krim, the Arab leader of the Riffi. It is a readable tale, throwing much light on the manner of life among the tribesmen, recounting several dangerous adventures, and giving a glimpse of French and Spanish influences beyond the mountain passes. In Abd-el-Krim he sees no nobility, no special imprint of moral and intellectual greatness, but merely "the force of collectivity applied." He calls him "an intelligent instrument of a national spirit." The book is entertaining as a record of adventure. Mr. Sheean's political comment is strongly pro-French and a bit flamboyant in praise of French rule.

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Walter Noble Burns raises an interesting question in his story of a frontier outlaw of the eighties, *The Saga of Billy the Kid*. Thus he writes: "Like all the noted killers of the west, Billy the Kid was of the blond type. Wild Bill Hickok, Ben Thompson, King Fisher, Henry Plummer, Clay Allison, Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, Frank and Jesse James, the Youngers, the Daltons—the list of others is long—were all blond. There was not a pair of brown eyes among them. It was the gray and blue eye that flashed death in the days when the six-shooter ruled the frontier. This blondness of desperadoes is a curious fact, contrary to popular imagination and the traditions of art and the stage. The theater immemorially has portrayed its unpleasant characters as black-haired and black-eyed. The popular mind associated swarthiness with villainy. Blue eyes and golden hair are, in the artistic canon, a sort of heavenly hallmark. No artist has yet been so daring as to paint a winged cherub with raven tresses, and a search of the world's canvases would discover no brown-eyed angel." This is an interesting speculation, although Mr. Burns is only partly right. It is true that many of the early frontier outlaws were blond, but they came of Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic stock. So, too, the traditions of our stage were the traditions of the English stage, and the English regarded swarthiness with fear because it belonged to their enemies of the south. The Spanish pirates whom Drake vanquished were all dark and bearded men, and the Armada was manned by men of dark eyes. But the bootleg killers of Chi-

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cago are practically all dark-eyed men, in contrast to the blond outlaws of another frontier. In the matter of fair-haired angels, Mr. Burns' remarks must be qualified: they are fair-haired only so long as they come from the brushes of British, Dutch, and Flemish painters. The medieval Italian canvases show many dark-eyed *cherubini*. Indeed, in view of the Teutonic and Norman invasions of Italy it would be no surprise to discover that the traditional villain of the Italian stage was fair-haired and blue-eyed. *The Saga of Billy the Kid* is the most elaborate story of an outlaw that I have ever read. To write it Mr. Burns traveled to the sleepy towns in New Mexico where the Lincoln county war was once fought. He found them still somnolent and backward. Billy was a wayward youth with some good qualities, but his habit of shooting in all directions proved his undoing. In twenty-one years he had shot twenty-one men, but Sheriff Garrett was just a second too quick for him on the trigger. Strange to say, he did not hang, but died with his boots on, and one of the most interesting chapters in this book tells the story of his escape from the noose under handicaps as great as any suffered by the famous dime novel bandits of yore. Mr. Burns follows him step by step, reports every word he said and every movement he made, which leads me to say that he has been a bit free with his material, but he protests that it's true, every word, and that he is the first man to relate it as it actually occurred. This testimony Mr. Burns gathered from survivors. It is lamentable that Billy the Kid's grave is unmarked. In this day of trans-continental touring it might prove a commercial asset for New Mexico. Something ought to be done about this oversight. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh

Sir Walter Alexander Raleigh of Oxford University made many friends in the United States before he died in 1922. He came to America in 1915 to lecture principally on the war, but certain Americans still recall his addresses on "The Origin of Romance" and "Imitation and Forgery," delivered at Princeton University in March, 1915, and later published by the Princeton University Press. Sir Walter spoke also at Harvard, Yale, Brown and other institutions. Before that he had had a long and honored career as lecturer in English literature and author of half a dozen forceful books. His brilliant

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wit and buoyant spirit is disclosed in *The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1879–1922), edited by Lady Raleigh, with an introduction by David Nichol Smith. Sir Walter was one of that disappearing clan—the voluminous letter writer. He not only wrote regularly to his friends—there are over 2,000 letters in these two volumes—but he poured into them his views on literature and art, politics, religion and human affairs. No wonder then that these letters form—as Lady Raleigh says—his best biography. They disclose his liberalism, his hatred of orthodoxy, a healthy iconoclasm, heightened by a ready sense of humor and a deft play of wit. Sir Walter was born in London in 1861, the son of a Congregational minister. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, University College and King's College, Cambridge. He edited the *Cambridge Review*, was professor of English literature at Aligarh in India and later lectured on literature at Liverpool and Glasgow, beginning his career in Oxford in 1904. His earliest publications were *The English Novel*, a short sketch of its history to the appearance of Waverley (1894) and *Robert Louis Stevenson* in 1896. He is best known, perhaps, for his book on Shakespeare in the *English Men of Letters* series. His *Six Essays on Johnson* appeared in 1910; he also wrote critically on Milton, the voyages of Hakluyt, John Dryden, Blake, Shelley, Arnold, Burke, Whistler and many more. His opinions of Shelley and Byron, disclosed in his letters, show that he did not respect Shelley outside his books. "I could live in a tent with Byron, who was never unreal or faddy about ordinary things and was as sincere as an angel when there was no public present." He thought Gladstone's home rule bill "contemptible," and hated the prime minister; he thought Henry Drummond a bigot; he saw the ludicrous side of missionary work in India and abused it roundly in his letters. There is much fun in his letters—good-natured thrusts and attempts at puns. Sir Walter's last work was not literary, but historical. He began *The War in the Air*, the story of the Royal Air Force, and the volume was published in 1922. He was liberal in his views, but nevertheless a sincere English patriot. The letters have been chosen with much selective ability by Lady Raleigh. (Macmillan Co.)

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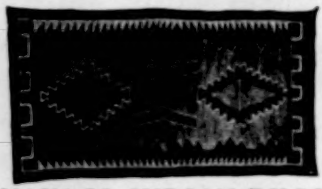

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publication of *American Speech*, a monthly magazine. This is not a dull journal devoted to abstruse discussions by doctors of philosophy, although I have no doubt that Louise Pound of the University of Nebraska, who edits it, has plenty of degrees to place behind her name. An inquiry directed to the Williams and Wilkins Co., Baltimore, Md., will bring more detailed information. This is in answer to an inquiry from Robert McLennan Jones, Cambridge, Mass. . . . Herbert J. Pack, associate entomologist at the experiment station of the Utah Agricultural college, Logan, Utah, is informed that *The Contribution of Science to Religion*, by Shailer Mathews, was published by D. Appleton & Co., in 1924 at $3; *God of Gorilla*, by A. W. McCann, by the Devin-Adair Company in 1922 at $3, and *The New Geology*, by Geo. McCready Price, by the Pacific Company in 1923 at $3.50. Order through your local bookseller. . . . Jerome Aldrich, Detroit, Mich., is advised that the offices of the Encyclopedia Britannica are at 342 Madison Avenue, New York City, where he can get information about the eleventh edition, the three later volumes, and the volumes now in preparation. . . . Alexander Mahan Sterling, Rochester, N. Y., asks for information about famous gunmen and desperadoes of the old West, suggested by *The Saga of Billy the Kid*. Walter Noble Burns, author of the latter, tells me that very few stories are actually available. *The Outlaw*, by Emerson Hough, is out of print; this is true also of *Scouts of the Plains*, by Johnson, and a book by Buell. A series on the old outlaws was published last fall in *Collier's Weekly*, ending in January; the files are no doubt available in the Rochester public library. Dibble's *Strenuous Americans* discussed Jesse James, and the full story of the James boys is to be published this spring by Putnam's; it comes from the pen of Robertus Love, who has devoted much time to a careful examination of legends and records in Missouri. *The Taming of the Frontier*, by Duncan Aikman, published by Minton, Balch & Co., makes excellent reading in this field. If any readers know of any obscurely printed books on the old outlaws I shall welcome the information. . . . Mrs. John R. Smalley, San Francisco, Cal., is informed that the memoirs of Madame Melba are being published by the Geo. H. Doran Co., under the title *Melodies and Memories*, at $5. . . .

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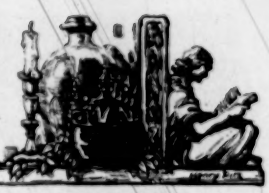

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manufacture might become known, decreed that any workman taking information of his craft to another country would be followed and killed. A policy, slightly more drastic, it must be admitted, than any of our present-day protective tariffs.

With the seventeenth century came the trend to heavily ornamented glass and the sheer beauty of classic lines was lost.

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As to colors, René Francois, writing of the delightful power of Venetian glass to impart its own color to that of the liquid contained, says, "Isn't it nice to swallow a great chunk of scarlet, gold, opal or blue?"

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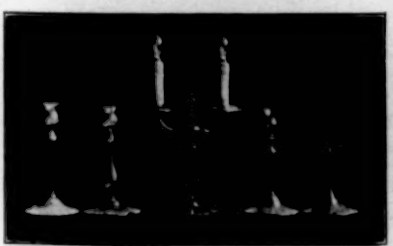

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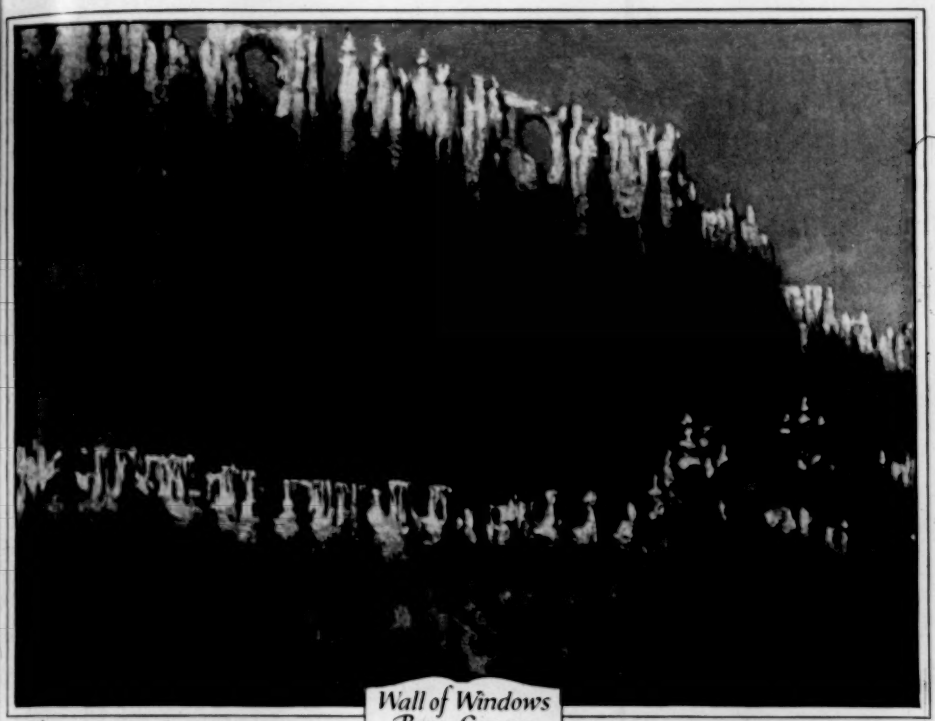

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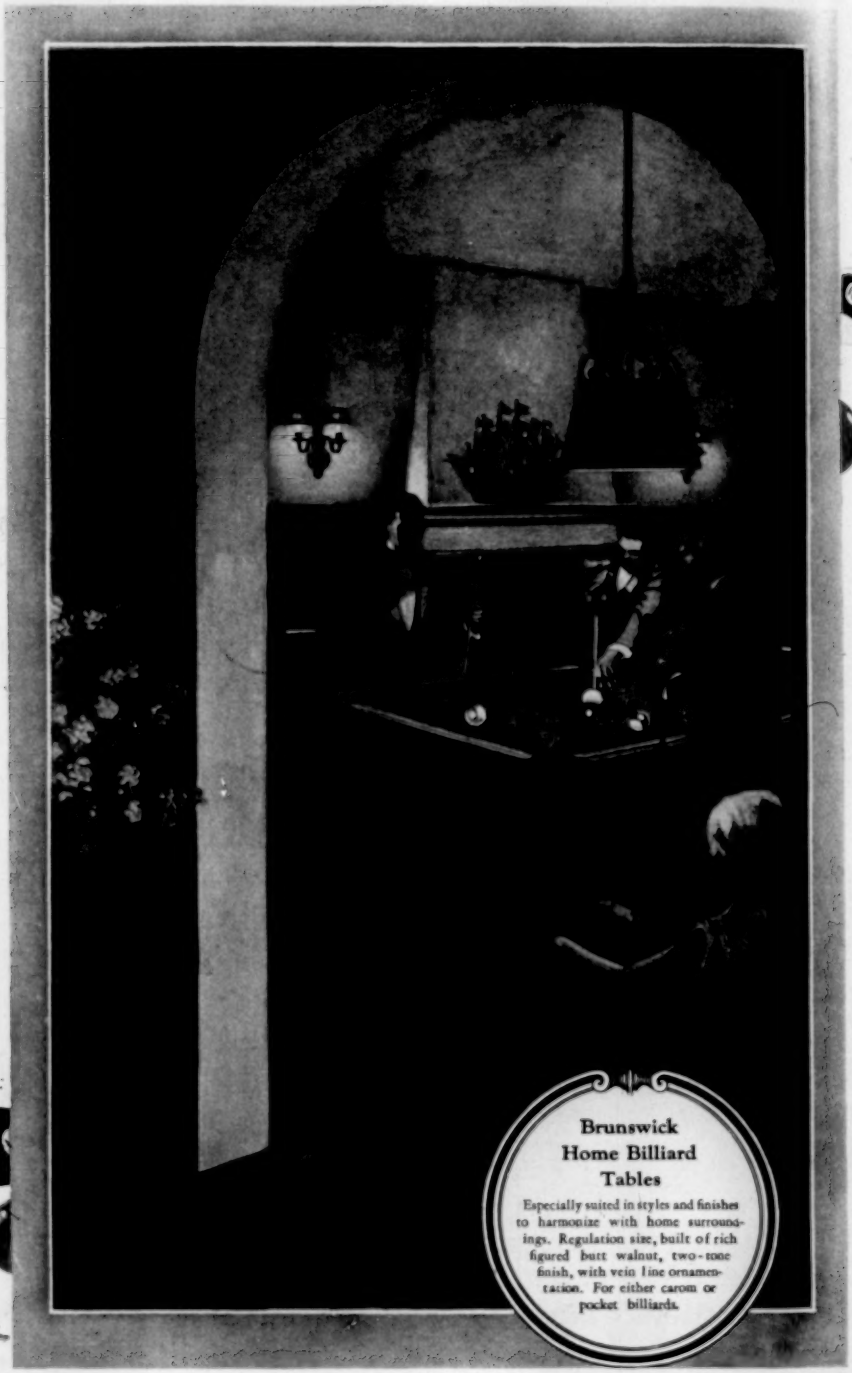

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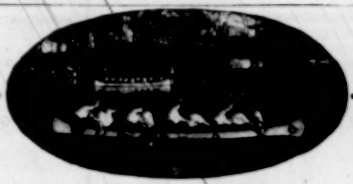

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If you are in doubt

as to where you will send your boy or girl or have difficulty in selecting just the sort of school or summer camp you are seeking from among those advertised in this issue, the School Information Bureau will be glad to offer suggestions. When making inquiry of this Bureau please use coupon below and state kind of school or camp desired, for boy or girl, location preferred, etc.

SCHOOL INFORMATION BUREAU

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5-26

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 East 33rd Street, NEW YORK.

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Name.....

Address.....

For Summer Camps see following pages

The Camp, the Parent and the Child

THERE is a longing now, as at no other time, for the great out-of-doors, and the desire for a complete change possesses everyone.

The long days bring to the consciousness of parents the rapidly approaching summer vacation; play-time for the great host of school children.

Boys and girls are free, free from lessons and work, free from books, free from supervision and influences.

Today, the long vacations offer a problem more difficult in solution than the question of schools.

The increasing material interests of parents, demands from outside the home, of necessity occupy so much time that more and more are children making a world of their own.

The great question that arises is, "How will they fashion this world of theirs?"

Can parents fill their hours with interests and activities that are profitable as well as pleasurable?

With few exceptions the answer is, "No." Then what of the boys and girls, who will be the men and women of tomorrow? They cannot be ignored, neglected, allowed to follow the "Do as you please" inclination.

Out of the great demand for something better, something finer for our children, has grown the summer camp idea. The idea is as sound as it is big, for it is solving for many thousands of parents this same great question. How can we make the summer vacation a positive factor in the physical, mental and spiritual development of our children?

Many parents have already enrolled their children in summer camps, but others have waited; and the parent who is considering camp for the first time may still be pondering.

The time is short, and just as there is a choice in schools, so is there a very definite choice in camps. The best camps, camps that discriminate in the selection of campers, camps that are sought early because of their excellence, are closing their enrollments.

To the average play-loving child, the camp makes a strong appeal and means recreation, play, freedom, friendships, comrades — a joyous good time.

To the parent, camp means a great deal more and must fulfil a greater purpose.

Incumbent upon the camp director is an enormous responsibility and obligation. He or she is rendering a great service in the interest of youth, and the trust is one that calls for the most conscientious effort.

The well organized camp offers, in the fulfilment of its duty, the following:

1st. Strict attention to physical fundamentals — Healthful location, pure drinking water and tested milk. Careful supervision of health and personal hygiene by a resident trained nurse, and well balanced and appetizing meals. Sufficient rest.

2nd. Carefully selected and well trained councillors, who are specialists in their work, and have the interest of boys and girls at heart. Young enough to be spirited leaders and sufficiently mature to be thoroughly responsible and tactful; men and women of culture and refinement.

3rd. Expert instruction in all activities.

4th. Carefully selected campers.

5th. Splendid equipment.

6th. A well balanced program of cultural, educational and recreational activities.

The aim of the camp is to supply a normal, wholesome out-of-door life, where energy is directed and not exhausted; to awaken and stimulate interest in all that is beautiful, healthful and true.

Camp life is the ideal social life, for every camper has an equal chance—free from any superficial or artificial distinctions—to be known for what he or she is actually worth in character.

The over-athletic and too ambitious camper is guarded against overdoing; the timid, retiring camper is encouraged and helped until self-reliance is developed and he or she becomes an eager participant in all activities.

The only child and the child whose associations have been limited find real inspiration in the social contacts of camp life.

Children return from camp greatly benefited physically, more alert mentally, more resourceful and filled with joy and high spirits.

Is it not then conclusive that the well organized camp is a potent factor in the proper development and education of our boys and girls?

Christine Hovey Smith, Director — Camp Wabasso for Girls.

By consulting the following pages, or by writing to the School and Camp Information Bureau of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, information may be secured regarding the best camps and summer schools for girls and boys.

CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FOR GIRLS

CAMP WABASSO

LAKE BLAISDELL, Sutton, N. H. Altitude 1000 ft.
In the beautiful Lake Sunapee Region

Junior and Senior Camps. All water and land sports, dramatics, arts and crafts, trips including Presidential Range. **Special Feature — Riding — excellent horses, expert instruction in horsemanship.** *Illustrated Booklet.* Address: Miss Christine Hovey Smith, 156 Willetts Ave., New London, Conn.

ECOLE CHAMPLAIN

French Camp for girls 8–18, at Macdonough Point, Lake Champlain, July and August. 150 acres, with one and one-half mile shore front, landlocked bay, safe beaches, athletic field, farm dairy and gardens, saddle horses. Native French associates and specially trained councillors promote the easy, rapid acquisition of French by direct, natural methods.

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CAMP MOY-MO-DA-YO FOR GIRLS

Pequaket Lake, Cornish, Maine. Officially rated "Class A" in equipment, sanitation and organization. Varied Arts and Crafts. Riding free. Red Cross Swimming and Life-Saving Course by Official Examiners. Regular trips to an exclusive beach for surf bathing. Educational and recreational. Number limited. Ages 6 years to 20 years. Established 1907 by

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Strengthen weak points in long vacation under expert tutors of College Preparatory subjects.
Trained leadership in land and water sports, hiking and trips, horseback riding.

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A Camp for Girls. Eighty acres of field and forest. Bungalows and modern conveniences. White sand beach extends 1650 feet. Water Sports. Riding and Hiking over woodland trails. Tennis. Crafts. Dramatics. All positions filled. Illustrated Booklet.

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On State Highway and Southern R. R., 18 miles East of Asheville. Elevation 2800 ft. Lake, rowing, riding, all outdoor sports.

317 N. 22nd Street, BIRMINGHAM, Ala.

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Mountain and lake region, Wayne Co., Pa. Elevation 2250 ft. Lake ownership. Junior, intermediate and senior camps. Horseback riding. Eighth year. July and August, $225.00. Booklet.

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ESTABLISHED 1913
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET
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New Meadows Bay, East Harpswell, Maine. 12th Season. On Salt Water. Horseback Riding free. All sports. Ages 8 to 20. Junior and Senior camps. Resident nurse. Tuition $320. Laundry only extra. *Booklet on request.*

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A wonderful summer among blue hills 'neath spreading pines, on picturesque Lake Thompson. All sports. Fine riding appointments. Home care. Thoughtful councillors. Best of food.

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Fifty acres on the beautiful Kennebec river at Richmond, Maine. Healthful out-of-door life and good food. Suitable sports. Trained director in charge.
Season eight (8) weeks, $250.

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The 25th Season. Three Separate Camps. Ages 8-20

A summer in the Maine Woods for girls who love the out-of-doors, who find great joy in woods and mountains, in glistening lake and winding stream, who long to join staunch comrades in swims and rides and swift canoes, to sail and row and test their skill in archery and handicrafts, in sports and games and pageantry, to learn the secrets of the woods and know its folk.

For illustrated booklet, address MR. and MRS. C. E. COBB, Vero, Florida
After April 1st, Denmark, Maine

CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FOR GIRLS (continued)

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Here you will find joy in learning by actual practice how to play the game of Girl Scouting.

Practical courses in Troop Management, Nature Lore, Forestry, Campcraft, and courses for Girl Scout Local Directors will be given in the mornings. The afternoon program is elective, and you may swim, country dance, play games, hike, roam in the woods, or just rest.

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NEW YORK CITY

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Every provision for comfortable, pleasant camp life. Lake and mountains combine to form a beautiful playground. Canoeing, horseback riding, swimming, mountain climbing. Expert directors for every activity. Registered nurse. Open-air dining-room and sleeping porches. References required. Catalog. Address Camp Director,
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"The Camp in the Wilderness."
Riding Six Hours a Week. Baretto de Souza.
Dean of the country's horsemen—and author of many books and articles on equitation.
Private Lake and Preserve.
Rustic Bungalows with Baths and Electric Lights.
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All of the regular camp activities. Hotel for Parents.
No possible "extras."
G. H. LONGSTAFF,
301 Shelton Ave., JAMAICA, L. I., N. Y.

A SUMMER CAMP

For your boy or girl? If you are planning to send your boy or girl to a camp next summer, we would commend for your consideration the announcements that appear in the Summer Camp Section of this issue. The facilities of our School Information Bureau are also at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the summer camp best suited to your demands.
Address School Information Bureau,
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 E. 33rd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CAMP MINNETONKA

1000 ft. on Lake Woodbury, Maine. Junior and senior girls. Aesthetic dancing, dramatics, land and water sports, handcrafts, tutoring. Nature study, trips. Ideal for health and happiness. A singing camp. Mod. equip. "A" rating. Booklet. 7th year.
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Lake Keuka, N. Y.
A camp of happiness with unusual associations, spirit and traditions where body and character are developed.
All land and water sports, horseback, dramatics.
Carefully restricted enrollment. Booklet.
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Mountain climbing, long canoe trips, fine water sports equipment. Music.
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Ages 10–18. Bungalows. Crafts, all sports. Trips. Horseback riding included in fee.
Careful supervision by experienced councillors. Write for booklet.
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CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FOR GIRLS (continued)

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Green Lake, Wisconsin.
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All sports. Dancing, riding, dramatics, arts.
Girls 9 to 24 in three divisions.
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A GIRL'S CAMP

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School Information Bureau HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.

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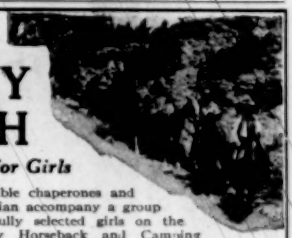

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Julian S. Bryan, Director, Valley Ranch Eastern Headquarters, 70 East 45th St., New York.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 E. 33rd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Life in the open, with Swimming, Canoeing, Motor Boating, Deep-Sea Fishing and other Water Sports. Horseback Riding, Motoring, Tennis.

Trained Directors, Experienced Teachers and Nurses give individual attention to the particular needs of each child.

Physician and trained nurse always at camp

Under same direction as The Bancroft School, near Philadelphia

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Address, Box A **Haddonfield, N. J.**

When writing to schools and camps please mention Harper's Magazine

The Story-telling Hour.

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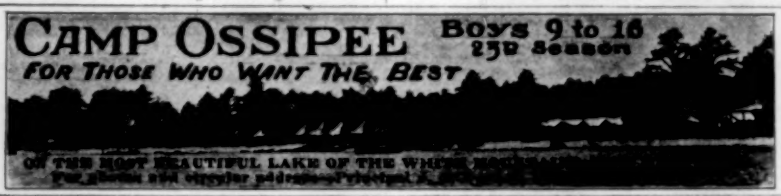

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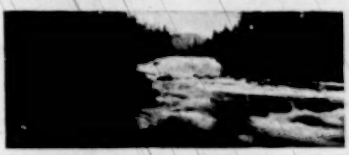

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FOR BOYS (continued)

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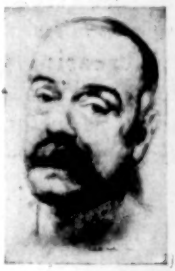

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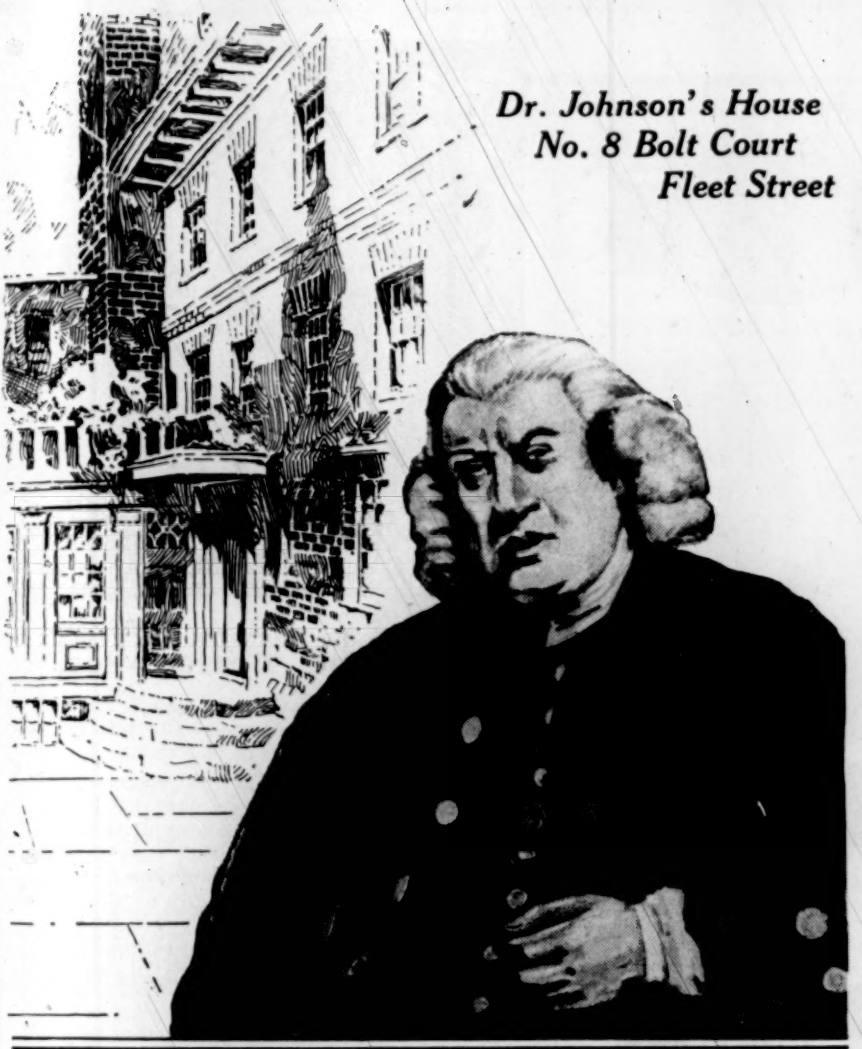

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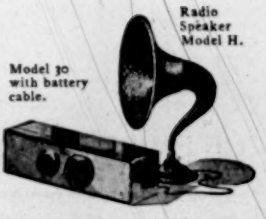

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But at night, when you steal quietly in for a last good-night look, how like blossoms they seem—exquisite promises of the future. You dream of the things you hope to do for them—of the advantages you wish to give them—of the gifts you would like to lavish upon them. But has it occurred to you that there is something else that perhaps you should be doing for them right now?

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Second. Make sure that they have toxin-antitoxin treatments to prevent diphtheria.

Third. Have them examined at least once a year to correct physical defects. Especially, teeth, eyes, ears and tonsils should be thoroughly inspected; adenoids, when present, should be removed.

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Frequently whooping cough leads to pneumonia or permanently injured lungs. Unless a child who has measles is carefully nursed,—pneumonia, mastoiditis or kidney trouble may result.

Do not think that your child must have all the children's diseases and "the sooner the better." Protect your boys and girls. Health is the greatest blessing you can give your children. Now is the time to plan for it—in blossom time.

For the past three years May Day has had a new meaning. It has become National Child Health Day—the day on which every state in our country takes stock of the health and welfare of its children.

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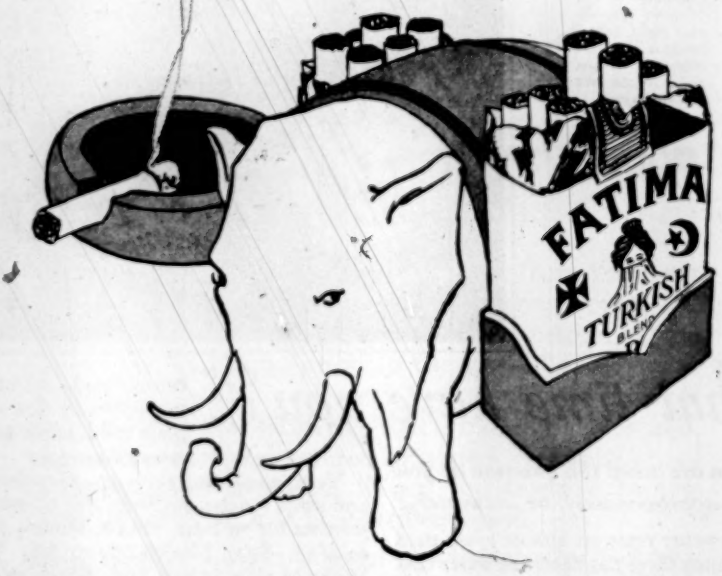

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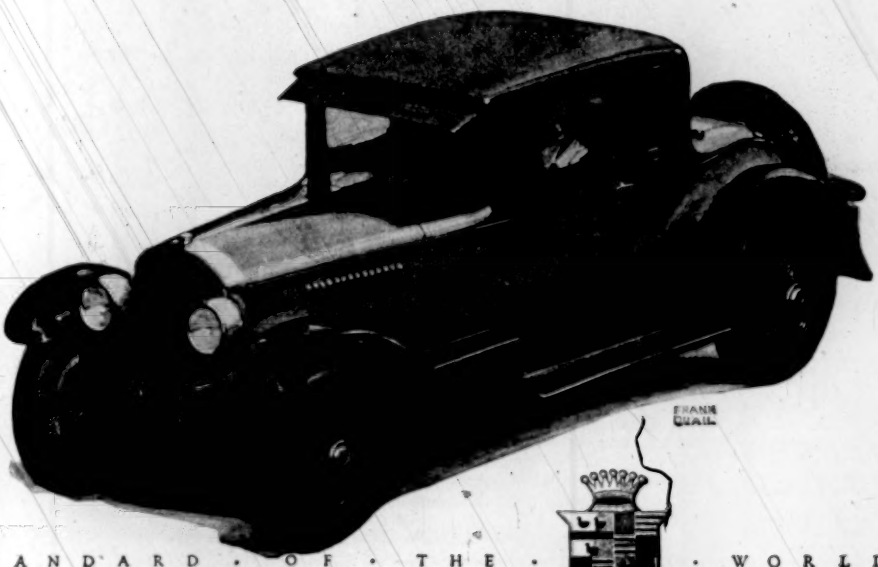

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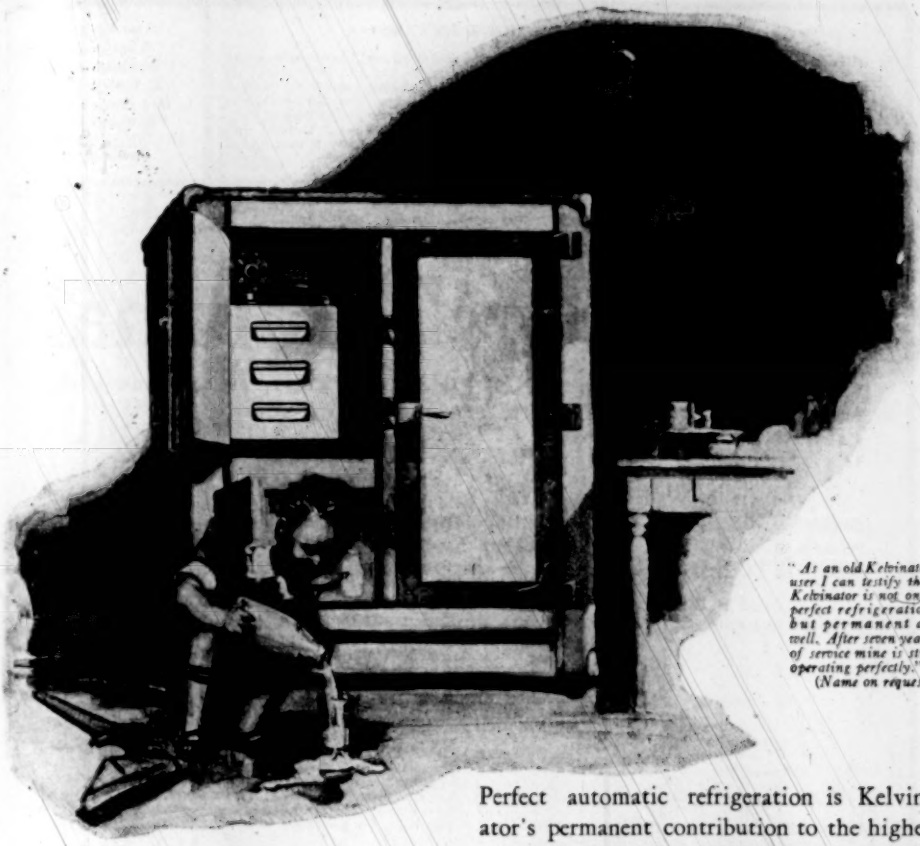

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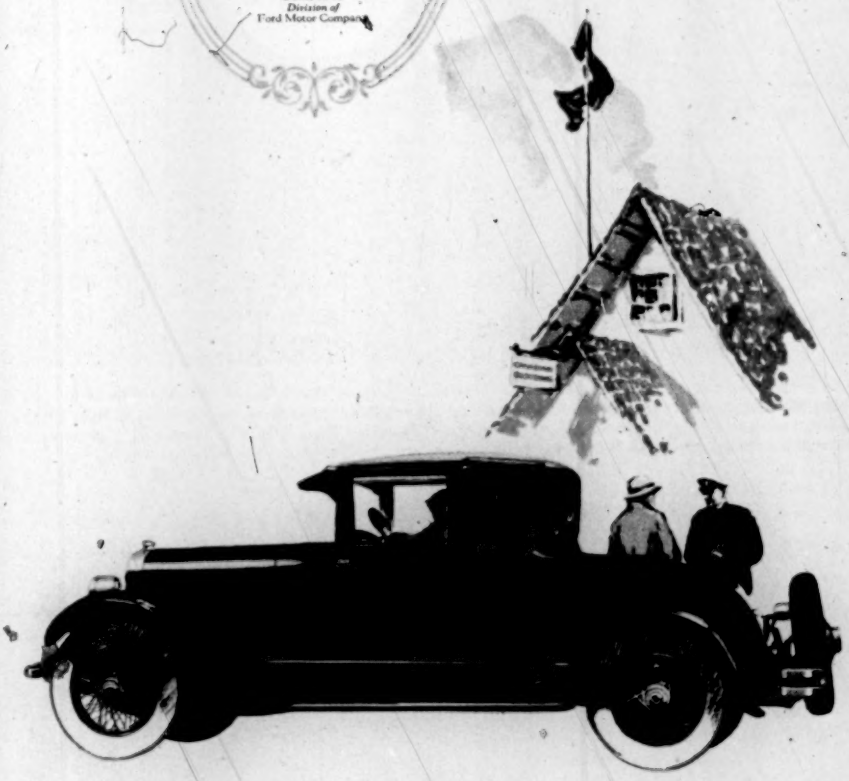


When the first glorious day of sinks in the 18th cup—when soft mellow twilight

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

© 1926

golf is over—and the final putt the tense moments end in
—have a Camel!

WHEN it's glorious evening on the greens. And the last long putt drops home on the 18th hole—*have a Camel!*

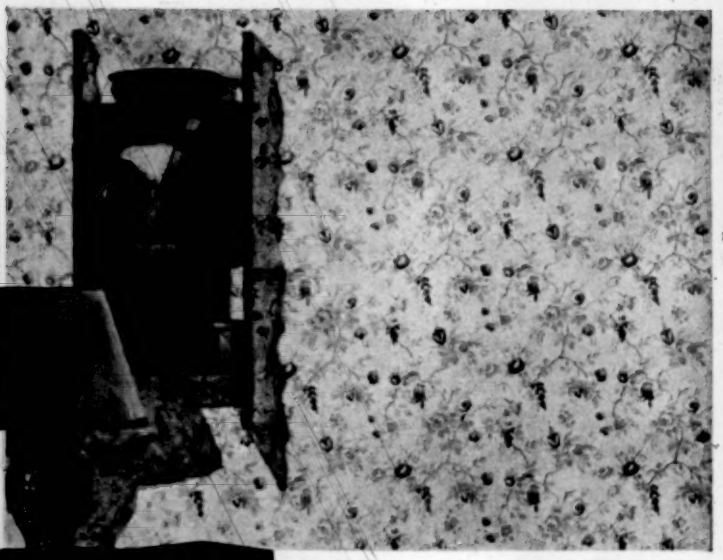
For, all the world over, Camel adds of its own friendly goodness to exhilarating days and restful evenings. Camel fragrance and taste add joyous zest to healthful hours in the open. Camels never tire your taste, or leave a cigaretty after-taste, no matter how liberally you smoke them. This is the inside story of Camel success — their choice tobaccos and perfect blending make them the utmost in cigarettes.

So, this fine spring day, as you eagerly start for life's fairway, when your first glorious birdie ends its breathless flight. When you leave the long course to start home, tired and joyous — taste then the smoke that's admitted champion among the world's experienced smokers. Know, then, the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.



SANITAS
Standard STP Co.
BRAND

Look for this trademark on the back of the goods

Style illustrated is reproduction of No. R4140 (⅛ actual size)

Life insurance for charming walls

CHARMING walls must be healthy walls. Wall coverings that are soiled, cracked, or torn don't *look* healthy, whatever may be the state of the plaster. And cracked, loosened and stained plaster makes an unhealthy wall, whether the decorations show it or not.

There is five times as much wall and ceiling space in a house, as there is floor space, and the walls at least are on the eye level. You can cover up a bad spot on the floor, but when something goes wrong with the wall, its face shows it.

Sanitas Modern Wall Covering keeps things from going wrong with the walls. Its sturdy fabric back cuddles up tight against the plaster and keeps it from cracking, or cracks from showing through. The evenly-laid surface of durable oil colors keeps air and moisture from seeping through to the plaster and crazing it, and at the same time makes it possible to wipe the walls clean with a damp cloth.

Sanitas is life insurance for your walls—it keeps their charm from dying. It's an investment, not an expense.

SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING

Styles for every room in the house

Plain and Pastel Flat Finish
tints that can be hung as they come, or stenciled, frescoed, or Tiffany blended.

Decorative Flat Finish
conventional and foliage patterns, neutral toned designs of vague formations, stripes, mottled effects, and reproductions of tapestry, grass-cloth, leather and various fabrics.

Brocade and Metallic Finishes
in embossed effects for panel treatments and trimmings.

Enamel Finish
plain colors, tile effects and decorative patterns, for kitchens, bathrooms, etc.

Ask your decorator to show you the new Sanitas styles.
Write to us for samples and descriptive booklet.

THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.
320 Broadway, Dept. 32, New York

When you visit Atlantic City, see the Sanitas Exhibit at 1410 Boardwalk, Central Pier

First to be seen are the windows

OF ALL elements that go to make an interior scheme, most conspicuous are the windows. It is through them that daylight comes, the brightest light that ever enters your home.

In *your* windows, what does daylight reveal? Does it show a smooth expanse of beautifully tinted window shade, or ugly cracks and pinholes glaring in harsh relief?

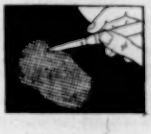
If you are planning new windows, plan beauty that will last.

Lasting beauty for a few cents more

Cracks and pinholes appear quickly in window shades which are made with a brittle filling of chalk or clay that soon breaks and falls out, leaving streaks against the light.

Brenlin has no filling. It is much like tightly-woven linen, strong and flexible, with weight and body enough to keep it always straight and smooth. It resists the constant strain of rolling and unrolling, the jerking and snapping of the wind. Rain will not discolor it. And its beautiful tints, applied by hand, resist fading in the sun. Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade, yet it costs only a few cents more. The name Brenlin is embossed or perforated on the edge of every Brenlin shade. *Be sure it's Brenlin when you buy.*

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY
"The oldest window shade house in America"
2087 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio
6th St. at Chelton Ave., Camden, N. J.



Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN *has no filling. It outwears several ordinary shades*

Dealers may also be supplied by

Breneman-Horan Co., Inc., New York City; Rasch & Gainor, Baltimore, Md.; Breneman-Paschall Co., Inc., Dallas, Texas; S. A. Maxwell & Co., Inc., Kansas City, Mo.; Renard Linoleum & Rug Co., St. Louis, Mo.; The Rainier Shade Co., Seattle, Wash.; The Florida Brenlin Co., Jacksonville, Fla.; The Breneman-Sommers Co., Inc., Portland, Ore.; S. A. Maxwell & Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.; Brenlin Window Shade Co., Los Angeles, Calif.; D. N. & E. Walter & Co., San Francisco, Calif.

HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

Prepared in collaboration with interior decorators, the subject matter of this book is authoritative and correct. It is generously illustrated and contains many valuable suggestions on the subject of window decoration. Use the coupon at right to secure this valuable booklet for only 10c *(less than half the cost of printing alone)*

The Chas. W. Breneman Company, 2087 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio
Enclosed find ten cents (stamps or coin). Please send me your booklet, Making the Windows Beautify Your Home, together with free samples of Brenlin.

Name_____

Street_____ City_____

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WE HESITATE TO DISTURB YOU

ON an occasion when the merits of a great actor were not being fully compensated at the box office, he published—so the story goes—a spirited announcement something like the following:

"Mr. Richard Mansfield hesitates to disturb the people of Philadelphia, but begs leave to announce that he is giving nightly performances of Richard III at the —— Theatre."

In something of the same mood THE QUALITY GROUP lifts its voice amid the roar of publicity.

We are aware that in drawing this parallel—even with an artist of secure fame—we violate a sacred rule of advertising. We shall be charged with taking the defensive!

But history sparkles with instances of so-called defensives which proved to be the most effective tactics for aggressive advance.

It would be foolish to pretend that the huge increment in national advertising has crowded the pages of THE QUALITY GROUP.

It never has, and it never will. These are not "mass mediums."

They have continuously carried a profusion of advertising appropriate to their clientele. And of course they want more.

We know that a good many advertisers who belong in THE QUALITY GROUP have been blinded to its worth by the glare of great circulations.

We do not propose to have our strength measured by rule of thumb, which takes account only of quantity, regardless of quality.

We shall not yield to the mania for millions.

Our business is still the publication of magazines, not the operation of common carriers for advertising.

Our chief concern is still literature and journalism, not merchandising. For that very reason we believe our magazines to be the more effective mediums.

You can not estimate the 700,000 of THE QUALITY GROUP in terms of any other 700,000. Study the publications themselves and judge for yourself why this volume of circulation is far more valuable than 700,000 anywhere else.

If that be defensive, make the most of it.

THE QUALITY GROUP

681 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY	REVIEW OF REVIEWS
THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE	SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	THE WORLD'S WORK

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Each Month

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DANDRUFF?

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration Reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check. Read below about the best way to combat it.

Do something about it!

DANDRUFF is a danger signal. If you have it you should do something about it.

Perhaps you never knew it before, but dandruff is a germ disease. It spreads by infection from personal contact, as with the common use of combs and brushes. Children, for instance, are never troubled with dandruff until actually infected by some contact.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure but easy to check. It has a tendency to reappear, unless properly treated, and often brings with it the possible loss of hair or actual baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

Using Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Not only men but women have become devoted users of Listerine for this purpose — women, particularly, since bobbed hair has been in vogue and has made them more conscious of dandruff if it happened to be present.

Try Listerine this way. Used systematically, the results are almost miraculous!—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

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DO YOU KNOW

HOW the big business men of today reached their high positions?

HOW to meet the servant problem in your home?

WHERE workers and employers have succeeded in solving their problems?

WHO wrote "Advice to the lovelorn" and what is she like?

WHAT the leaders in this nation are thinking and planning?

HOW to find greater success, better pay, more pleasant work?

WHEN your food is likely to shorten — rather than lengthen — your life?

WHO built a $10,000 home with $27 capital?

You will find a wealth of entertainment, inspiration and practical help ready for you in every number of

SUCCESS

Notice the SAVINGS shown on the COUPON!
Sign and send it TODAY!

Success, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription as checked below.

TWO WHOLE YEARS for $4.00
(Saving $2.00 on the single copy price)

☐ One year for $2.50
(Saving me 50c)

I will send my check on receipt of your bill. (By enclosing your remittance now, you can avoid all further bother.)

My Name is .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

H-MAY

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Not a trace of infection

The dentist is equipped to detect the minutest indication of trouble in the mouth. He can prevent serious teeth decay and search out hidden poison pockets dangerous to the health. See him at least twice a year if for nothing more than to get a clean bill of health.

Pyorrhea attacks 4 out of 5

Four out of five of your friends past forty, and many younger, succumb to the assault of grim pyorrhea. And carelessness alone is to blame.

Resolve today to remove pyorrhea's menace by brushing teeth and gums regularly night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

Forhan's keeps pyorrhea away or checks its course if used regularly and used in time. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use to fight pyorrhea.

It is a pleasant tasting dentifrice the entire family likes. It firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It cleanses the teeth thoroughly and gives them that sparkling whiteness which is such an asset to your smile.

Remember, four out of five is pyorrhea's count. Delay may mean no end of trouble and expense. Why not start today with Forhan's as a safeguard? At all druggists 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

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Concerning PARENTS

A SYMPOSIUM ON PRESENT-DAY PARENTHOOD

Contents of the Volume

PART I: THE FAMILY OF TODAY

1. New Relations of Men and Women as Family Members, by *Beatrice M. Hinkle, M.D.* 2. The Mother in the Present-Day Home, by *Ethel Puffer Howes, Ph.D.* 3. The Father in the Present-Day Home, by *Elton G. Mayo.*

PART II: THE FAMILY AND THE COMMUNITY

1. The Nursery School: A Response to New Needs, by *Helen T. Wooley, Ph.D.* 2. Getting Away from the Family: The Adolescent and His Life Plans, by *Leta S. Hollingworth, Ph.D.* 3. The Family as Coordinate of Community Forces, by *Ernest R. Groves, Ph.D.*

PART III: PARENTS AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

1. The Importance of the Early Years, by *Dr. D. A. Thom.* 2. From Childhood to Youth, by *Marion E. Kentworthy, M.D.* 3. Confronting the World — The Adjustments of Later Adolescence, by *Frankwood E. Williams, M.D.*

PART IV: TEACHERS AND THE CHANGING EDUCATION

1. Training Teachers to See the Whole Child, by *Francis Mitchell Froelicher.* 2. The Individual in the Group, by *W. T. Root, Ph.D.* 3. Newer Meanings of Discipline, by *William Heard Kilpatrick, Ph.D.*

WHAT should concern parents more than themselves?

This may sound like a riddle. But the answer is plain. Neither children nor more children, health, wealth, nor happiness should be as constantly their concern as the problem of themselves — as parents.

Future parents will simply have to take as much scientific interest in their own conduct as they do in their children's diet. Until then, society will go on wrestling against great odds with hordes of mentally rickety youngsters, many of them incurably handicapped.

There is today abundant knowledge to instruct parents in the rudiments of their jobs. Like all science, it is incomplete, but endless ills can be avoided by the intelligent application of what we already know.

The purpose of this book, the tenth in the New Republic Dollar Series is to make a very valuable selection of this knowledge available to parents who are concerned and to those who are concerned about parents. Price $1.00, 300 pages, bound in soft green covers.

PART V: LEISURE AND EDUCATION

1. Youth and Play-Time, by *Miriam Van Waters.* 2. The Effect of Machine-Made Recreation on Family Life, by *John M. Cooper, Ph.D.* 3. Vacations as Educational Opportunities, by *Mrs. Henry Moskowitz.*

PART VI: THE PARENTS' OUTLOOK ON LIFE

1. Is Religion Uniting or Separating Us? by *George A. Coe, Ph.D.* 2. Parents, the Constant and Inevitable Educators of Their Children, by *Anna Garlin Spencer.* 3. Freedom for the Child — What Does It Mean? by *Dorothy Canfield Fisher.*

A Dollar Bill attached to this blank and sent to NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 West 21st Street, New York, will bring you post paid a copy of *Concerning Parents.* (A complete list of Dollar Books sent on request.)

Name.....

Address.....

In full.....

H 5-26

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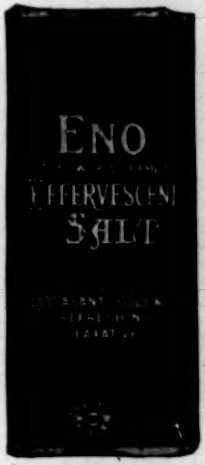
The Best Players

Have a Great Respect for the Rules of the Game

There Are Rules Governing Life As Well As Sports



THERE are three rules of health. Masticate everything thoroughly. Eat some fruit or green salad with at least two meals. Spend an hour or longer in the open every day.

Nothing can take the place of moderation, exercise, and alternate rest and work. But present day customs make it almost impossible to live the simple life, and here, ENO gives timely aid.

One of the banes of present day living is what is known as intestinal sluggishness. ENO assists in correcting this condition without bringing into the system anything doubtful or drastic. ENO acts gently and harmlessly and therefore has its place "*first thing in the morning.*"

ENO

TRADE MARK

THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALT

At All Druggists

Handy size, suitable for the traveling bag, 75c. Household size, $1.25.

Prepared only by
J. C. ENO, Limited,
London, England

Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
171 Madison Ave., New York
Toronto Sydney Wellington

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Kroydon Golf Clubs

ALTHOUGH founded on traditional and conventional lines, Kroydon Golf Clubs have added refinements, and a nice adjustment of weight and balance, which provide more power and a higher degree of accuracy.

Sold by golf "pros" and at the best stores

Made in 68 Models

MACFARLANE

Autographed Model 16
Driver—Brassie—Spoon

A powerful, medium sized club hardened and water-proofed by the Kroydonite process. Designated as "ideal" by the 1925 Open Champion.

With HICKORY SHAFT $8.50
STEEL SHAFT $10.50

Kroydon Mashie NO-8
With HICKORY SHAFT $6.00
With STEEL SHAFT $7.50

Made of hardened, heat-treated steel. Gives many yards of added distance; unusually powerful and easy to play.

The New Woven Grip —Easy on the Hands

Soft, springy, comfortable, and won't slip. Woven on the shaft of each club.

Write for illustrated catalog
The Kroydon Co., Hilton, N. J.

Group Life Insurance

What Are You Doing About It?

Over 9,000 employers of the U. S. A. carry Group Insurance on the lives of 3,000,000 employees.

It covers groups of employees under one policy without medical examination, in amounts from $500 to $10,000 per employee at low cost. Permanent Total Disability included without extra charge.

GROUP INSURANCE protection for employees of factories, stores and business concerns is steadily increasing. It has proved of value to those adopting it. Others will take it up as soon as they learn of its usefulness.

Our book on "GROUP LIFE INSURANCE" will be mailed without obligation. It will repay careful reading. Our well developed facilities and personnel, especially trained in Group Insurance, are at your service.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A STRONG COMPANY over Sixty Years in Business. Liberal as to Contract, Safe and Secure in Every Way.

GARDENING WITH BRAINS

By Henry T. Finck

LUTHER BURBANK, the world's most famous gardener, says: *"It is the best that has so far been written on garden subjects."*

A FASCINATING treatise on how to grow flowers, fruit and vegetables in your own gardens. Much practical information, but in no sense dry fact and statistics. It gives you the benefit of the author's fifty years' experience as a horticultural epicure.

Harper & Brothers, *Publishers*

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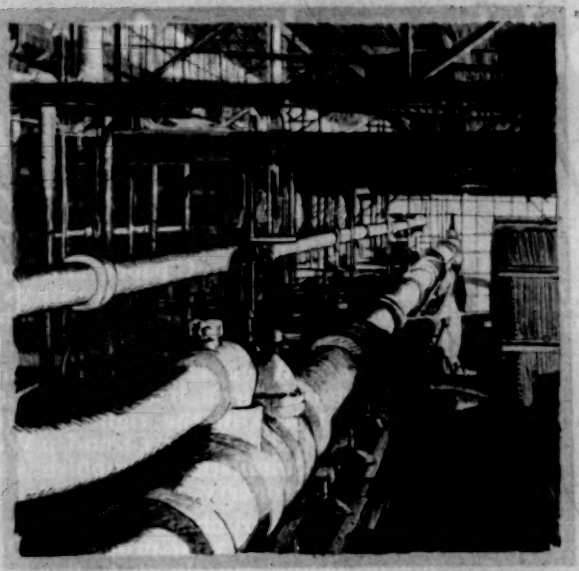
CRANE VALVES

A Crane double faucet with swinging spout, with convenience as great as its quality.



Johns-Manville Waukegan plant was designed by Johns-Manville engineers and erected under their supervision. Piping installed by W. A. Pope, Chicago. The illustration above shows the sixteen-inch main steam header in the 10,000 h.p. power plant. In each boiler lead, there is a gate valve, a non-return valve, an angle valve, and a long-radius pipe bend. All Crane quality.

When engineers build for themselves

SOME forty miles north of Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan, is the Waukegan plant of Johns-Manville, Inc. Its thirty-one acres of floor space for the manufacture of asbestos products are served by five miles of railroad sidings, a private ship canal, and a 10,000 h.p. power plant.

When so vast an institution selects Crane valves, fittings, and piping for its entire installation, the tribute to Crane quality is impressive. In this instance the commendation of Crane is doubly notable because Crane piping materials were specified by Johns-Manville power engineers, whose experience "covers the continent."

In line of duty, they are constantly studying piping equipment in the leading power plants from coast to coast. From actual observation of Crane materials in use, they knew the value of the 71-year Crane reputation. They had checked Crane safety, dependability, and economy; not in books of blue-prints and figures, but in the pages of actual experience.

In place of a large factory, you may direct a city water works, or just a small home. You may need a giant gate valve or only a faucet for a kitchen sink. In either case, to insure the service that engineers approve, always specify Crane.

CRANE

PIPING MATERIALS TO CONVEY AND CONTROL STEAM, LIQUID, OIL, GAS

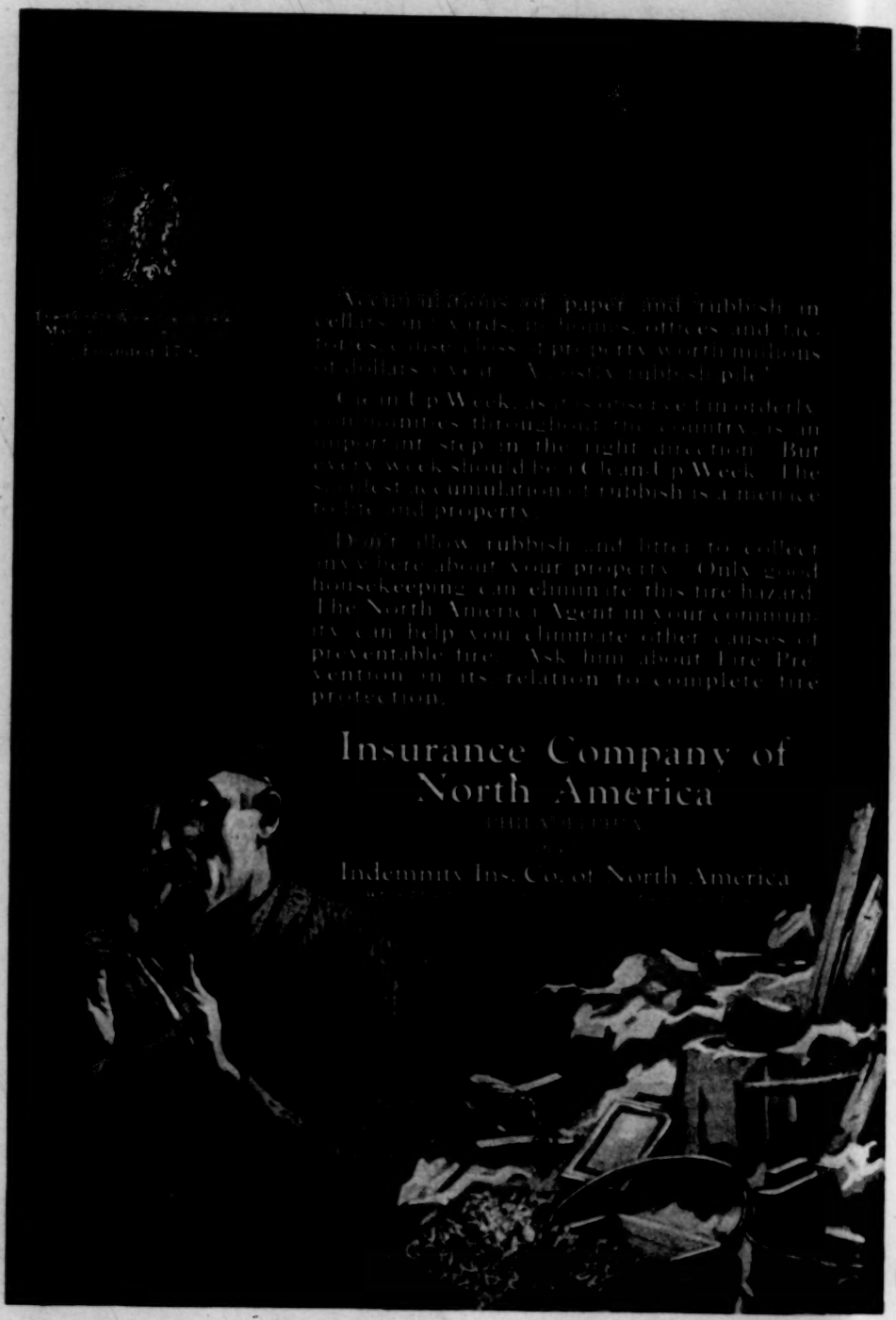
WRITE CRANE CO., GENERAL OFFICES, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Fifty-five Cities

National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal

Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton, Montreal and St. Johns, Que.

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, MEXICO CITY
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL
CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON
CRANE: PARIS, BRUSSELS



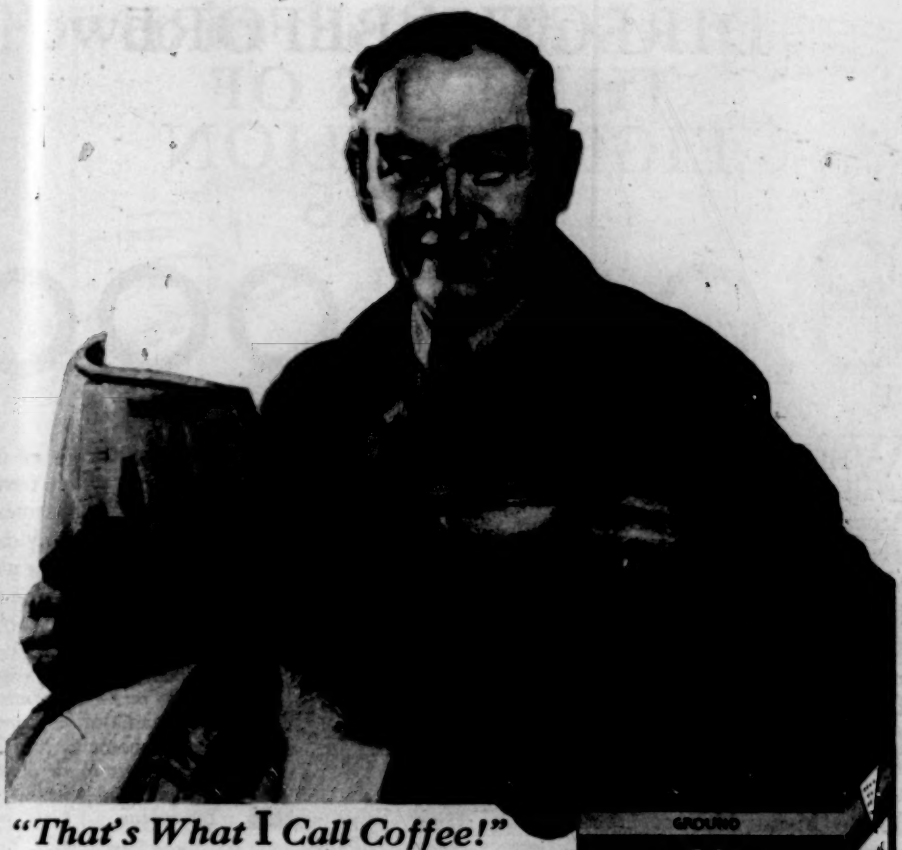
Accumulations of paper and rubbish in cellars, on yards, in homes, offices and factories cause loss of property worth millions of dollars every week. A costly rubbish pile!

Clean Up Week, as observed in orderly communities throughout the country, is an important step in the right direction. But every week should be a Clean Up Week. The smallest accumulation of rubbish is a menace to life and property.

Don't allow rubbish and litter to collect anywhere about your property. Only good housekeeping can eliminate this fire hazard. The North America Agent in your community can help you eliminate other causes of preventable fire. Ask him about Fire Prevention in its relation to complete fire protection.

Insurance Company of North America

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

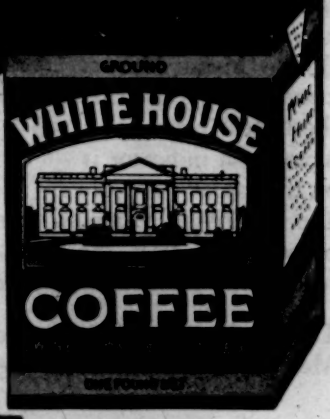


"That's What I Call Coffee!"

HAVE you ever passed a coffee roaster's and caught the tempting coffee aroma that floated out on the air? Have you longed for coffee that would *taste* as good as that roasting coffee smelled?

Now you can have it! White House Coffee fulfills with its flavor the promise it makes with its fragrance. This is because *the flavor is roasted in* by the special White House roasting process. ¶ Insist on White House Coffee always. Then you'll be sure to have *in your cup* all of Nature's rich coffee goodness—steaming, fragrant, delicious. Then you'll completely satisfy the most exacting coffee critic you serve.

"The Flavor is Roasted In!"



White House COFFEE

© 1926, D-W Co.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY *Boston, Mass. • Chicago, Ill. • Portsmouth, Va.*

DIRECTLY BEFORE THE EYES OF EIGHT MILLION DRIVERS

8,000,000

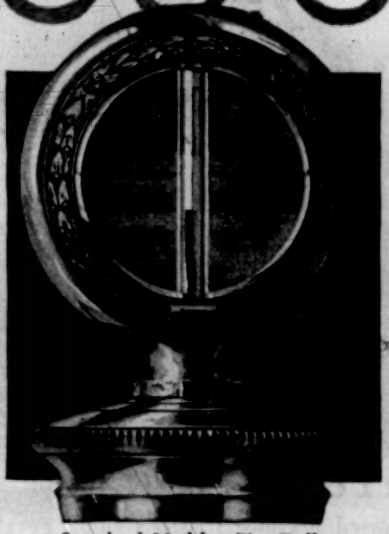
WHEN nearly half of all the drivers in America have already selected the Boyce Moto Meter as their insurance against damage from overheating there must be good reason. There is.

• • •

These eight million know, as the makers of Boyce Moto Meters knew 12 years ago, that the logical place for a motor heat indicator is on the radiator cap, always in the direct line of driving vision, where it is not necessary to shift the eyes from the road to the crowded dashboard.

• • •

They realize too that in the Boyce Moto Meter they have a constant safeguard for their motor — an instrument which never requires adjustment and outlives any car. Its noticeable rise will always enable you to detect motor trouble. Its unique combination of beauty and downright utility makes it not merely a radiator ornament of the moment, but the permanent mark of the driver who is kind to his motor.



Standard Model—Ten Dollars

• • •

Dealers everywhere have the Boyce Moto Meter on sale in various designs, models and prices—$3.50 to $15.00. Three minutes after you buy it, the Boyce Moto Meter starts to guard your motor.

NOTE: We also manufacture Boyce MotoMeters for dashboard or steering column installation. Thousands of these are now in use on automobiles and U. S. Army & Navy aeroplanes. Whatever type of heat indicator you prefer, you can obtain in a genuine Boyce Moto Meter

BOYCE MOTO METER

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

THE MOTO METER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Hamilton, Ontario

The name "Moto Meter" is the registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of this Company

Power in the South

ONE of Nature's great gifts to the South is an abundance of water power, much of which has been harnessed for Industry.

This is one of the things which has influenced the building of many factories in the South during the last quarter century.

Perhaps you, too, are planning to have your business sooner or later share the advantage of this abundance of industrial power by establishing a mill or factory in the South.

When you bring these plans to a focus, it will be well to remember that the South is an immense territory; that all sections are not equally powered; that no section is equally adapted to *all* kinds of industry or of industrial power loads.

This is a subject which will be well worth discussion with this organization of Engineers if you are considering an industrial move in the South. Meanwhile you will be interested in reading "Factories for the Future," a copy of which awaits your request.

Gaston Shoals Plant of the South Carolina Gas and Electric Co., now one of the Barstow properties. It is one of a number of hydro-electric stations designed by and built under the supervision of J. E. Sirrine & Company.

J. E. SIRRINE & COMPANY

Engineers

Greenville
South Carolina

SERVICE

Chattanooga
Tennessee

ENGINEERING CONSULTANTS ON THE SOUTH

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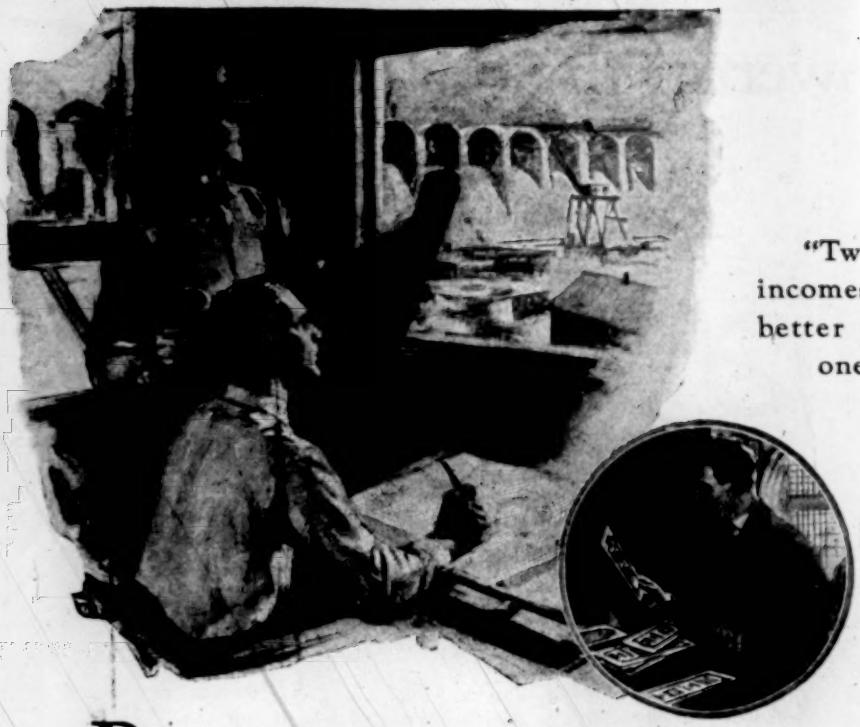

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IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Power and Light Securities

By PAUL TOMLINSON

THE business of supplying power and light is a public utility service and one of the most stable of industries; people continue to use electric light, and gas stoves, and to require heat for their homes even if business generally is in a state of depression. A steady demand for what a corporation has to sell makes for security of that corporation's bonds and stocks. For a period of thirty years prior to the War it has been figured that the risk of receivership per $100 of securities outstanding for the industrials was $2.07; for railroads $1.84; and for public utilities $0.37. A little over a year ago it was estimated that of the railroad securities outstanding 1.1% were in default compared with only .14% of power and light securities.

THE Standard Daily Trade Service reports that of the forty-one industrial preferred stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange in 1905, fifteen, or 36.6%, have paid dividends regularly, and that of the fifty-eight railroad preferred shares, eleven, or 19% have paid dividends regularly. A careful analysis, made by Bonbright and Company, of the dividend records of practically every electric power and light company with gross earnings of $1,500,000 a year and upwards,—the combined capitalization of which represents about 90% of the industry,—shows that:

1. Current cash dividends are being paid on all of the first preferred stocks.
2. In no case are there accumulated back dividends unpaid.
3. In fifteen cases dividends have been deferred, but have subsequently been paid off in stock or cash.
4. In all other cases (107) the preferred stocks have unbroken records.

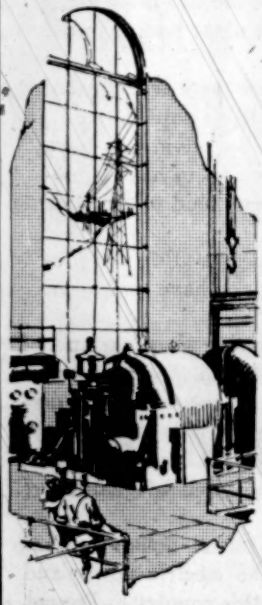
This is an impressive showing, and of course if the preferred stocks of power and light companies can earn their dividends so regularly it goes without saying that interest on the bonds and other prior obligations are well safeguarded.

OVER seven billion dollars are invested in the electric power and light industry in this country. Present annual gross earnings are about $1,400,-

000,000 a year, an increase of over five hundred million dollars in five years, and an increase of about a billion dollars in ten years. For the past quarter century the electric power and light industry has practically doubled every five years. A remarkable growth.

IN considering possibilities for the future a survey made by the "Electrical World" indicates that during the next ten years the electric energy generated will triple, the gross revenue will more than double, and at least six billion dollars will be spent on extensions and improvements.

IT has been estimated that there are now within reach of the lines of the electric power and light corporations approximately twenty million potential electric consumers, of whom only about twelve million are now using electricity, leaving about eight million prospective future customers. Nor does this take into consideration the probable increase in population, and the growth and expansion of industry. Of our railroad mileage only about 1% is electrified, and yet electrically driven locomotives have been proven practicable. Of the six million farms in the United States 88% are without electricity. Less than 54% of the population of the United States lives in electrically lighted dwellings. Less than 60% of the industrial power load is electrically generated. During 1924 the gross sales of domestic electric appliances were estimated at seven hundred and fifty million dollars, and the use of electrical devices in the home increases every year.



INVESTMENTS that ENDURE

THE PROGRESS of the electric light and power and manufactured gas industries is in part attributable to the enterprise and vision of the institution known as the holding or investment company.

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[Investment in Standard Gas and Electric Company assures the protection of wide property distribution and specialized, long experienced management. Write for descriptive literature BK-355.]

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ONE great advantage enjoyed by public utilities is the small labor risk; that is to say the percentage of gross earnings devoted to labor costs is extraordinarily low. The average of all public utility power and light companies is under 20%, and in hydro-electric companies it is still less; for a railroad this charge averages between 40% and 50%, and with wages what they are to-day it is easy to appreciate what this means to the utilities.

IT is estimated that there are two million holders of bonds and stocks of public utilities in the United States. In the year 1924 alone two hundred and fifty-four million dollars of public utility securities were sold to customers and employees. This customer ownership is a decided benefit to the issuing corporation, and anything that helps the corporation naturally helps the security owner too. A corporation which can sell its securities direct to its customers obtains the new capital it needs at a minimum cost; the market value of its securities is stabilized by this sort of distribution; its credit position is strengthened; and thrift and community interest are encouraged and promoted. Another distinct advantage of customer ownership is the fact that politicians will hesitate to attack corporations which are owned by the people whose votes put them in office.

THE electric light and power business is a comparatively new one. Like all new enterprises it had to make its way and prove to the investing public that its securities were worthy of attention. That these efforts have met with success is evidenced by the active interest in public utilities which exists to-day and which seems to be steadily increasing. It is estimated that the banks and the life insurance companies in this

6% BONDS

ONE of America's big Banks established the investment standards to which these real estate securities conform. . . . One of America's great Surety Companies guarantees the first mortgages as to principal and interest. . . . More than 200 Investment Committees have indorsed the bonds as Bank investments.

The widespread acceptance by banks and bankers of real estate bond issues underwritten by THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY is due to several factors which are quite as important to individual investors as to financial institutions and dealers in investment securities.

1. THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY itself is one of America's big banks; it handles each year, in its Banking and Trust Departments, investments amounting to many millions of dollars; and hence its judgment on real estate bonds, in which its Underwriting Department specializes, is regarded by banks and bankers as authoritative.

* * *

2. Many other banks besides THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY have been invited to make the most thorough investigation of these bond issues; more than 200 National, State and Savings Banks now have made such an investigation; and their Investment Committees have indorsed the bonds and purchased them for investment.

3. Banks and bankers the world over have been doing business for many years with the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company (resources $48,000,000); they know the strength and value of its guarantee of principal and interest on the first mortgages securing these bonds; and they know also the strength and value of the guarantee of title by the New York Title & Mortgage Company (resources $29,000,000).

In addition there are such factors as availability for trust funds, a yield above the general bond market average, satisfactory marketability, institutional trusteeships, etc., besides the inherent safety resulting from the care and conservatism in making loans which THE BALTIMORE TRUST COMPANY requires of the various Mortgage Companies whose issues it offers and recommends to the investing public.

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country own four and a half billion dollars worth of public utility investments, and it is well known that banks and life insurance companies are not in the habit of buying questionable securities.

A BILL which emphasizes the improving condition of public utilities has recently been introduced into the New York State Legislature. This bill provides for savings banks to invest as much as 15% of their total assets in the mortgage bonds of public utility corporations, and it has the support of the State Savings Bank Association and influential members of the American Bankers Association. A number of other states have already passed bills making underlying public utility bonds legal for savings banks and for trust funds.

ACCORDING to the monthly bulletin of the National City Bank of New York, "The Comptroller of the Currency reports that national banks since 1920 have increased their public utility investments by about 45%. The annual report of the New York Life Insurance Company—comments favorably upon its investment of $35,000,000 in this class of securities." The bulletin then goes on to predict that, "As public confidence in the industry increases and investment buying broadens, the interest rate on public utility bonds will tend to approach the level of other so-called 'legals', particularly the underlying rails. The further legalization of public utility bonds for savings banks and fiduciary purposes should strengthen the market considerably and will furnish to savings banks and trustees an opportunity for further diversification in an industry whose past performances has been noteworthy."

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SOME people have hesitated to purchase power and light securities because of the fear of municipal ownership. This danger would seem to be decreasing, because it has been proven that it does not work and is too expensive. Census figures show that the average tax rate in cities of over 30,000 population having municipal plants doing commercial business is about 25% higher than tax rates for the non-municipal plant cities nearest to them in population. The census also shows that the average rate charged by municipal plants is more than twice as high as that fixed by the privately owned corporations. But customer ownership is a real bar to municipal ownership, because it is itself the very best form of public ownership.

ONE also hears considerable talk of "Superpower" in connection with the electric light and power industry. A superpower system is merely an arrangement of electric generating stations centrally located, in the districts where there is the greatest demand for power, so that waste energy in individual plants of limited capacity can be eliminated. The design is to make use of existing lines and by interconnections assure uninterrupted service by being able at all times to bring reserve power from the less active points to those which are under an unusual strain. Superpower does not imply governmental control, nor the eradication of private enterprise, nor does it involve the formation of a monopoly. Superpower conserves expenses of labor, fuel, and equipment through quantity production, and by co-ordinating the points of power supply with those of power demand.

ANOTHER matter often discussed in connection with electric power and light companies is a comparison of the

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advantages of hydro-electric with steam-electric generating plants. Many investors have an idea that the hydro-electric companies are inherently sounder, but this is not the case. It costs two to four times as much to build a big hydro-electric plant as it does a modern steam plant, and interest charges and taxes, therefore, are correspondingly larger; this extra interest charge and the yearly taxes on the hydro-electric plant may, in some cases, be more than the entire annual coal bill of the steam plant. Moreover, it is rare when hydro-electric stations can be built cheaply and sufficient water can be relied upon the year round. It would seem as if hydro-electric developments find their greatest field in combination with steam stations.

POWER and light securities undoubtedly offer opportunities to the investor. Because the industry as a whole is prospering, and because its future looks bright is, however, no reason for supposing that all power and light securities are excellent investments. They should be subjected to the usual tests, and chosen with the usual care. And the advice of an investment banker is as always the best safeguard against an unfortunate selection.

The Financial Department

of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on Investments in Stocks and Bonds, Insurance, Banking and Trust Company service — see list on the 2nd page following.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE takes special interest in presenting to its readers the advertisements of reputable investment bankers and in securing as wide a variety of sound investment offerings as possible.

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to expect in the way of service from their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

AS SURE AS TAXES: Well-chosen Municipal Bonds are among the safest investments in the world today, resting as they do upon the taxing power of progressive, growing communities. They merit the consideration of conservative investors everywhere and have a logical place in every well-diversified list of investment holdings. A new booklet issued by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City, discusses the essentials of sound Municipal Bonds.

AN INVESTMENT INSURED FOR ITS LIFETIME: A booklet describing issues of real estate bonds which offer to investors the unique advantage of insurance as to payment of both principal and interest by an independent guaranteeing corporation. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: Issued by the National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin, Goodrich & Company, Fiscal Agents.

INVESTMENT ASSURANCE: A booklet describing United First Mortgage Bonds, and investment opportunities in Detroit, Mich. Offered by the United States Mortgage Bond Co., Ltd., 320 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet of interest to investors who wish to know more about the public utility investment field. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

FIFTY-THREE YEARS OF PROVEN SAFETY: An unusual booklet giving the principles of investment which have made possible a perfect record of safety. Offered by The F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

THE BOOK OF BETTER BONDS: A booklet which explains how more than forty years of sound conservative financing now culminate in guaranteed investments. Offered by George M. Forman & Co., 105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

THE SECURITY OF GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGES: A booklet describing bonds recommended by a trust company with resources

(Continued on second page following)

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(Continued)

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of over $61,000,000 and giving in detail the reasons for the recommendation. These bonds are secured by first mortgages on improved fee simple real estate, guaranteed by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co. They are offered by The Baltimore Trust Company, 25 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

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INVESTOR'S GRADE CROSSING: A booklet containing some helpful advice and suggestions for the investor. Issued by Poor's, 33 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

WHY YOUR REAL ESTATE BONDS SHOULD BE GUARANTEED: An informative booklet giving the experience of a prominent mortgage house. Offered by Adair Realty & Trust Company, Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

FEDERAL FARM LOAN BOARD CIRCULAR NO. 16: contains information regarding Federal Farm Bank Bonds. It may be obtained from Charles E. Lobdell, Fiscal Agent, Federal Land Banks, Washington, D. C.

AN INFORMATIVE FLORIDA BOOKLET: Issued by Baldwin Mortgage Company, 328A Congress Building, Miami, Florida.

NEW INVESTMENT BOOKLET: Issued by Davenport & Rich, 214 N. E. Second Avenue, Miami, Florida.

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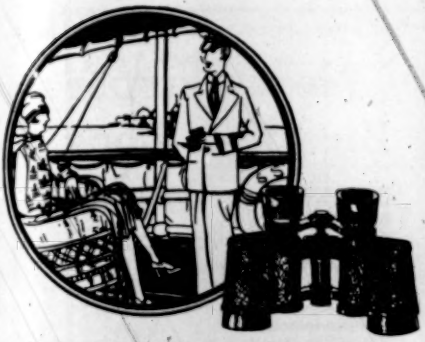

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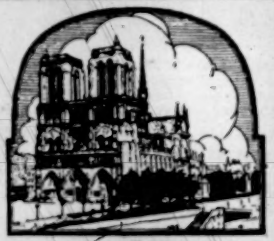

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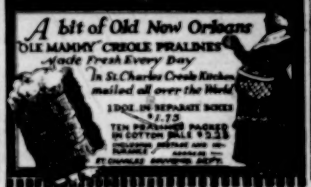
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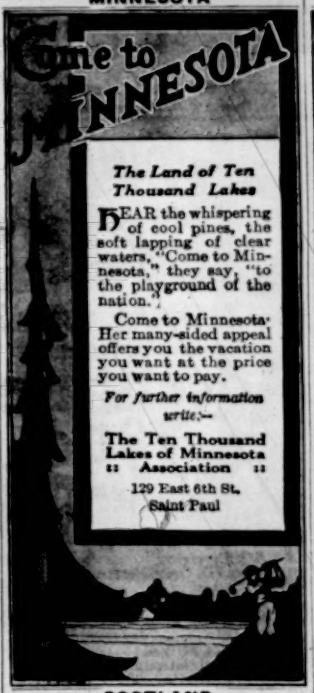
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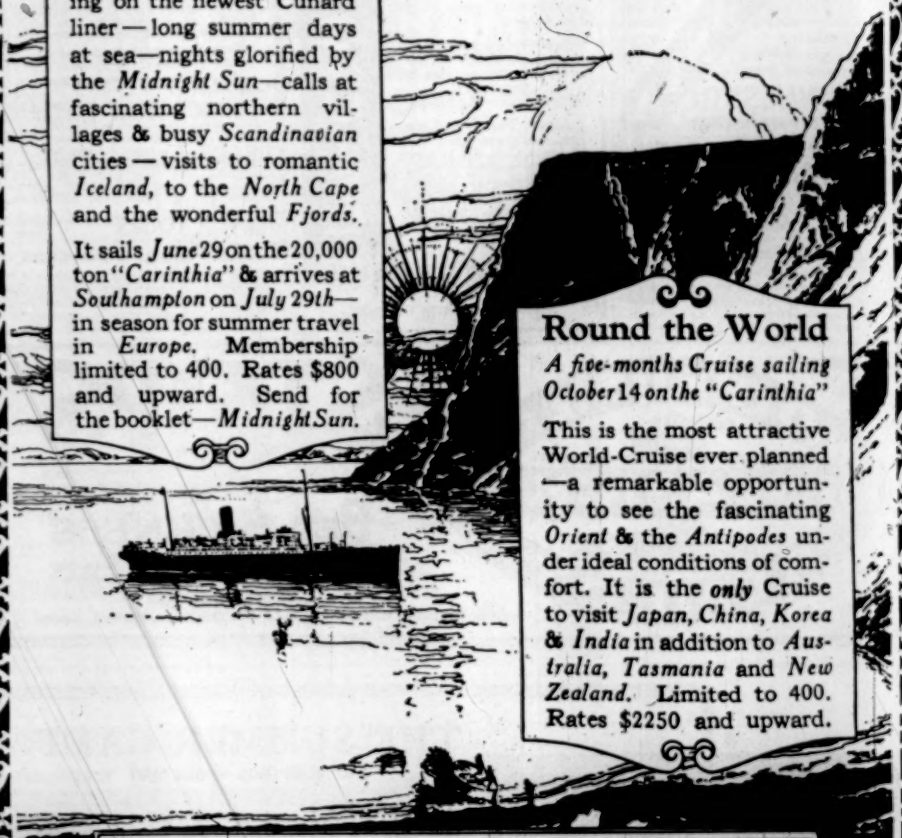

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CALIFORNIA	†May 8	†June 5	
TUSCANIA	May 22	June 19	July 17
TRANSYLVANIA	May 29	June 26	†July 24
CALEDONIA	June 12	July 3	July 31

†Via Boston

Montreal to Belfast and Glasgow

*SATURNIA	May 7	June 4	July 2
*ATHENIA	May 14	June 11	July 9
*LETITIA	May 28	June 25	July 23

Atlantic Transport — 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg and London

MINNEKAHDA	†May 1	†May 27	†June 26
MINNEWASKA	May 8	June 5	July 3
MINNETONKA	May 22	June 19	July 17

†Via Boulogne

Canadian Pacific, Mad. Ave. & 44th St., N. Y.
Montreal to Liverpool

*MONTROSE	Apr. 30	May 28	June 25
*MONTCALM	May 7	June 4	July 2
*MONTCLARE	May 14	June 11	July 9
*MONTROYAL	May 21	June 18	July 16

Montreal to Belfast and Glasgow

*METAGAMA	May 20	June 17	July 15
*MONTNAIRN	June 3	July 1	July 29

Montreal-Cherbourg-Southampton-Antwerp

*MINNEDOSA	May 5	June 2	June 30
*MELITA	May 19	June 16	July 14

Quebec to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

Empress of France	May 12	June 9	July 7
Empress of Scotland	May 26	June 23	July 21

Cosulich Line — 17 Battery Place, N. Y.
N. Y. to Palermo, Naples, Trieste

Martha Washington	May 7	June 22	Aug. 10
Presidente Wilson	May 25	July 6	Aug. 31

Cunard Line — 25 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

AQUITANIA	May 5	May 26	June 16
BERENGARIA	May 12	June 2	June 23
MAURETANIA	†May 19	†June 9	†June 30

†Also calls at Plymouth

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown), Liverpool

SAMARIA	†May 15	†June 12	July 10
SCYTHIA	May 22	June 19	July 17
FRANCONIA	†May 29	July 3	July 31
CARINTHIA	June 5	Sept. 11	
LACONIA	†June 26	†July 24	†Aug. 21

†Via Boston

N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre and London

*LANCASTRIA	May 1	June 5	Aug. 28
*CARMANIA	May 8	June 12	July 7
CAMERONIA	May 14	June 19	July 17
*CORONIA	May 29	June 26	July 24

Montreal to Plymouth-Cherbourg and London

*AUSONIA	May 1	June 5	July 3
*ALAUNIA	May 8	June 12	July 10
*ANTONIA	May 14	June 19	July 23
*ASCANIA	May 22	June 26	July 30

Dollar Steamship Line — 15 Moore St., N. Y.
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French Line — 19 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre-Paris

FRANCE	May 15	June 5	June 26
PARIS	May 22	June 12	July 3

N. Y.-Havre-Paris

*DE GRASSE	May 12	June 10	July 7
*SUFFREN	May 26	June 23	Aug. 11
*LA SAVOIE	June 2	July 1	July 31
*CHICAGO	June 3		

N. Y.-Vigo (Spain)-Bordeaux

*ROUSSILLON	May 11	June 17	July 29
*LA BOURDONNAIS	May 27	July 15	Aug. 26
*CHICAGO	July 3	Sept. 9	Oct. 14

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N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

ROTTERDAM	Apr. 30	June 5	July 3
VEENDAM	May 8	June 12	July 17
VOLENDAM	May 15	June 19	July 24
NEW AMSTERDAM	May 22	June 26	July 31
*RYNDAM	May 29	July 10	Sept. 18

Italian Line (N. G. I.) — 1 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

*COLOMBO	May 19	June 26	Aug. 28
DUILIO	May 29	July 3	Aug. 7

Italian Lloyd (Sabaudo) — 3 State St., N. Y.
New York to Naples and Genoa

CONTE BIANCAMANO	May 12	June 16	July 24
CONTE ROSSO	June 5	July 10	Aug. 18

Lamport & Holt Line — 42 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Rio de Janeiro-Montevideo-Buenos Aires

VANDYCK	May 15	July 24	Oct. 2
VESTRIS	May 29	Aug. 7	Oct. 16
VOLTAIRE	June 12	Aug. 21	Oct. 30
VAUBAN	June 26	Sept. 14	Nov. 12

North German Lloyd — 32 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y.-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

MUENCHEN	‡June 8	‡July 24	‡Aug. 26
COLUMBUS	May 18	June 10	July 6
BERLIN	June 1	July 1	Aug. 17
STUTTGART	May 27	June 24	Sept. 9
SIERRA VENTANA	June 19	Aug. 7	

†Calls at Cobh (Queenstown) ‡Omits Plymouth

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown)-Bremen

BREMEN	May 25	‡June 29	†July 31

†Omits Cherbourg ‡Calls at Plymouth and Cherbourg

New York to Bremen (Direct)

Muenchen	May 6	Sierra Ventana	May 15
Yorck	July 10	Sierra Ventana	Sept. 11

Pacific Line — 26 Broadway, N. Y.
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ESSEQUIBO	May 20	EBRO	June 17

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VENEZUELA	Apr. 29	ECUADOR	May 2

Panama-Pacific Line — 1 Broadway, N. Y.
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Fortnightly Service — Sailing Thursdays

Red Star Line — 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y.-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

*ZEELAND	May 8	June 5	July 3
PENNLAND	May 22	June 19	July 17
BELGENLAND	May 29	June 26	July 24
LAPLAND	June 12	Sept. 4	Oct. 2

Royal Mail — 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

*ORCA	‡May 5	June 19	†July 16
*OHIO	†May 14	†June 11	July 10
*ORDUNA	May 29	June 26	July 24
*ORBITA	June 5	July 3	July 31

†Via Boston. ‡Via Bermuda

United American Line / *Joint Service with* **Hamburg-American Line** — 35-39 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

HAMBURG	Apr. 29	June 10	July 22
ALBERT BALLIN	May 13	June 24	Aug. 5
RELIANCE	May 18	June 15	July 13
DEUTSCHLAND	May 27	July 8	Aug. 18
RESOLUTE	June 1	June 29	July 27
*CLEVELAND	June 3	July 10	Aug. 26

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown), Hamburg

*WESTPHALIA	†May 6	†June 17	†July 29
*THURINGIA	†May 20	†July 1	†Aug. 12

†Via Boston

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N. Y. to Jamaica-Canal Zone-Colombia
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United States Lines 45 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

LEVIATHAN	Apr. 30	May 22	June 12

N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

*REPUBLIC	†May 4	†June 4	†July 3
PRES. HARDING	May 5	June 2	June 30
GEO. WASHINGTON	May 12	June 9	July 7
PRES. ROOSEVELT	†May 19	June 16	July 14

†Calls at Cobh (Queenstown)

White Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y.-Cherbourg-Southampton

HOMERIC	Apr. 30	May 22	June 12
OLYMPIC	May 8	May 29	June 19
MAJESTIC	May 15	June 5	June 24

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) and Liverpool

BALTIC	May 1	May 29	June 26
CELTIC	†May 8	†June 5	†July 3
ADRIATIC	May 15	June 12	July 10
CEDRIC	†May 22	†June 19	†July 17

†Via Boston

White Star-Canadian Service Montreal, P. Q.
Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool

*DORIC	May 1	May 29	June 26
*CANADA	May 8	June 5	†July 3
*REGINA	May 14	June 11	†July 7
*MEGANTIC	May 22	June 19	July 17

†Via Queenstown

American Oriental Mail Line Seattle, Wash.
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

PRES. JACKSON	May 10	July 9	Sept. 7
PRES. McKINLEY	May 22	July 21	Sept. 19
PRES. JEFFERSON	June 3	Aug. 2	Oct. 1
PRES. GRANT	June 15	Aug. 14	Oct. 13
PRES. MADISON	June 27	Aug. 26	

Canadian-Australasian Line, Vancouver, B. C.
Vancouver and Victoria to Honolulu, Suva, Auckland and Sydney

AORANGI	May 5	June 30	Aug. 25
NIAGARA	June 2	July 28	Sept. 22

Canadian Pacific, Windsor Station, Montreal
Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

EMP. OF ASIA	May 27	July 22	Sept. 16
EMP. OF CANADA	June 10	Aug. 5	Sept. 30
EMP. OF RUSSIA	May 1	June 24	Aug. 19
EMP. OF AUSTRALIA	May 13	July 8	Sept. 2

Dollar Steamship Line San Francisco, Cal.
San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around-the-World

PRES. LINCOLN	May 1
†PRES. GARFIELD	May 8
PRES. CLEVELAND	May 15
PRES. PIERCE	May 29
†PRES. MONROE	June 5
PRES. TAFT	June 12
†PRES. HARRISON	June 19
PRES. WILSON	June 26
†PRES. VAN BUREN	July 3
†PRES. HAYES	July 17

†Sails from Los Angeles four days prior

Los Angeles S.S. Co. Los Angeles, Cal.
Los Angeles to Honolulu

CALAWAII	May 8	June 5	July 3
CITY OF LOS ANGELES	May 22	June 19	July 17

Matson Navigation Co. San Francisco, Cal.
San Francisco to Honolulu

MAUI	Apr. 28	May 26	June 23
WILHELMINA	May 5	June 2	June 30
MATSONIA	May 12	June 9	July 7
MANOA	May 19	June 16	July 14

Seattle to Honolulu

LURLINE	May 22	July 3	Aug. 14

Nippo Yusen Kaisha Seattle, Wash.
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Shanghai

SHIDZUOKA MARU	May 12	Aug. 4	
YOKOHAMA MARU	May 27	Aug. 12	
KAGA MARU	June 17	Sept. 9	
IYO MARU	July 10	Sept. 23	

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hongkong

KOREA MARU	†May 11	†July 20	
SHINYO MARU	May 25	Aug. 3	
SIBERIA MARU	†June 8	†Aug. 17	
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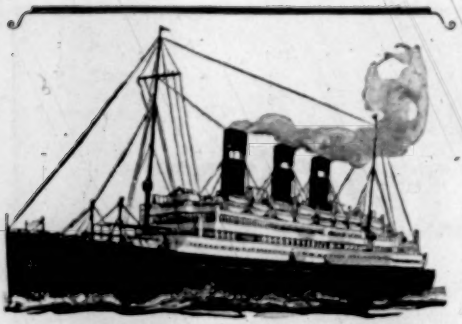

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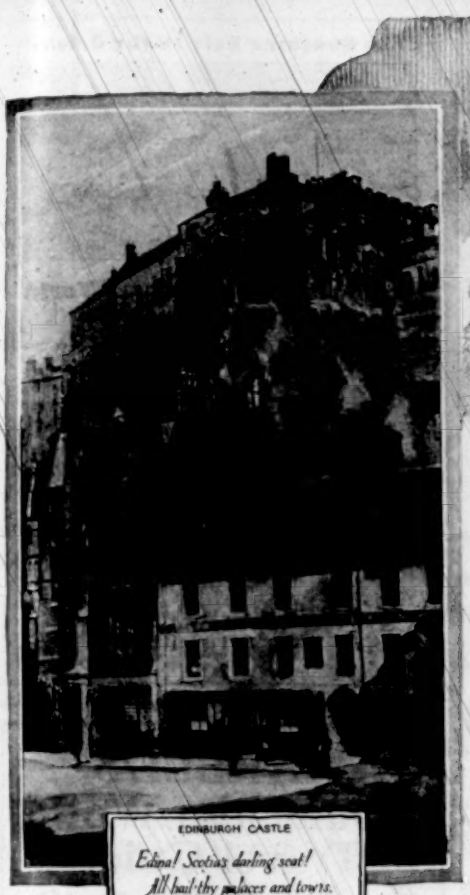

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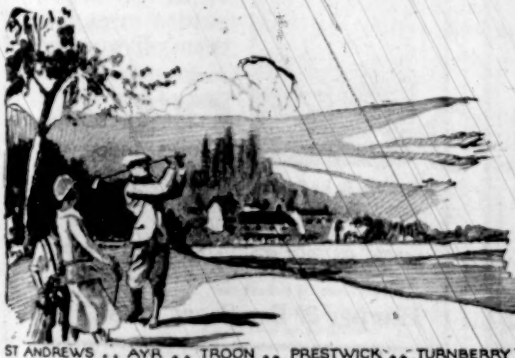

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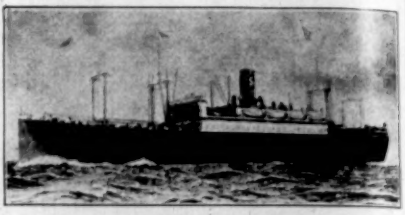

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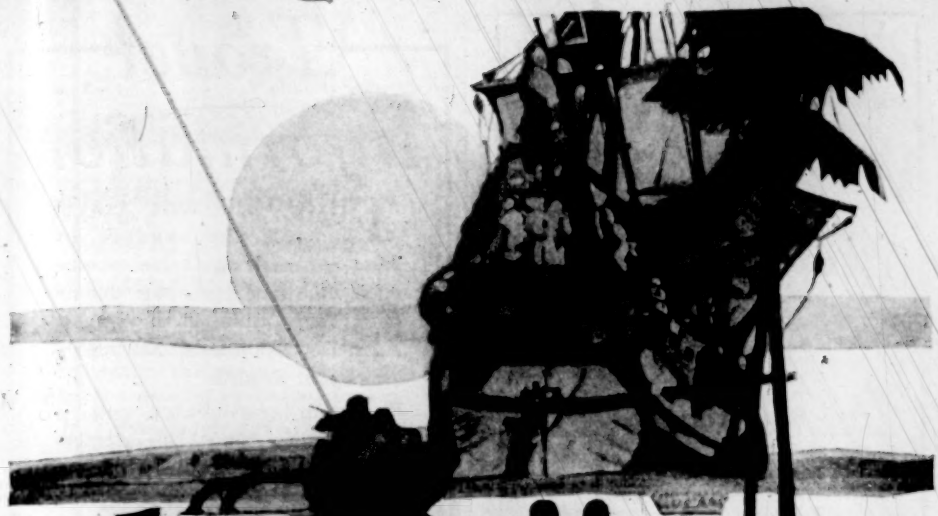

hawaii

The Fairy Isles of Captain Cook

"HE is the God Lono," said the Hawaiians when Captain Cook landed on their islands in 1778. A temple was built to him—luscious tropical fruits that no Englishman had ever tasted before were served—runners from distant isles brought him the gifts and homage of kings.

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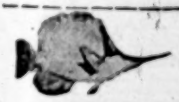

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TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS

IN KING ALFRED'S CITY

It is said that if you only have time for a few English cities, as you pass through to the continent, then, after London, Winchester, a mere couple of hours' journey away, should certainly be a choice. The first King of Wessex was buried where its Cathedral now stands and it was the capital of Britain in King Alfred's day. Here he wrote the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and here died and was buried. William the Conqueror built a palace here and here the famous Doomsday Book was compiled. No cathedral hunter would ever dream of missing the eleventh century pile at Winchester. In the castle, the ruins of which can still be seen, the first Parliament met in 1265, and if you believe the seven hundred year old legend, here you may see King Arthur's Round Table, around which his Knights used to sit. When you come here you can run up by motor bus from Southampton and then train to London. It is a delightful way of beginning at the beginning of England. Literary friends will not forget that Winchester is also Jane Austen's city and will visit her shrine at No. 8 College Street.

A CASTLE ON THE LOIRE

Would you have a mental talisman which in the evil hour, when you are oppressed by the sight of commercial sky-scrapers, jerry built houses made to sell, and monotonous streets of homes deaf to beauty, can magically change your mood? If you would, then you must some day see some of these castles on the Loire. Take Chateaudun, for instance, the castle of Dunois, the companion of Joan of Arc, with a memory that goes back to the 12th century, emerging from a mass of verdure on the banks of this river, with the turrets and towers of a fanciful world. Inside its proud walls, you can see its 12th century keep, a great tower 150 feet high and 60 in diameter, one of the finest in existence. But its beauty is more. Tiny romanesque windows are mantled mysteriously with ageless ivy, and look at you in wonder at the age to which you belonged. If you can forget those wondering windows of Chateaudun, you can forget that you ever came to France.

YPRES, FOR WHICH MEN DIED

Tourists may go elsewhere, but to Ypres come pilgrims; thousands from England, hundreds from France and America. During the war, as in so many wars before, it was bombarded continuously, and a quarter of a million Englishmen fell here in its defense. During the 11th and 12th centuries it was an important town and had a population of over 200,000, but through long years of misery, war and unrest it lost, until in 1914, it had but 14,000. Today it is the place to go not only as a pilgrim, but as one who may wonder at the earnestness of re-builders. Thousands of destroyed houses are now growing up afresh from its soil, as in a new springtime, and the hotels are busy. In the salient of Ypres one may visit such places as St. Eloi, Hill 60, Tank Cemetery, St. John, Tyne Cot Cemetery, Pilkem, Kemmel, Poperinghe, Vlamertinghe and numerous other spots which were on the front pages of our newspapers ten years ago. It all makes for hope to watch the new life. To meet even a child in Ypres makes one forget the past.

IN HAMELIN TOWN

Undoubtedly no traveler near Hanover or on the way to Cologne misses Hamelin town, if he can help it. Pied Pipers do not break every year into the literature of the world, so every lover of Robert Browning or of Elizabeth Preston Peabody who ever comes within Hanover's 33 miles of Hamelin, pushes all other engagements aside, and willingly misses good connections to see where the Piper, rats and children once performed on the stage of the world. There is not much to do. You will visit the beautiful Minster near the river, with its earliest date in the 11th century and look at the antiquities in the local museum, but if you are like everyone else, you will make first of all to the Rattenfangerhaus, a beautiful Renaissance building, and there read the inscription that records the famous legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. If you ever enjoy telling stories to children, how you treble the interest in this story, when you can begin, "Once upon a time, when I was in Hamelin town!"

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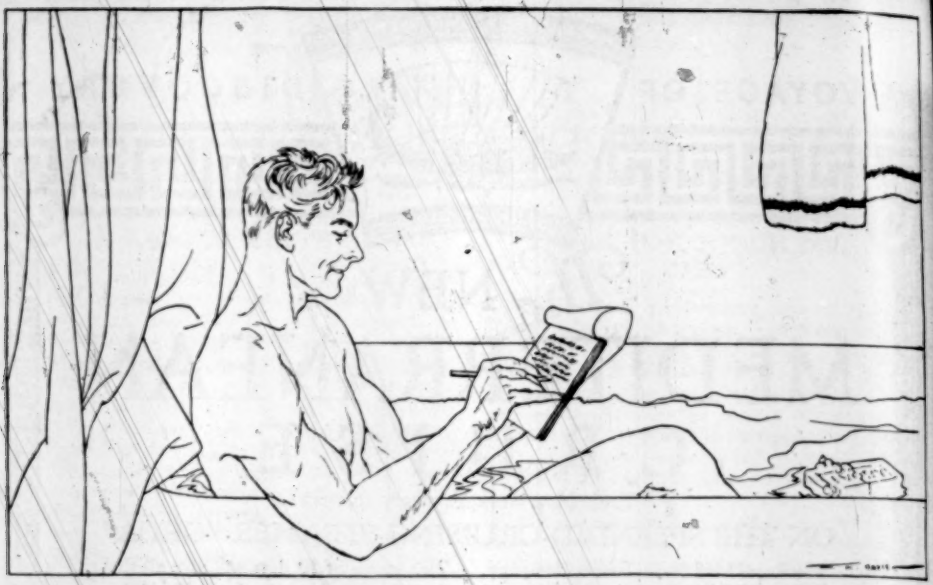

Spring final examination

COURSE: *Bathing* II (*Morning & Evening*)

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: *This examination is conducted under the honor system and answers may be written in the bathroom.*

1 If you waste 5 to 10 minutes in the morning chasing an elusive cake of sinker-soap along the tub-bottom, what happens to a soft-boiled egg for breakfast?

2 One man sings while he bathes; another sputters in wrath. What soap does each use, and why?

3 Of the 55 good reasons for using Ivory Soap in the bath, which comes next in importance after *"It floats"*?

4 Bathers for nearly fifty years have compared Ivory lather to (*a*) clouds, (*b*) foam, (*c*) whipped cream. Can you think of a better comparison? (A correct answer to this question insures a passing mark in the examination.)

5 If an airplane travels at the rate of 3 miles per minute, how much faster does Ivory lather rinse off?

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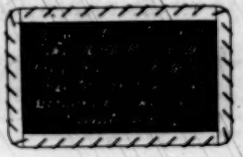

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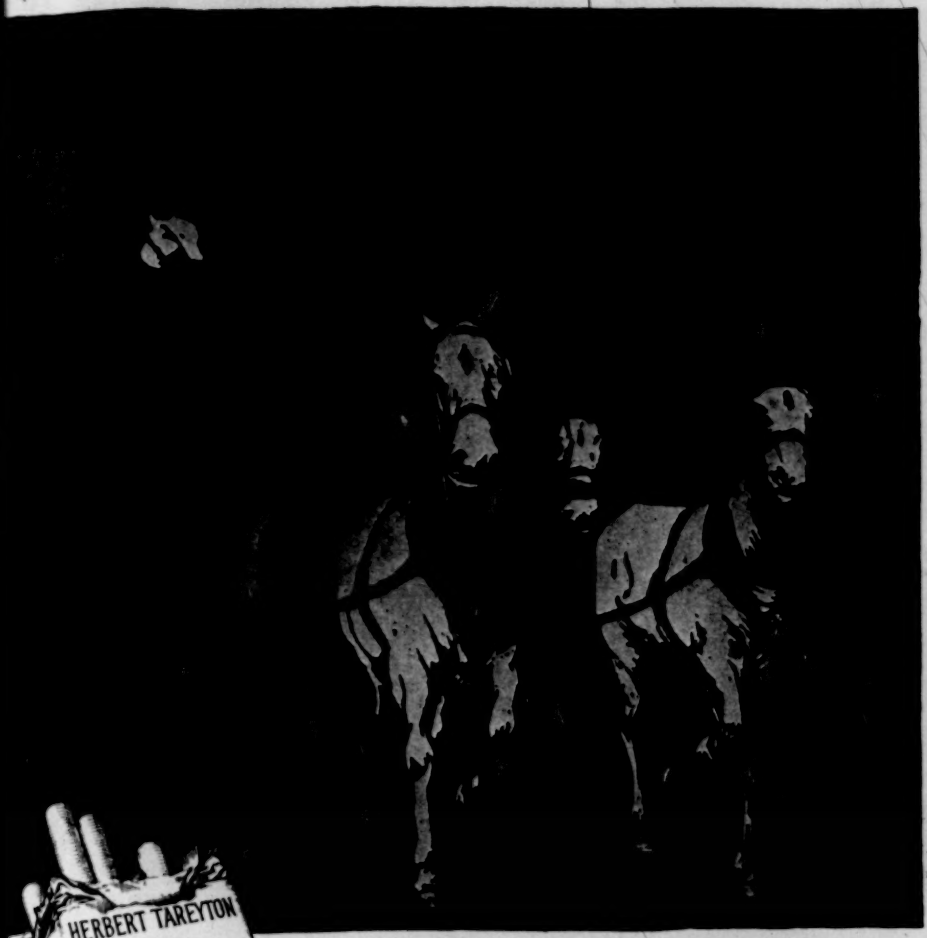

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